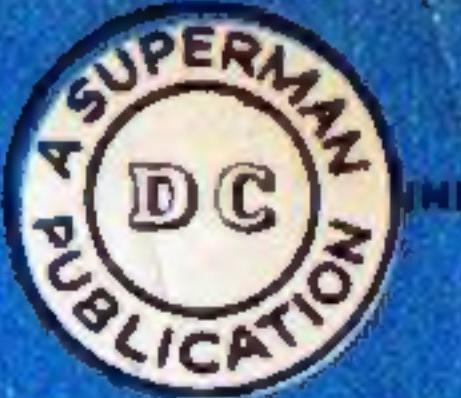


No. 16  
FALL  
ISSUE

A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE



# Leading COMICS

featuring  
**NERO FOX**  
THE JIVE-JUMPING  
EMPEROR OF  
ANCIENT ROME!

**QUIET!**

MY CHILDREN  
ARE ASLEEP  
IN HERE !



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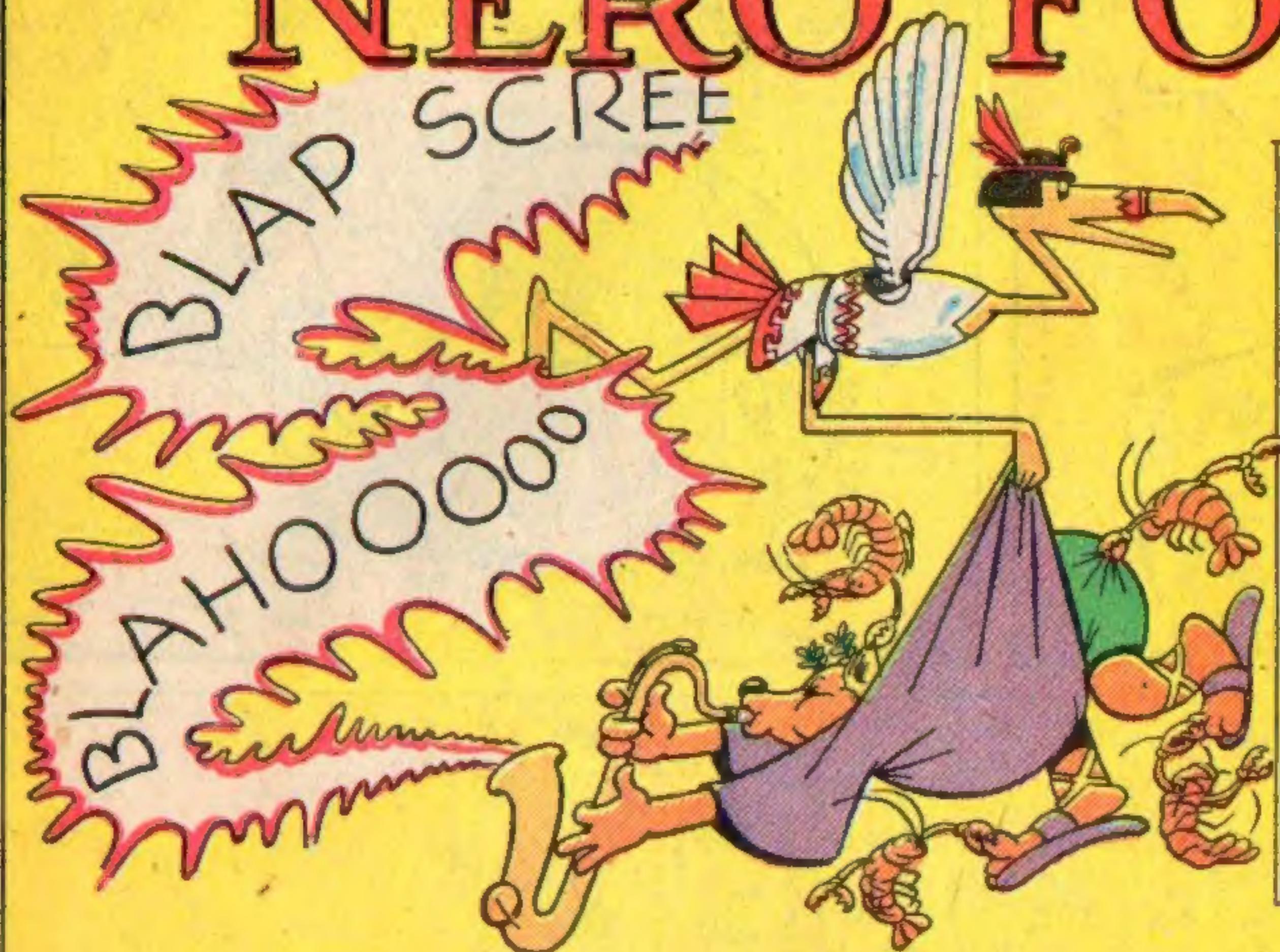
**D**  
*is for*  
**BEAVER**  
WHO CHEWS TREES  
AND BARK  
BUT WHEN HE'S  
REAL "CHEWSEY"  
HE LOOKS FOR  
THIS MARK!

- ON THE COVER OF  
**BATMAN**  
FOR EXAMPLE.  
IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE **BEST**  
IN **ANY**  
COMIC  
MAGAZINE!



# NERO FOX

SCREE



THIS WISE OLD WORLD HAS WITNESSED MANY A DUEL, BUT WE'LL BET A SUGAR-COATED COOKIE THAT NEVER ON THE FIELD OF HONOR WAS THERE SUCH A COMBAT AS WHEN **NERO FOX**, RHYTHM-MAD RULER OF ROME, CHALLENGED HOTCIO LIPSICUS TO A JAM FEST WITH NO NOTES BARRED, THEREBY EXPOSING HIMSELF TO THE PERFIDIOUS PLOT OF... "TREACHERY ON THE HIGH 'C's!"



NERO FOX, EMPEROR, AND UNDISPUTED JIVE-DIGGER OF THE CITY OF SEVEN HILLS, HEARS THE WORST...

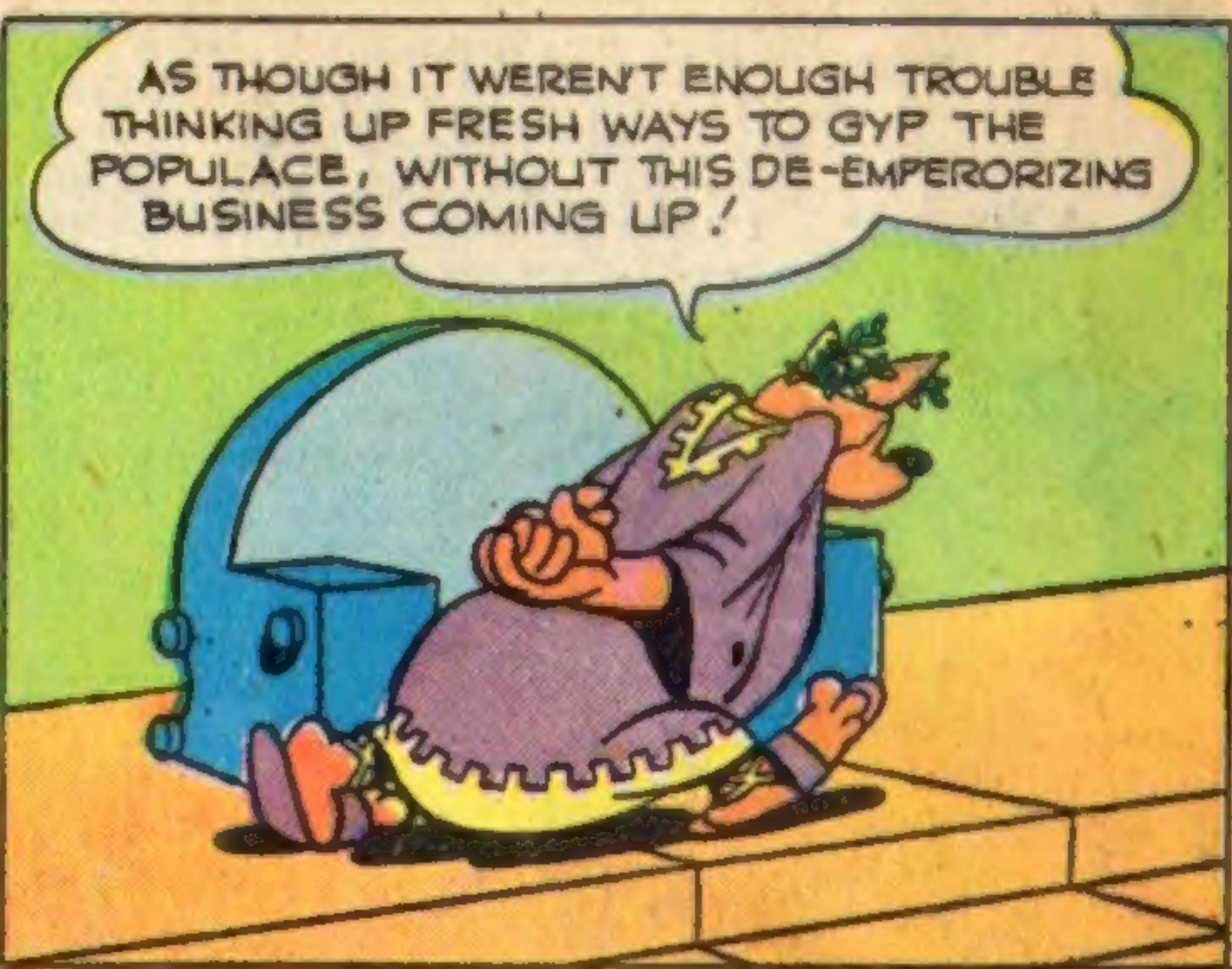
YOUR EXCELLENCY, I HAVE BAD NEWS TO REPORT!

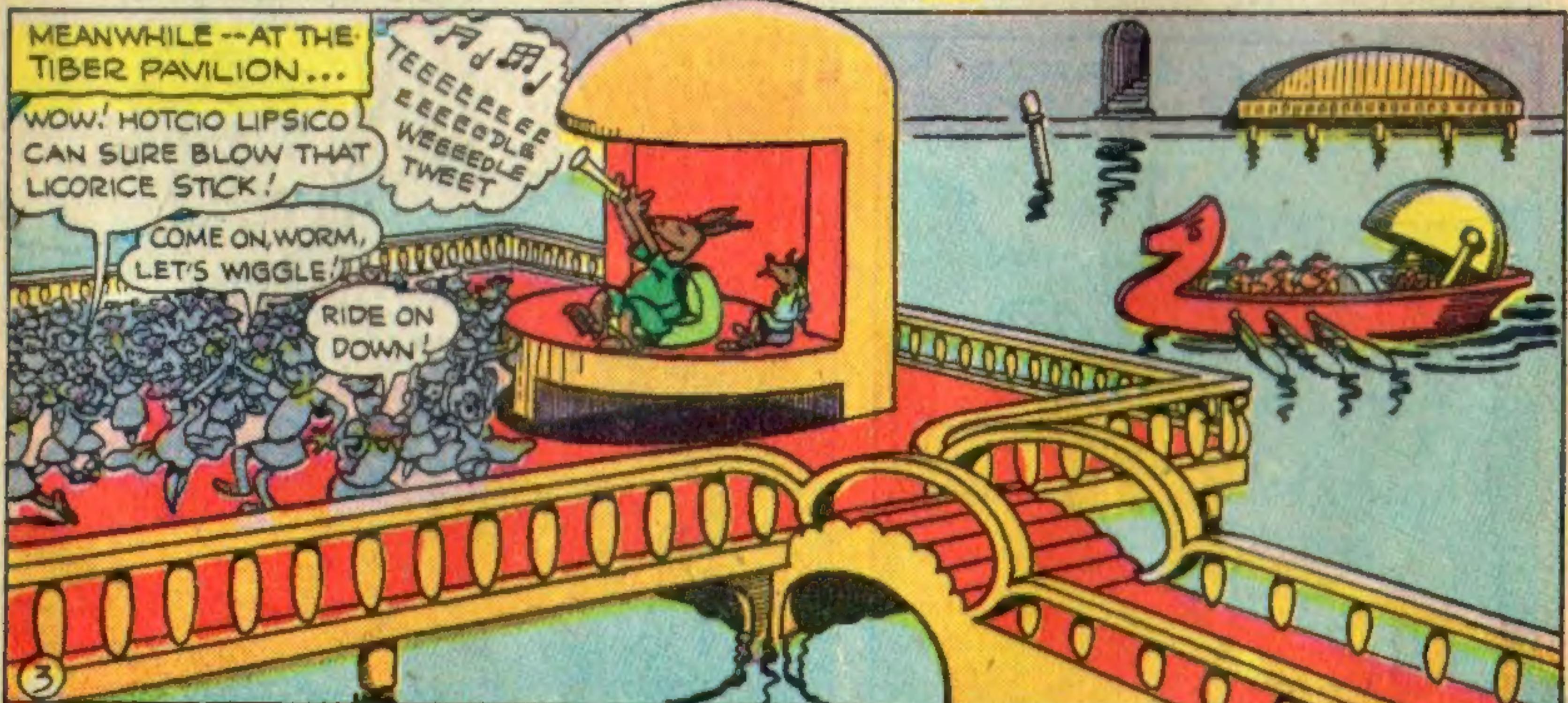
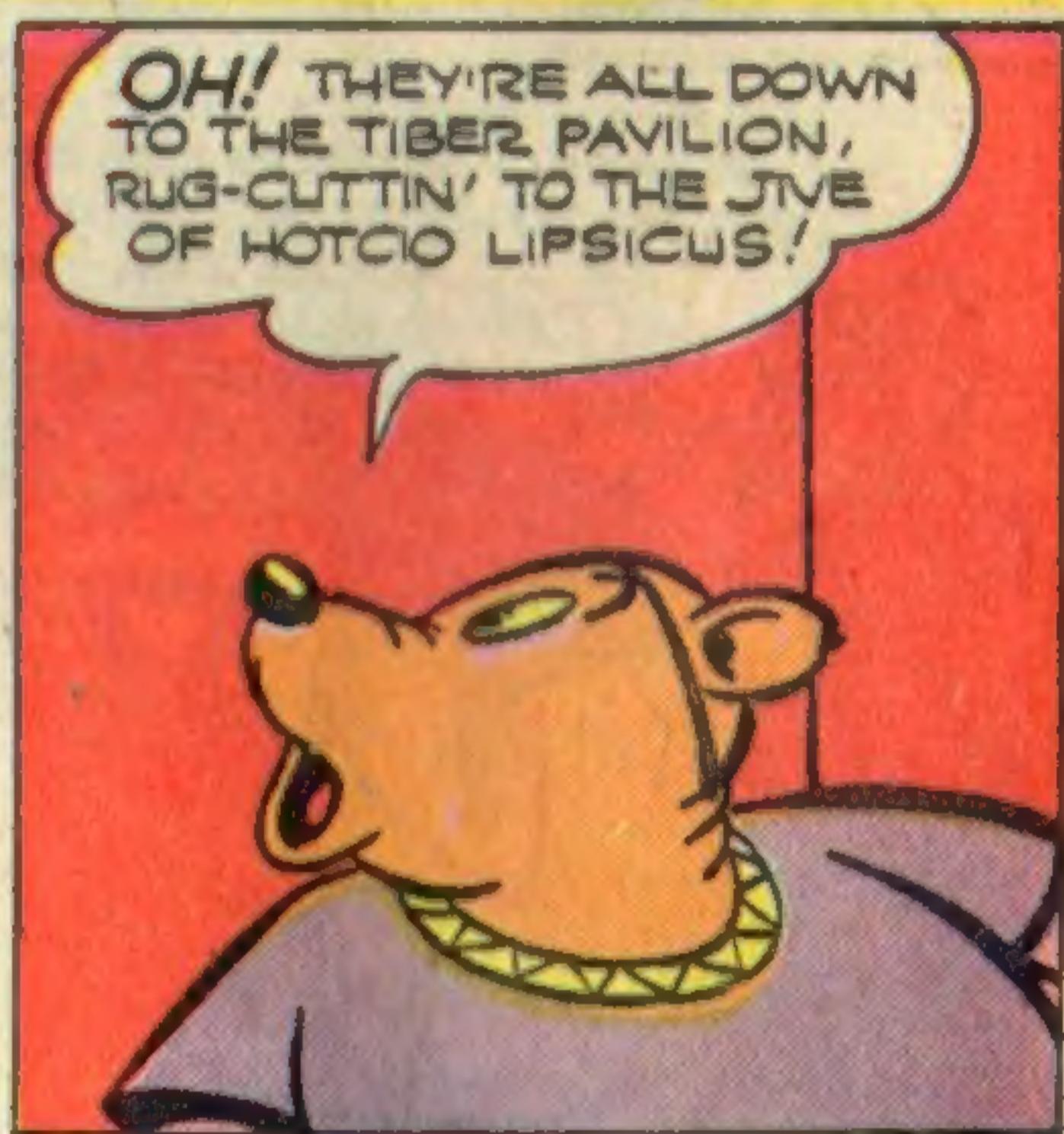
IF IT'S BAD, IT ISN'T NEWS—BUT GO AHEAD, BARKUS. WHAT IS IT?

THERE ARE RUMORS THAT THERE IS A PLAN AFOOT TO BOOT YOU OUT OF THE EMPEROR-SHIP! BUT I CAN'T DISCOVER WHAT THE PLAN IS!

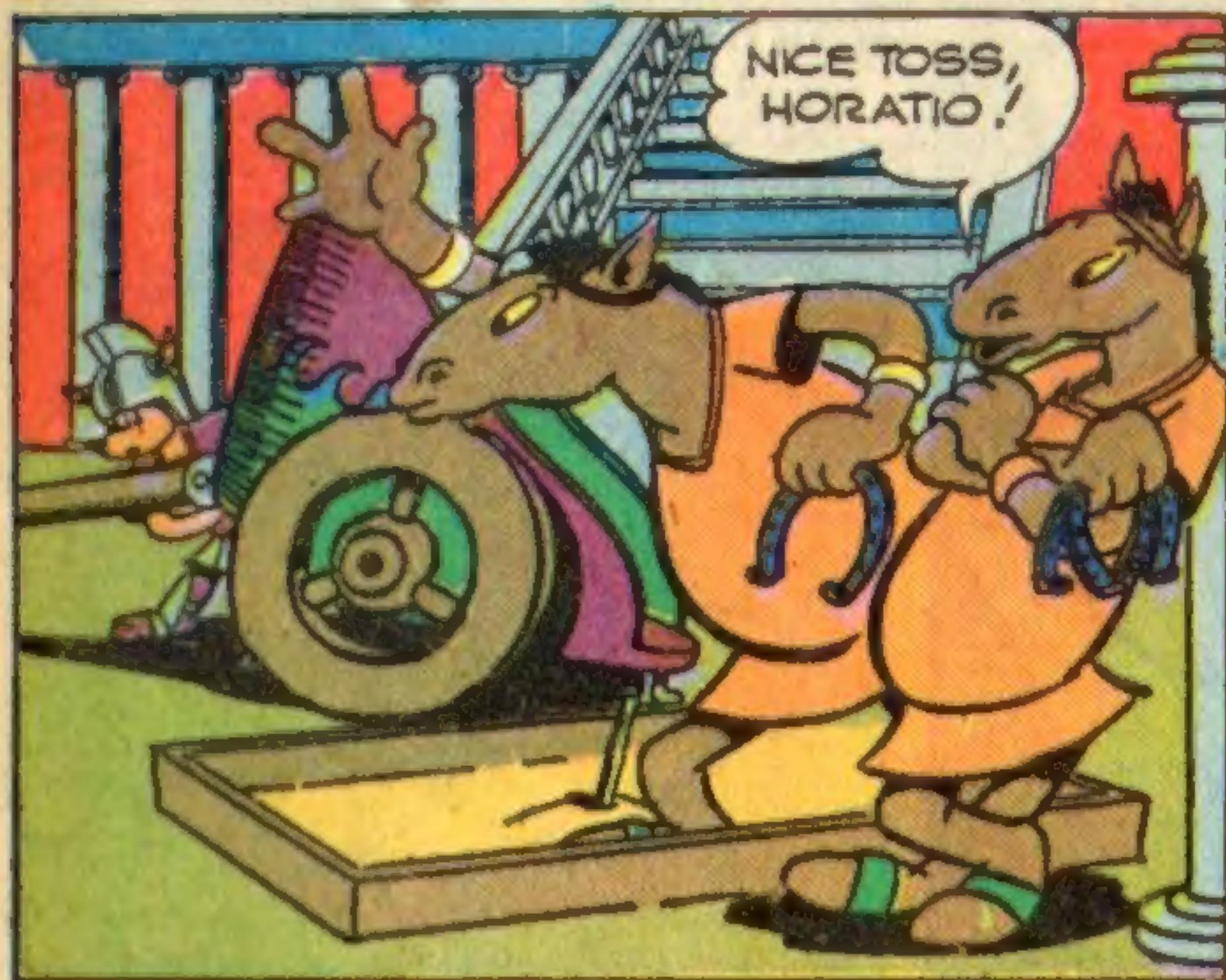
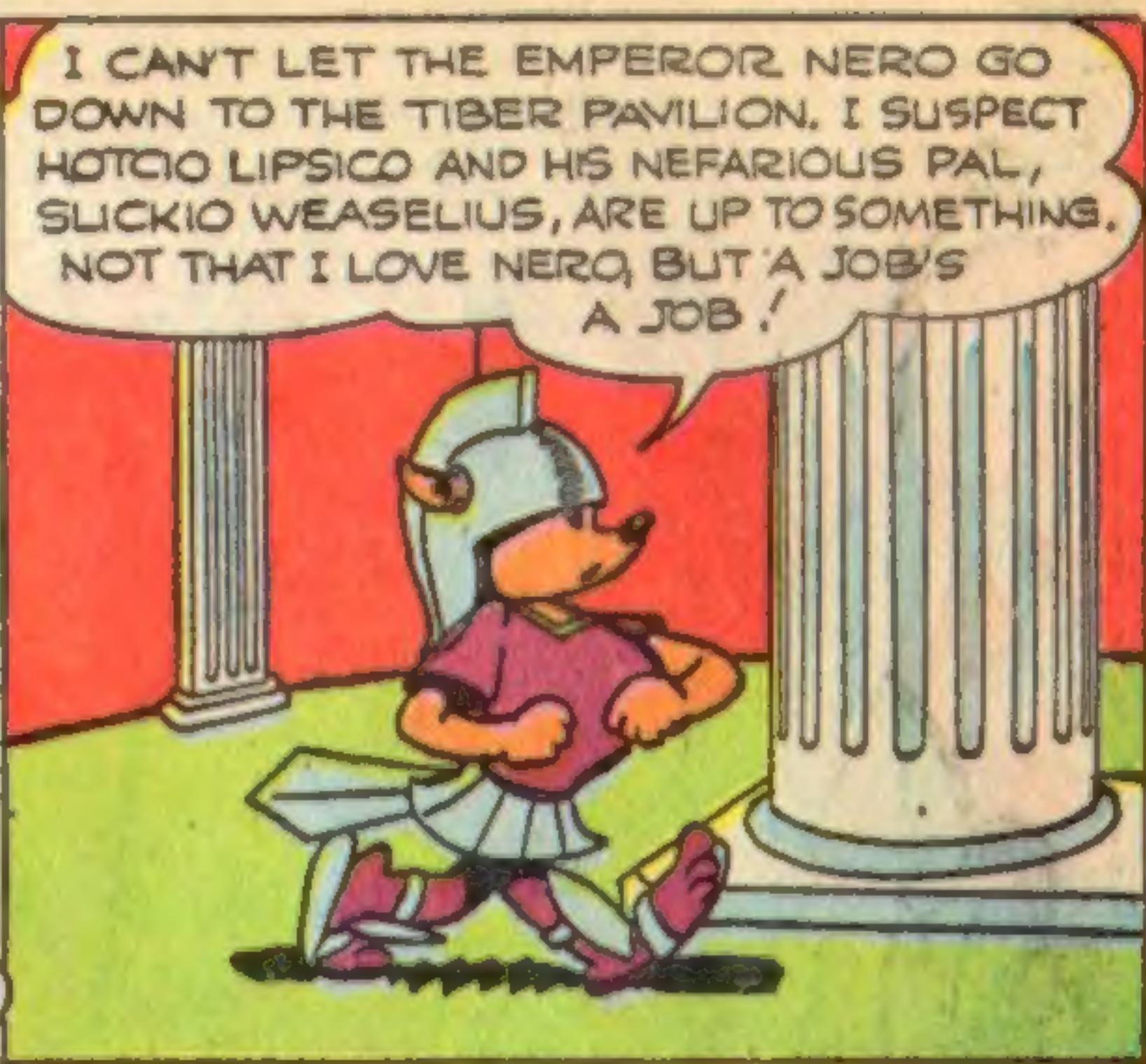
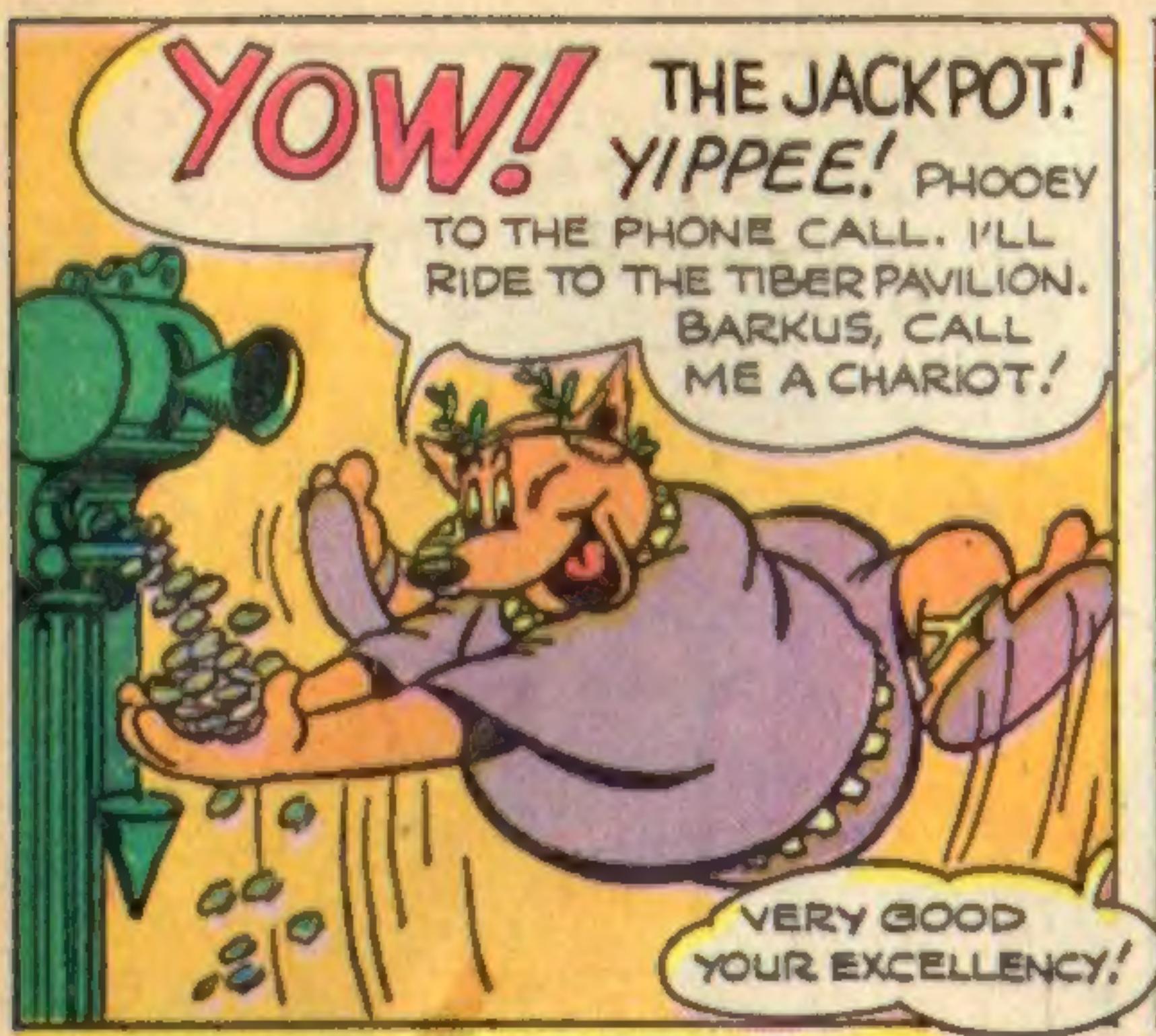
I'LL BET SOME ONE'S SORE OVER MY TAKING SUCH A BIG CUT OFF THE JUKE-BOX CONCESSIONS. BEGONE, BARKUS. I MUST THINK THIS OUT.













TO THE TIBER PAVILION, BOYS!

D'YUH WANT WE  
SHOULD PRANCE A BIT,  
SHY AT THINGS-- YOU  
KNOW, THAT OL'  
"SPIRITED STEEDS"  
STUFF?

WHY YES— THAT  
WOULD MAKE A GOOD  
SHOWING. NICE OF  
YOU TO THINK OF IT!

HOW'S THIS?  
SOME STUFF,  
EH?

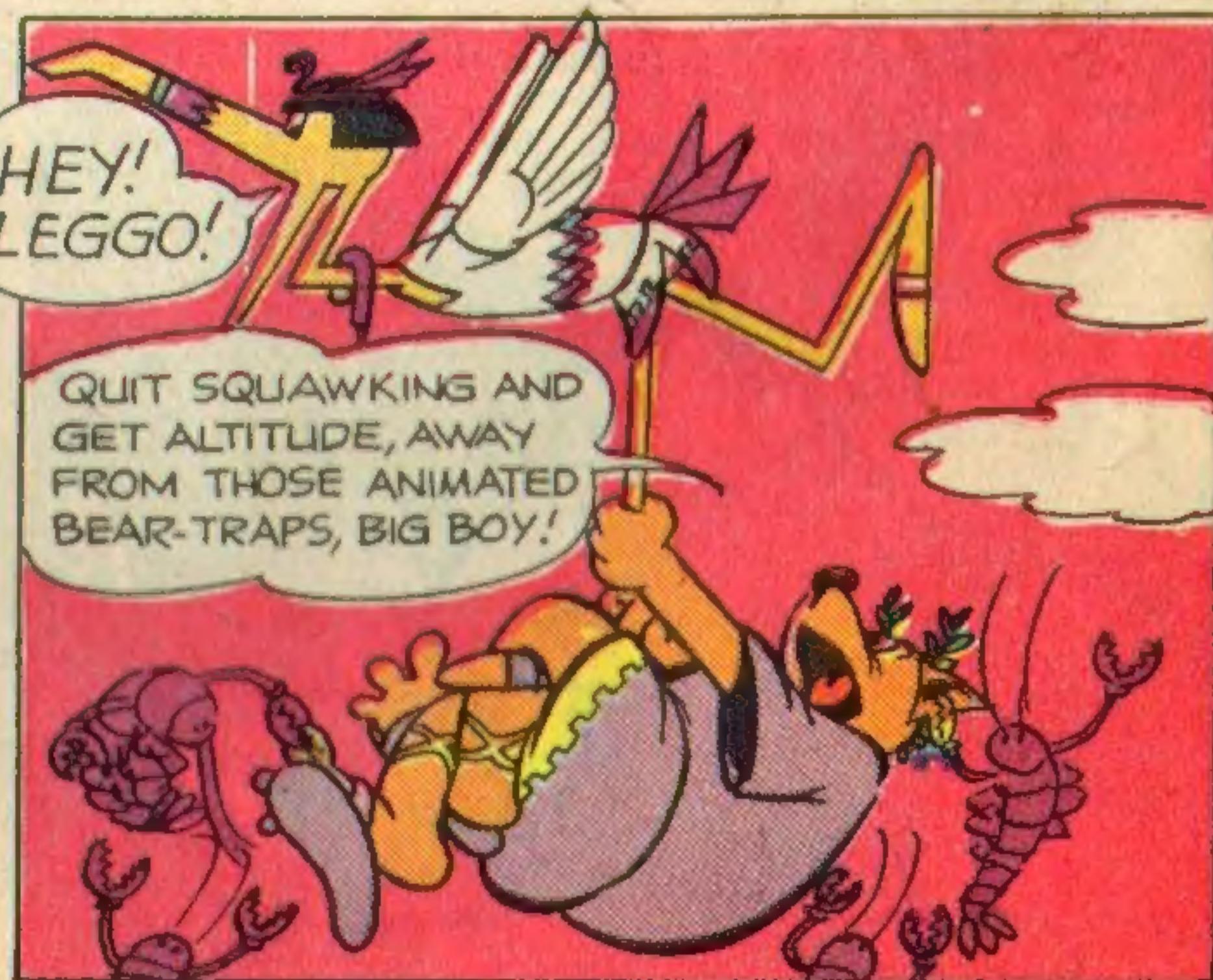
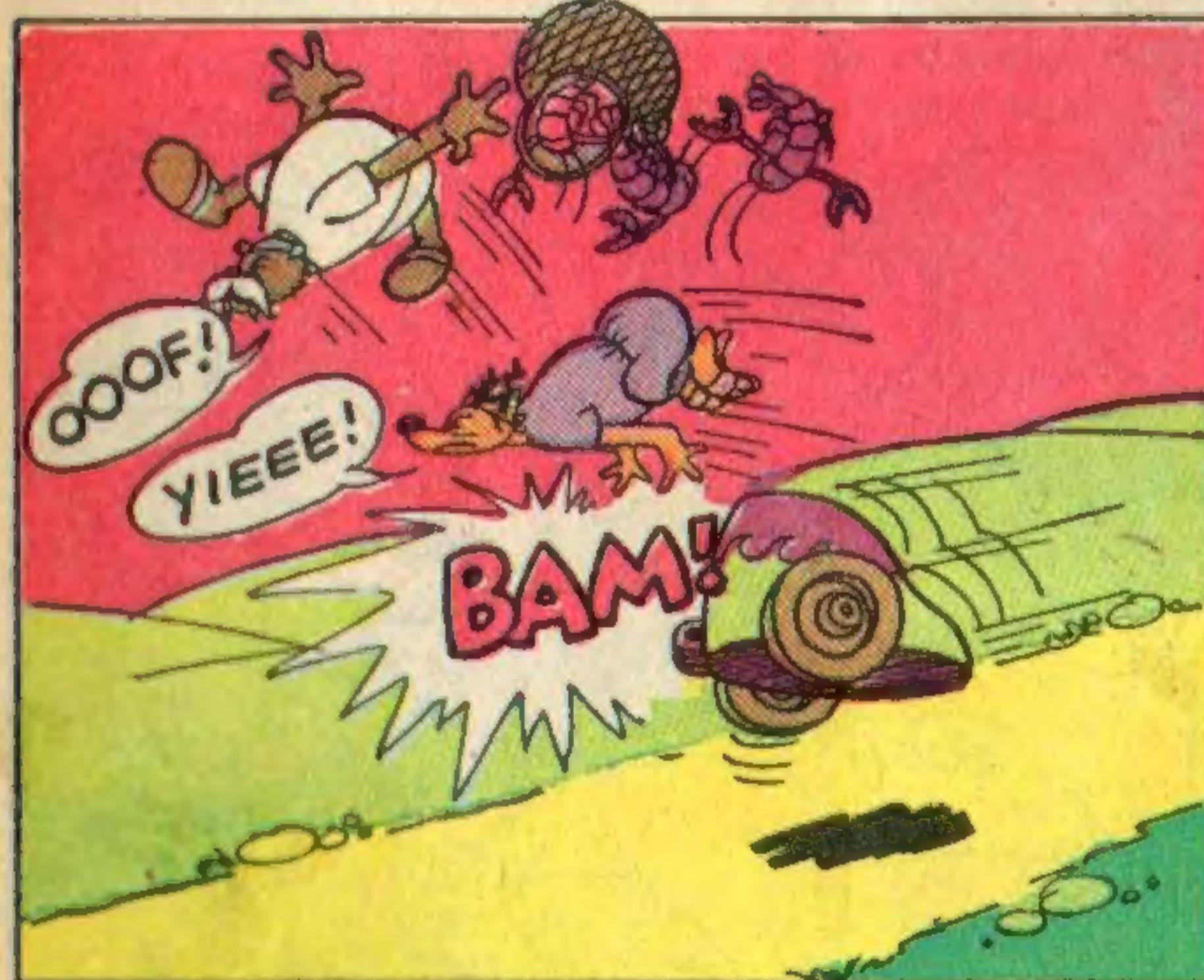
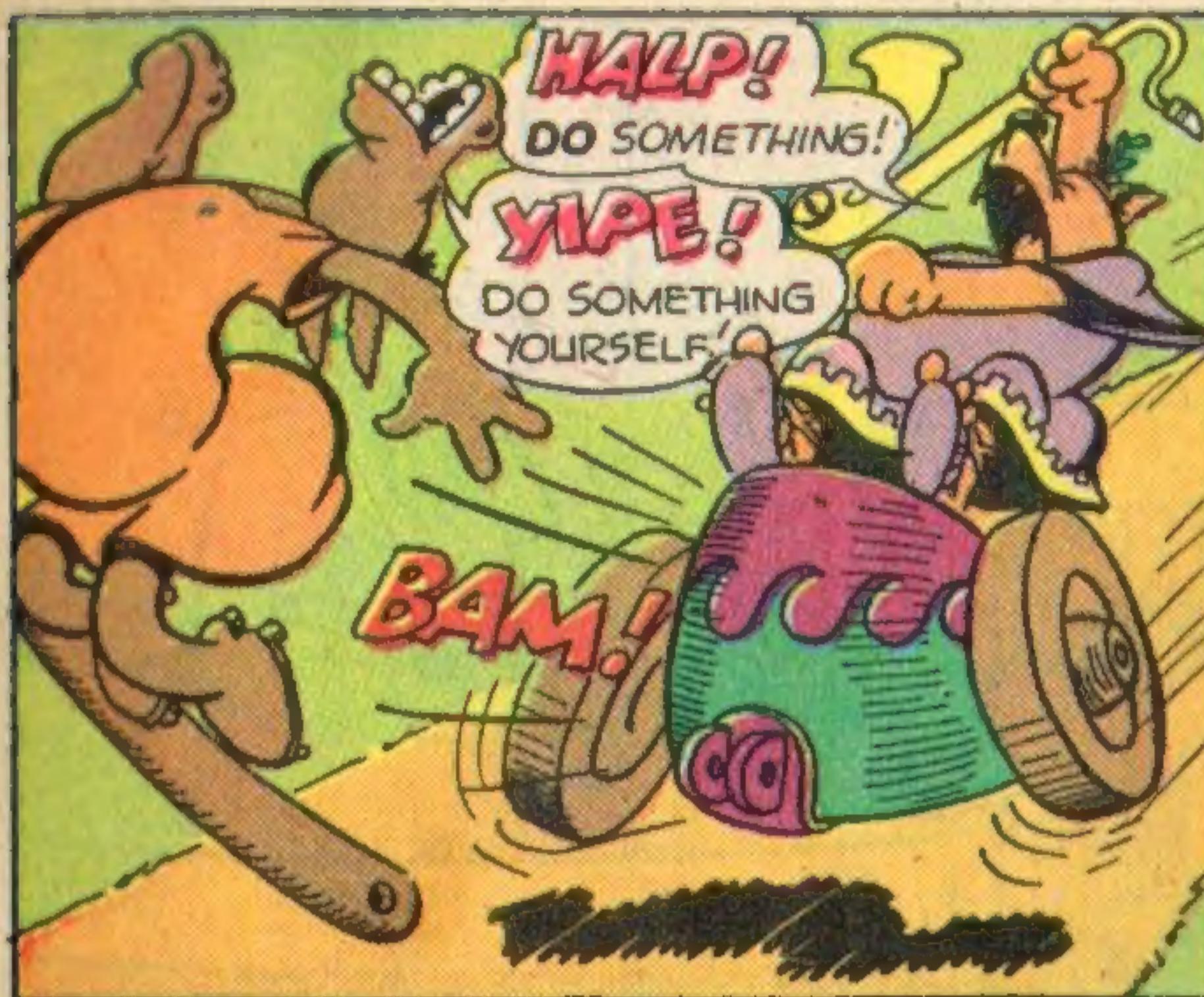
AND THIS!

TUT, TUT, BOYS—  
DON'T OVERDO IT.  
WE'LL NEVER GET  
TO THE PAVILION.'

AND THEN...

WOW! THE  
BOLT'S COME  
LOOSE FROM THE  
TONGUE!

THAT CRATE WEIGHS  
A TON — I'M GETTIN'  
OUTA HERE!



AND BACK AT THE TIBER PAVILION...

FRIENDS, ROMANS, JITTERBUGS! YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELVES THAT NERO FOX AIN'T HALF THE EMPEROR HE CLAIMS TO BE, OR HE'D HAVE BEEN HERE TO ENTERTAIN YOU LIKE HOTCIO LIPSICUS-- OR AT LEAST CHALLENGE HOTCIO TO A DUET!

YAY! BRAVO!  
GIVE US HOTCIO  
LIPSICUS!



I REPEAT--WHY ISN'T HE HERE?  
HE CLAIMS TO BE A DEITY.  
THEN WHY DOESN'T HE DROP  
FROM A CLOUD LIKE A DEITY! HO!  
HO! THAT'S RICH, EH? HA, HA!

HAW! HAW!  
HO! HO! HA, HA!

DARN THAT HERON'S  
SLIPPERY LEGS!

IT'S NERO!  
HE DROPPED  
FROM A  
CLOUD!

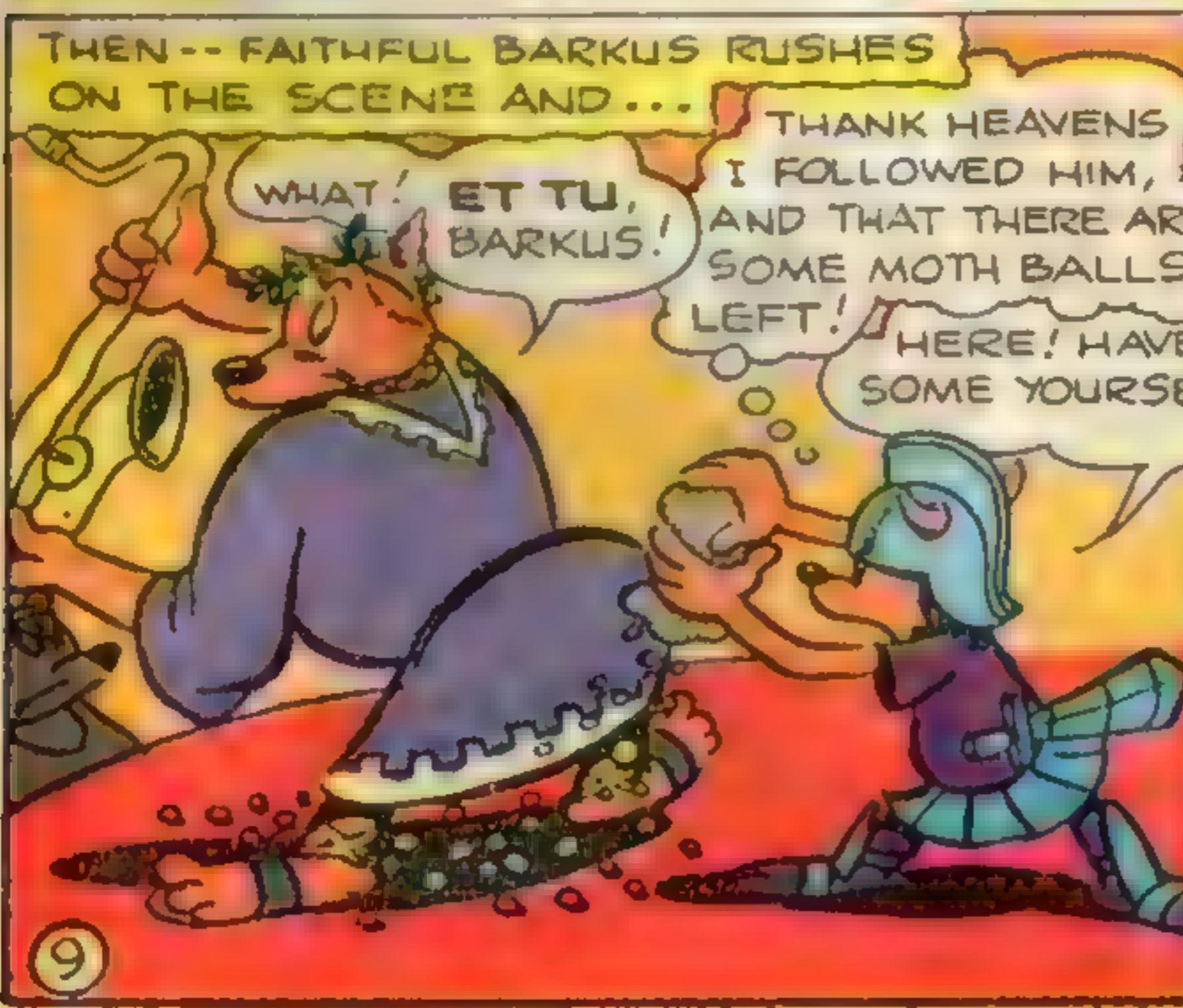
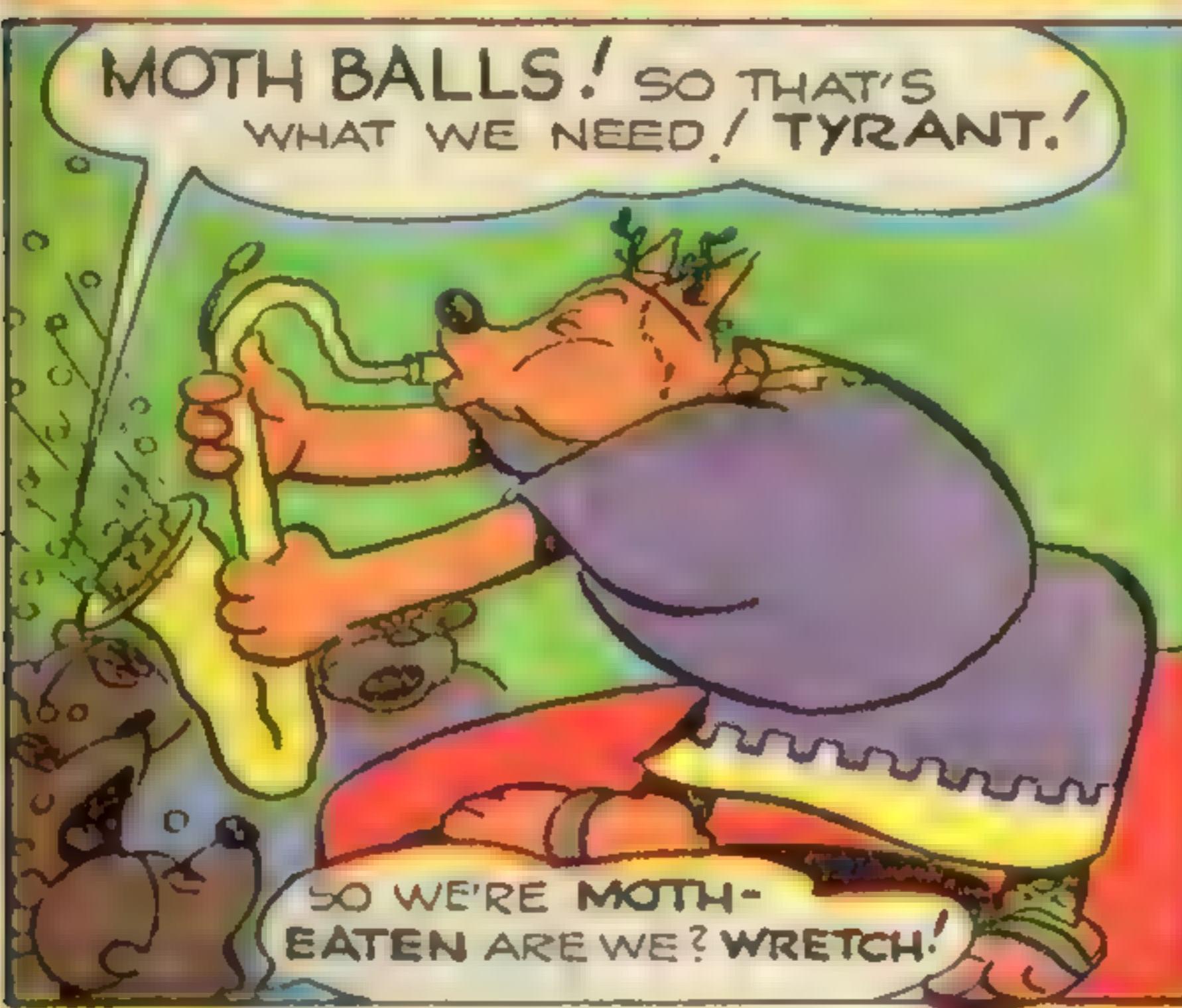
OW-ITCH!

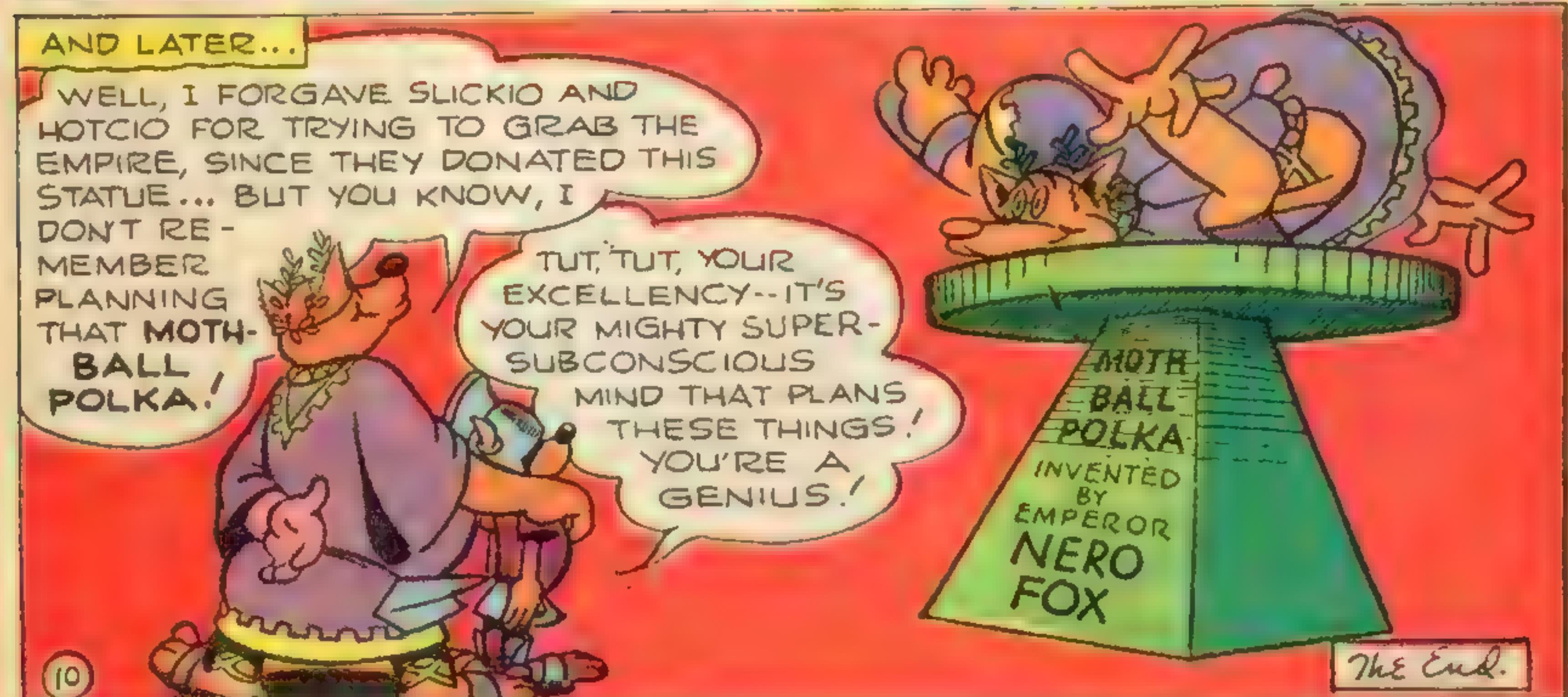
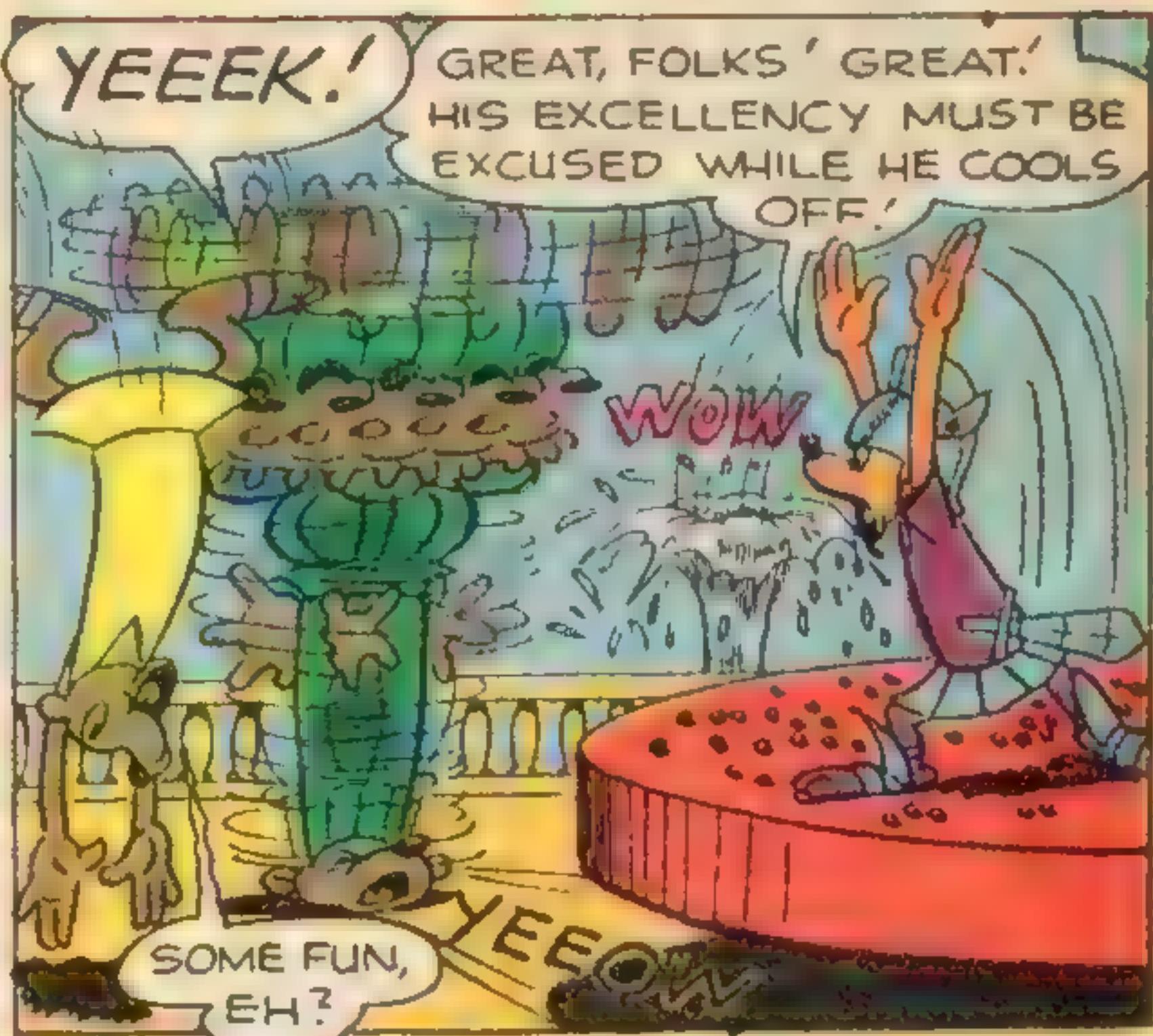
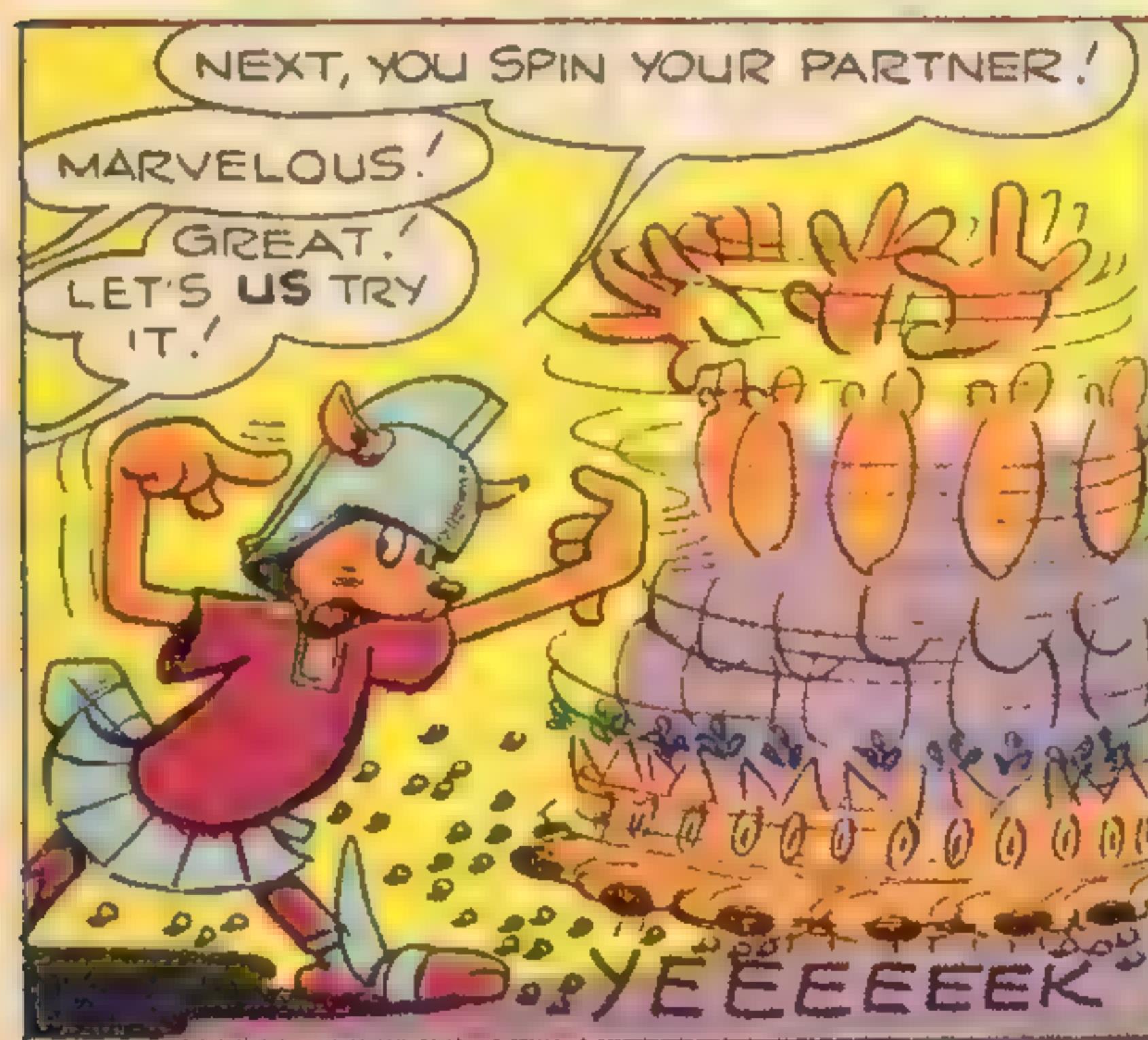
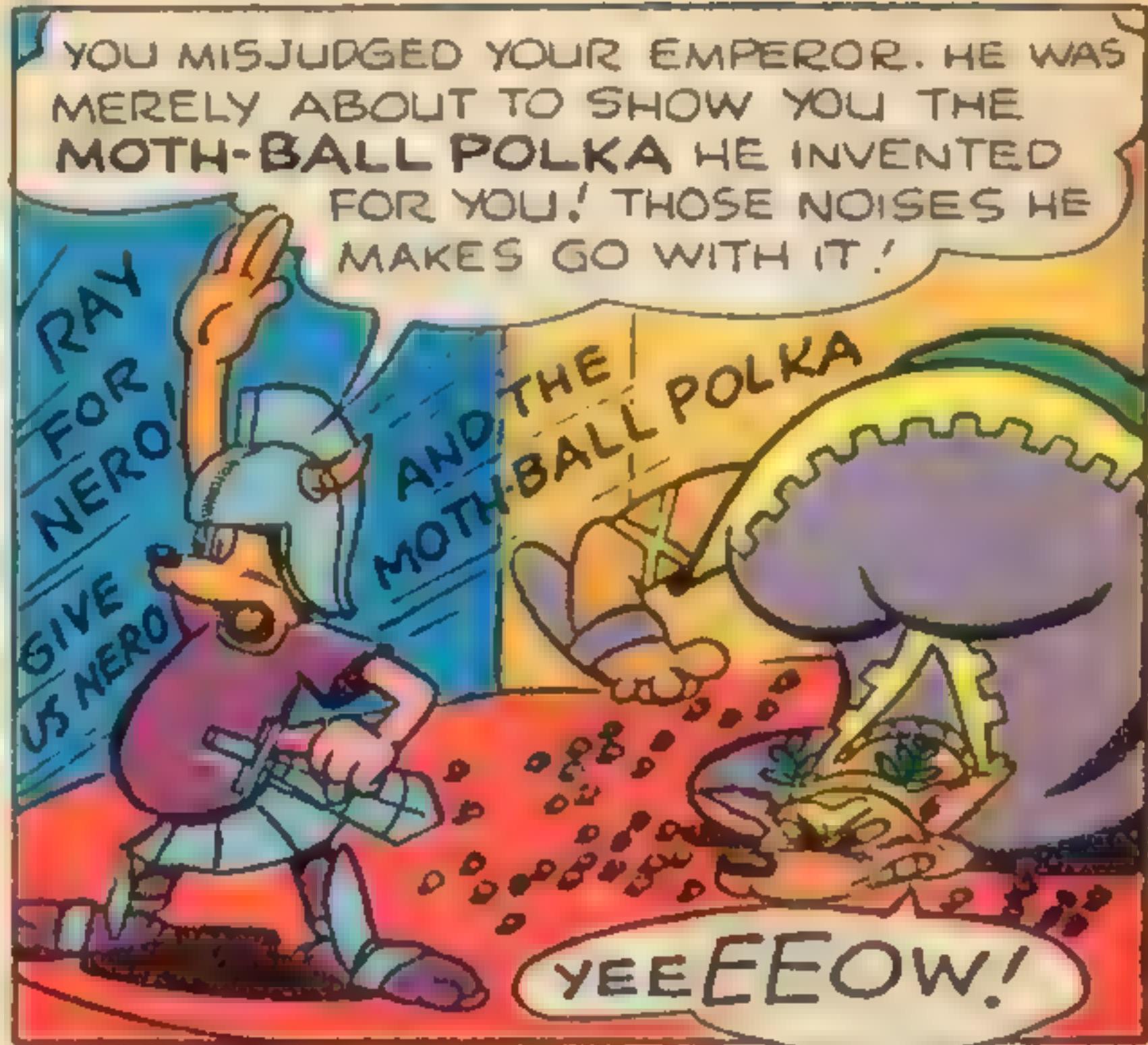
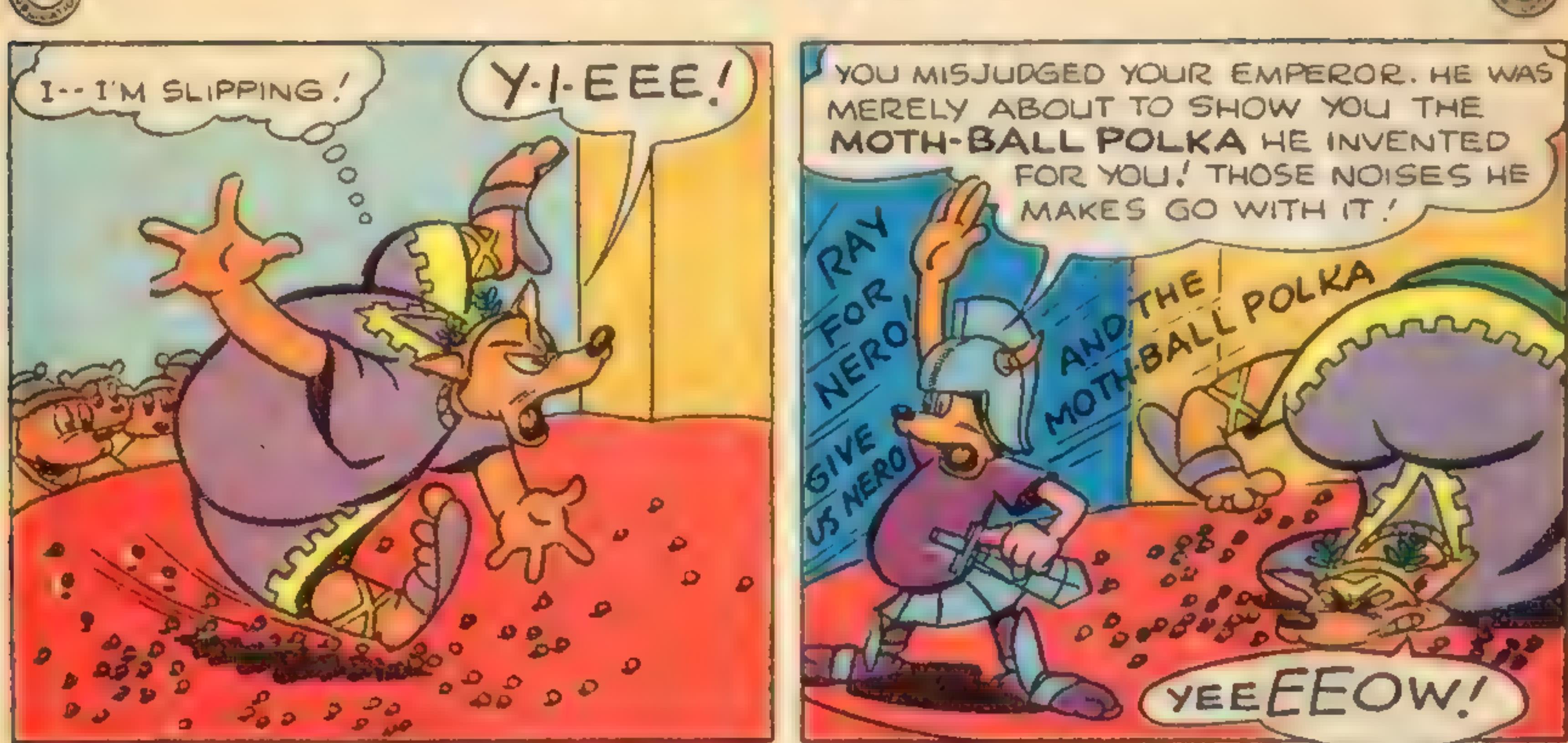
'RAY FOR  
NERO FOX.

I MIGHT AS WELL PLAY UP TO MY ENTRANCE!

LADIES AN' GENTS, YOU ALL DID  
SEE HOW LIKE AN IMMORTAL,  
I WAS WAFTED HERE ON A  
CLOUD...BLAH...  
BLAH...BLAH...  
BLAH...BLAH...  
BLAH...ETC.

HE ALWAYS INTRODUCES HIS  
MUSIC BY SAYING, "NOW I'LL GIVE  
YOU JUST WHAT YOU NEED!"...  
BOY! WAIT 'TIL HE DOES IT  
THIS TIME!





PAYDAYS HE ALWAYS HIGHTAILS  
IT FOR TOWN AND LOADS  
UP ON WHEATIES



HIGHTAIL IT FOR  
YOUR WHEATIES.

**"BREAKFAST  
OF CHAMPIONS"**  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

**HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE WHEATIES. YOUR APPETITE WILL REALLY "GO-TO-TOWN" WHEN IT GETS A LOAD OF THAT FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."**

**RIP-SNORTING NOURISHMENT IN WHEATIES--THE WIDELY KNOWN ESSENTIAL FOOD VALUES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT, AND IN THOSE HONEY-BROWN FLAKES, THERE'S PLUMB DELICIOUS FLAVOR--A MOUTH-WATERING COMBINATION OF TEMPTING TOASTED TASTES AND MELLOW MALT-SWEET SYRUP.**

**HAVE THIS SWELL CHUCK EVERY DAY, PARDNER. HAVE LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."**





BEHOLD SPYLOT BONES AND DR. SPOTSEM IN THEIR ROOMS ON FAKER STREET...

DASH IT ALL, SPOTSEM! IT'S GOT ME BAFFLED—COMPLETELY BAFFLED!

YOU MEAN THE FACT THAT LONDON'S HAD NO FOG FOR FIVE STRAIGHT DAYS?

PRECISELY! IT IS A TERRIBLE STATE OF AFFAIRS! WE MUST GET OUR LONDON FOG BACK!



# LEADING COMICS

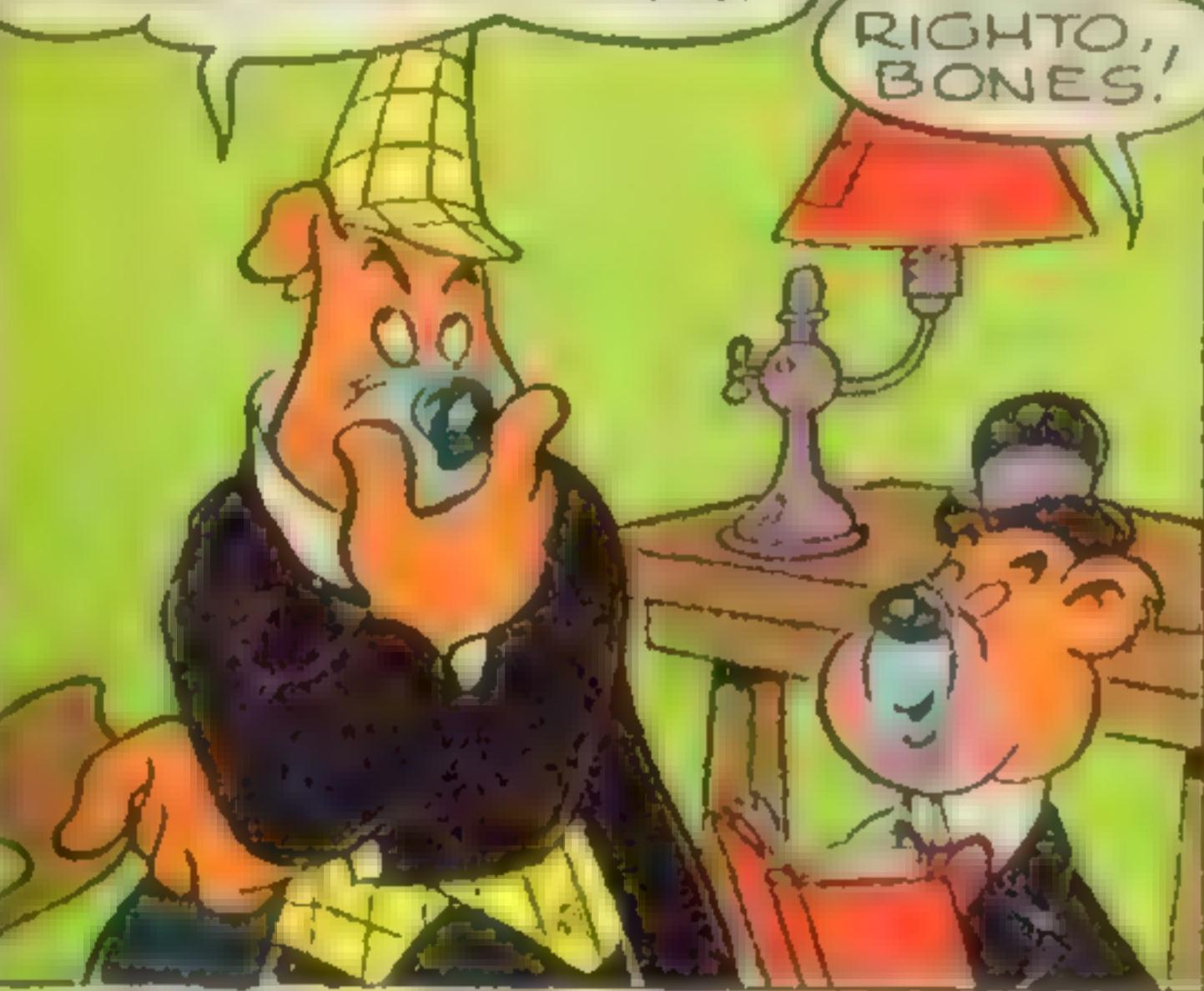
WHY - SWEETHEARTS, GETTING A GOOD LOOK AT EACH OTHER FOR THE FIRST TIME, ARE BREAKING OFF THEIR ENGAGEMENTS!

YES, YES, MY DEAR BONES. BUT YOU CAN'T REGULATE THE JOLLY OLD CLIMATE, YOU KNOW.



HMM... I'M NOT SO SURE, MY DEAR, SPOTSEM! I-AM-NOT-SO-SURE! FETCH ME MY MUSIC AND A STIMULANT - I MUST CONCENTRATE!

RIGHTO, BONES!



I SAY, BONES - DO YOU THINK THAT MAYBE SOME FIEND CREATED A MACHINE TO GOBBLE UP ALL THE FOG?

QUIET... BY JOVE, SPOTSEM! I HAVE IT!

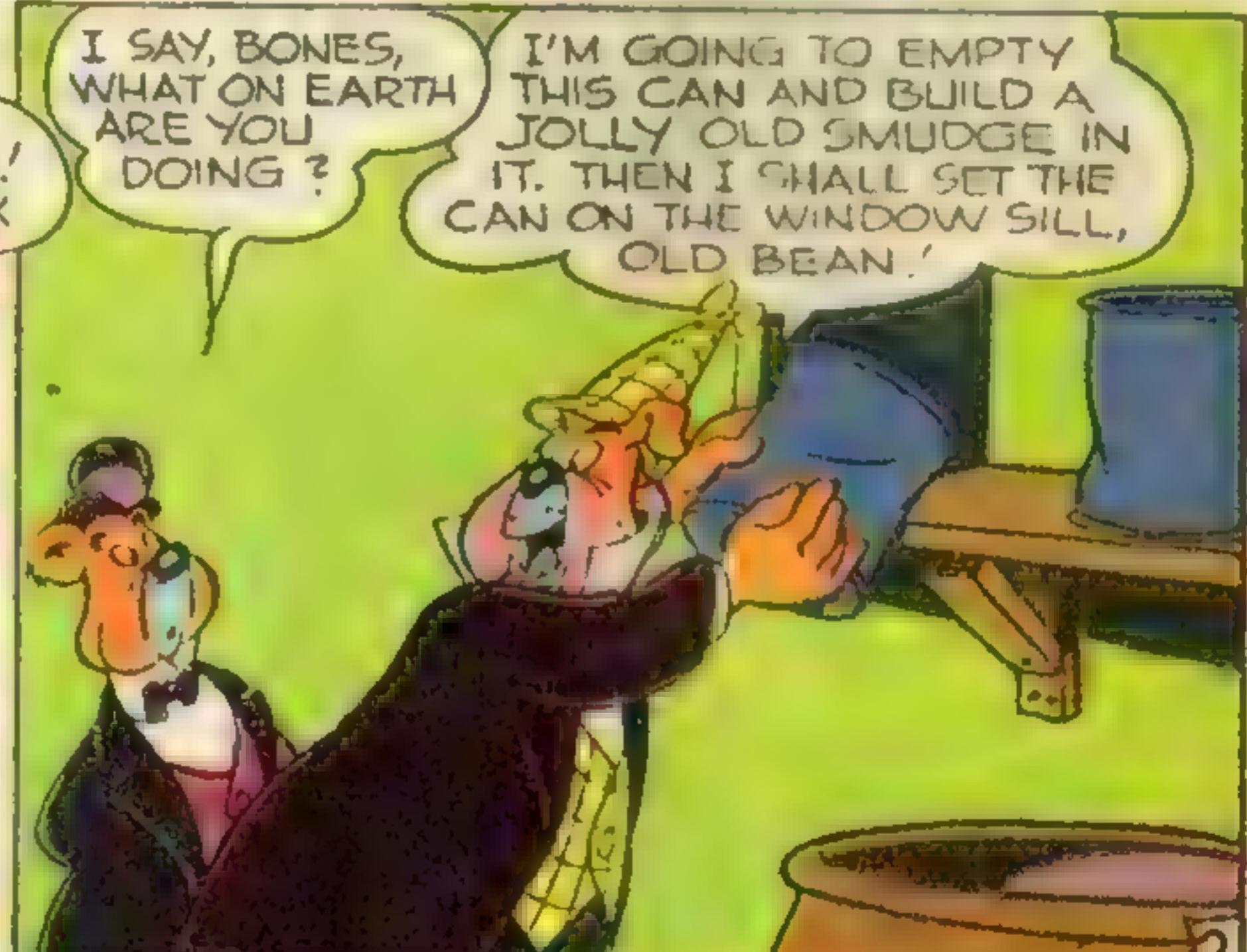
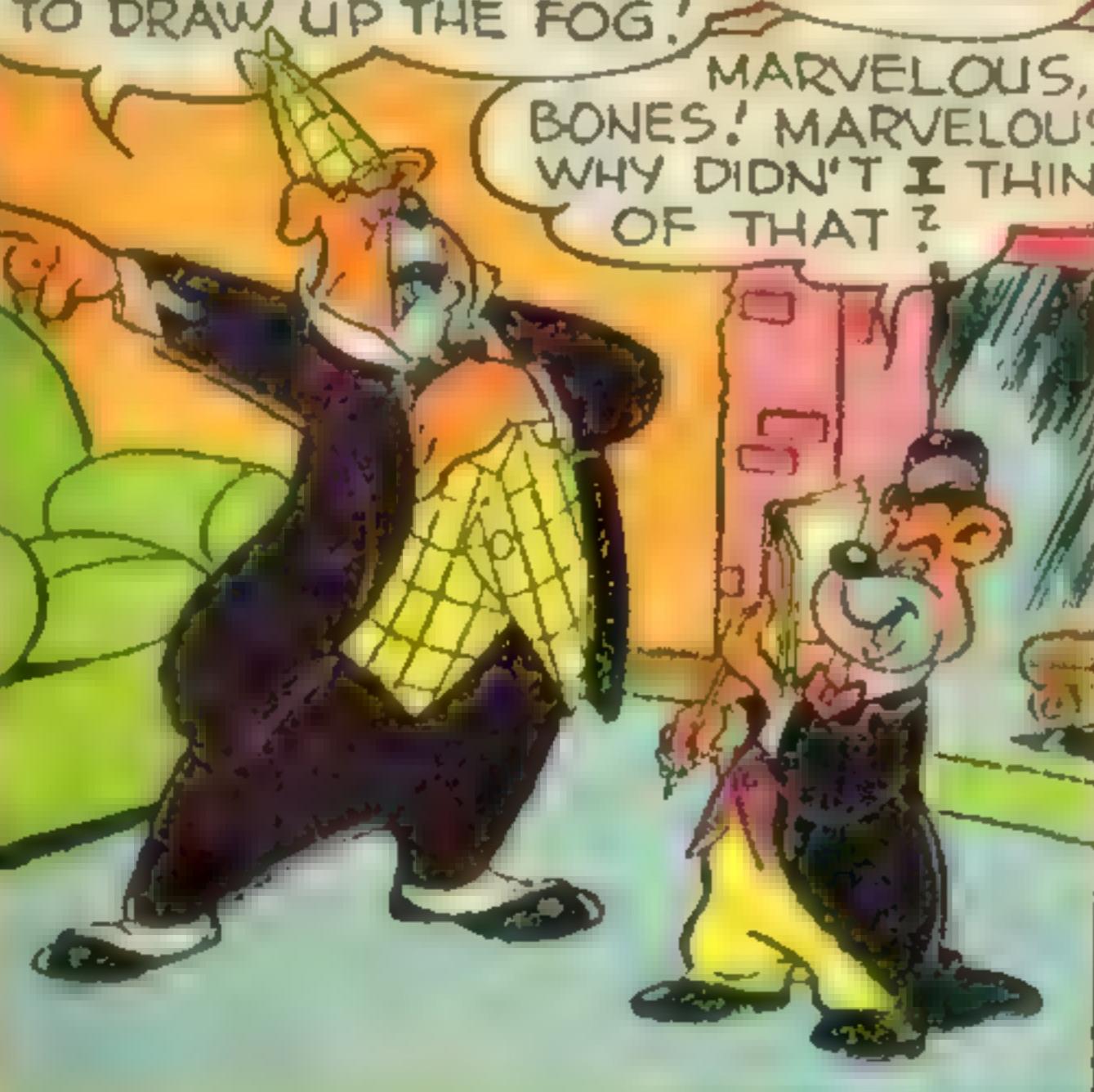


SOME FIEND HAS CREATED A MACHINE TO DRAW UP THE FOG!

MARVELOUS, BONES! MARVELOUS! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?

I SAY, BONES, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?

I'M GOING TO EMPTY THIS CAN AND BUILD A JOLLY OLD SMUDGE IN IT. THEN I SHALL SET THE CAN ON THE WINDOW SILL, OLD BEAN!



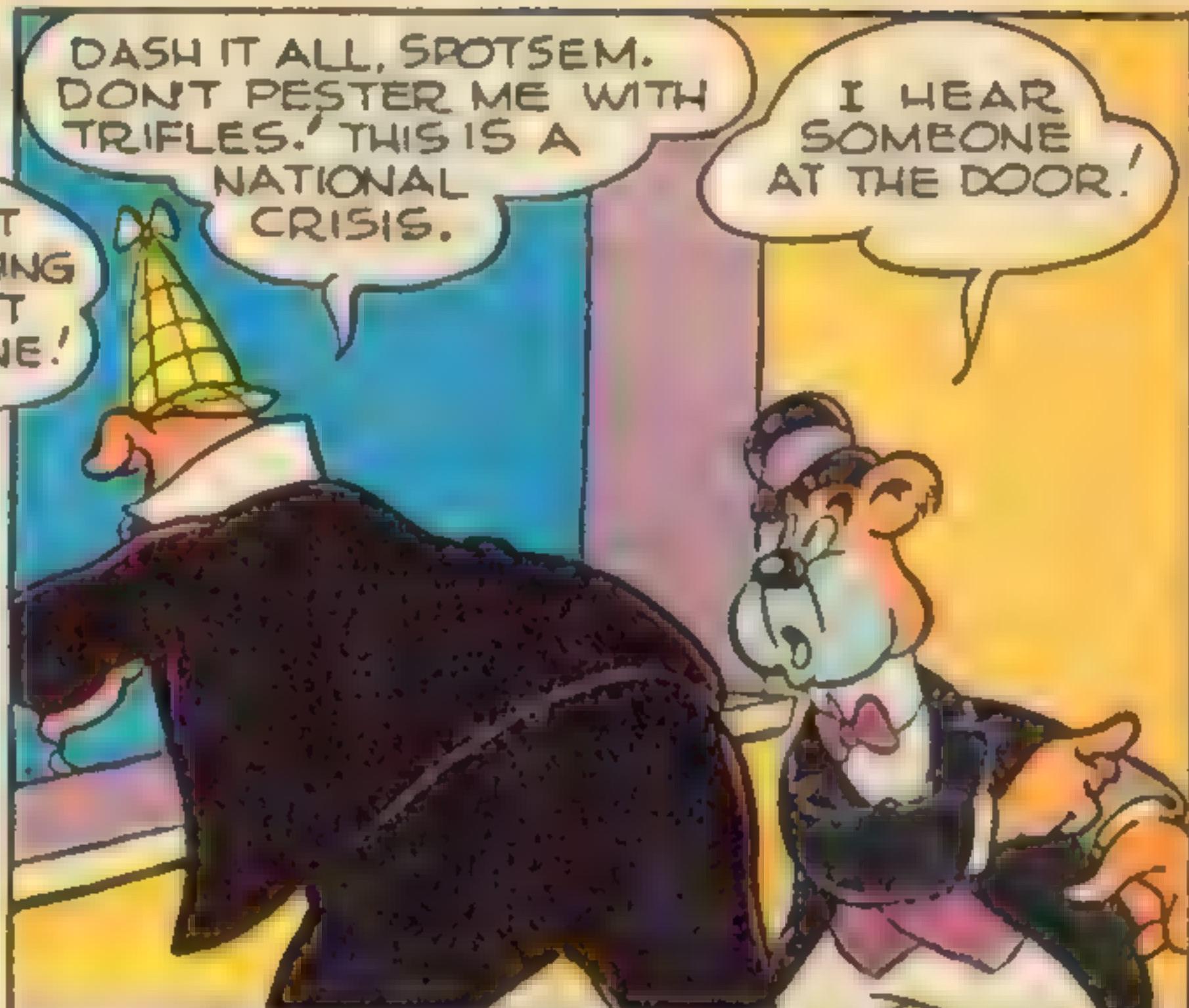
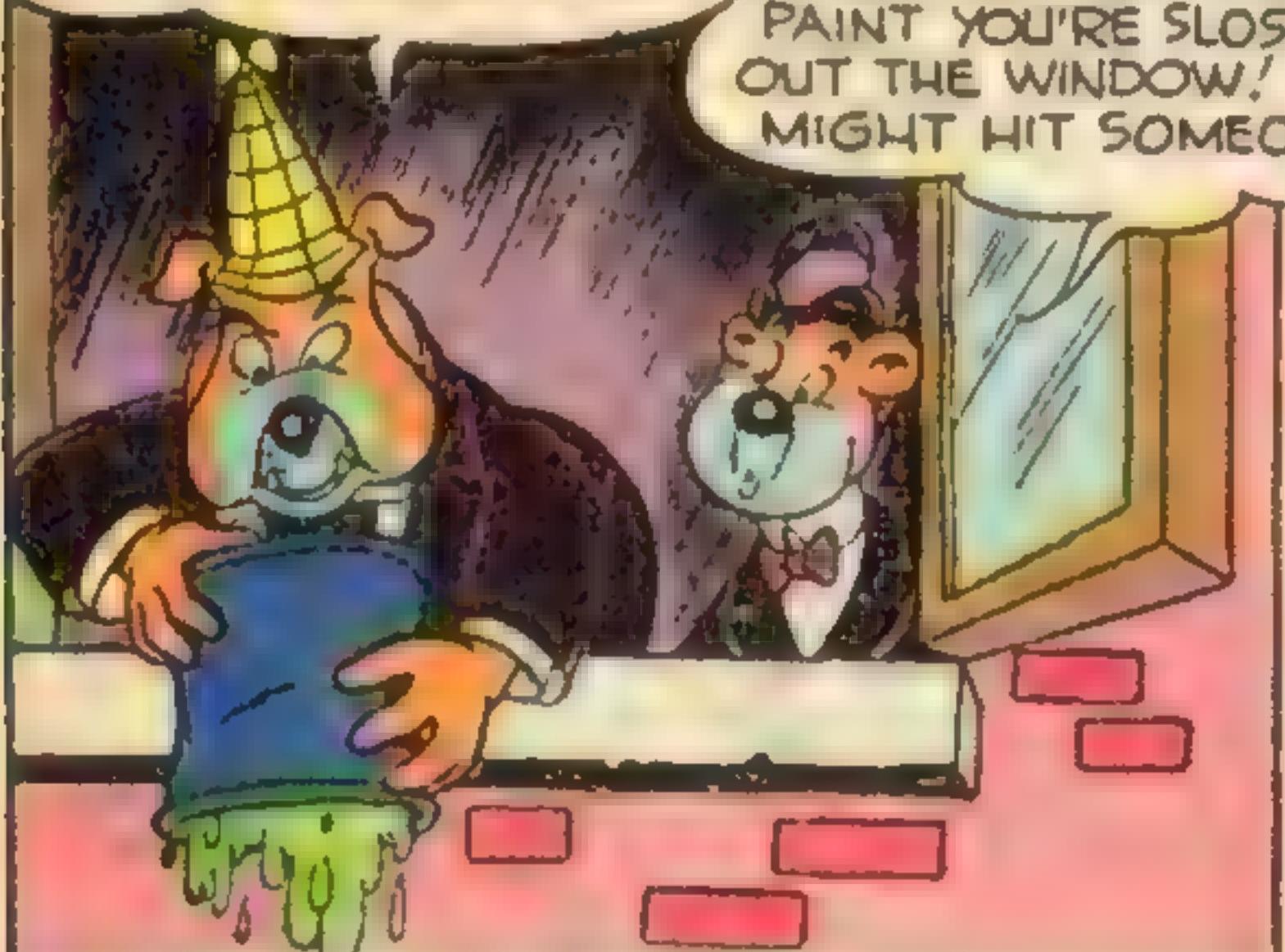


AND WE'LL FOLLOW THE SMOKE FROM THE SMUDGE TO THE VILLAIN'S BALLY OLD ROOST! WHY, LORD GRUMBLEIGH HIMSELF, HEAD OF THE SECRET SERVICE, WILL DECORATE ME!

BUT, BONES—THAT PAINT YOU'RE SLOSHING OUT THE WINDOW! IT MIGHT HIT SOMEONE!

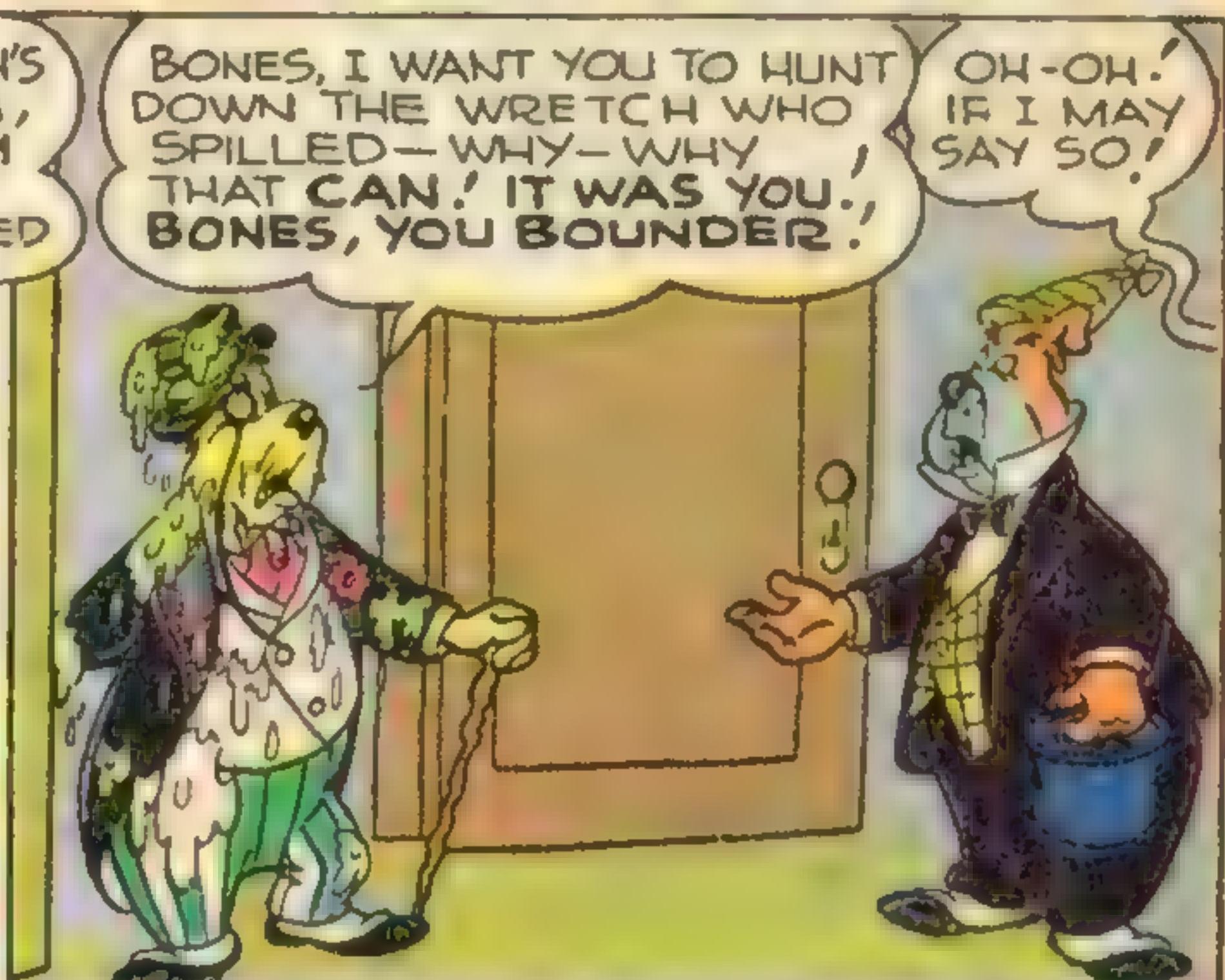
DASH IT ALL, SPOTSEM. DON'T PESTER ME WITH TRIFLES. THIS IS A NATIONAL CRISIS.

I HEAR SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!



I SAY, BONES, OLD BOY, ARE YOU THEAH! I HAVE A CASE FOR YOU.

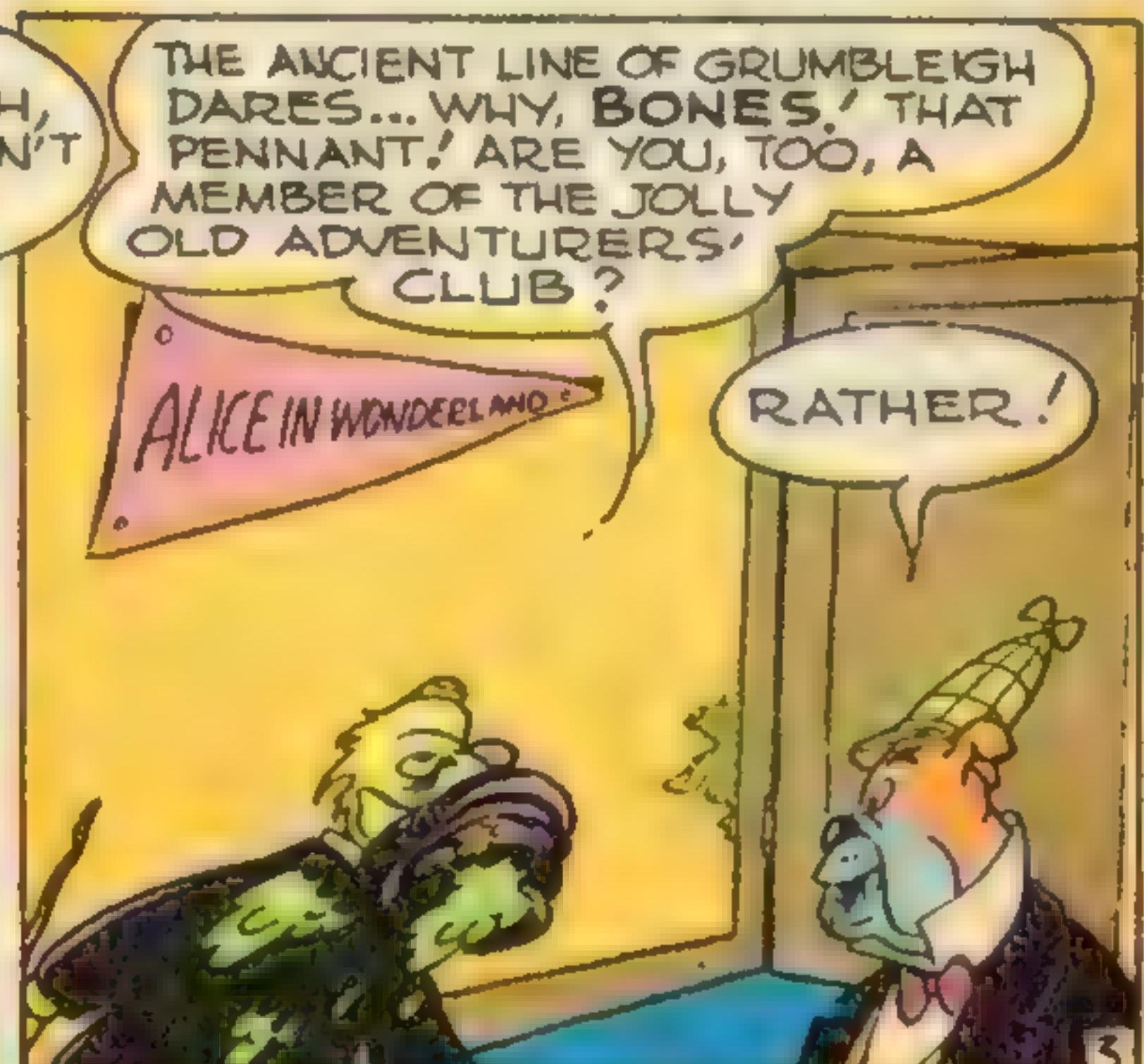
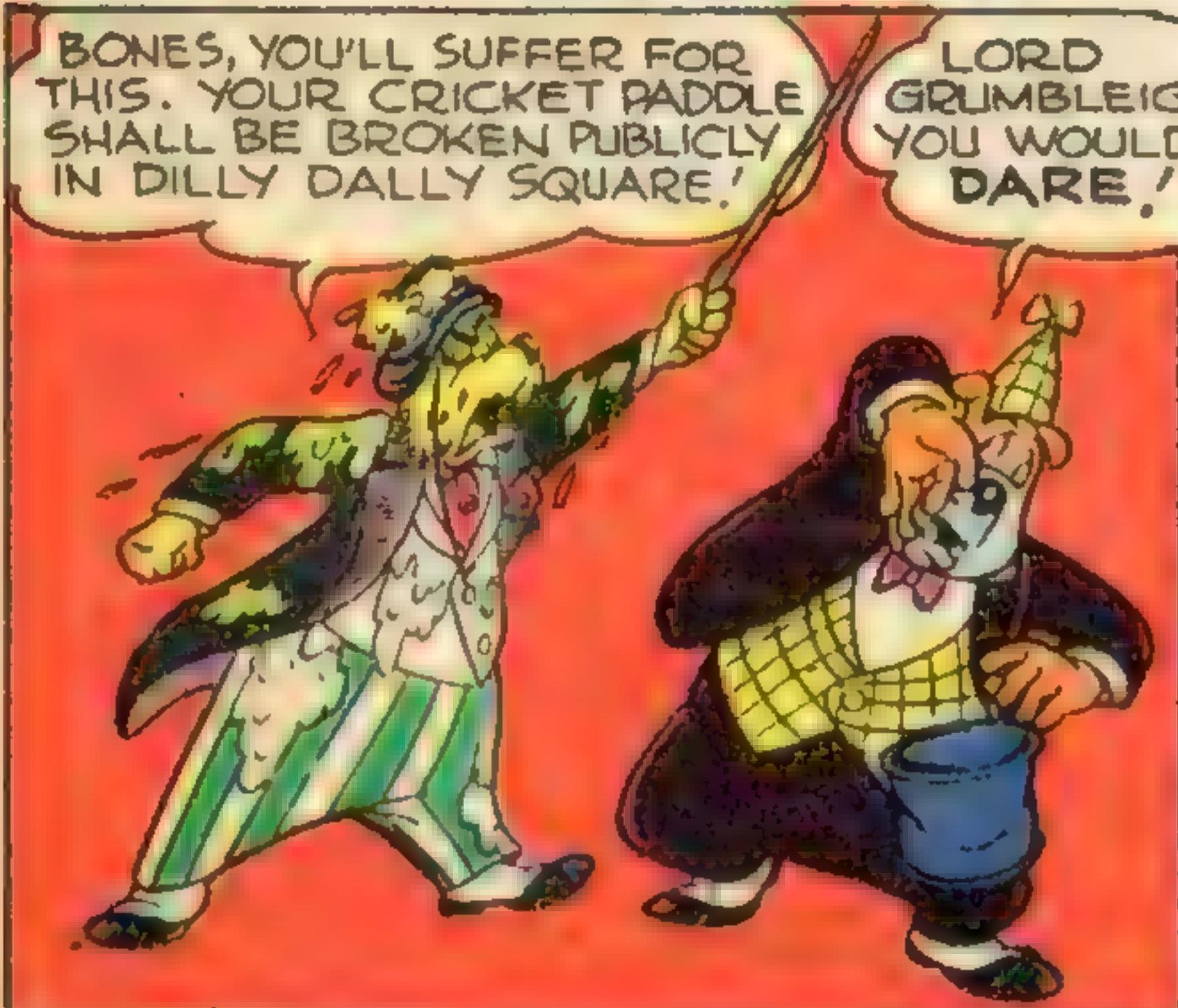
IT'S LORD GRUMBLEIGH'S VOICE. AH, SPOTSEM, HOW HE WILL BEAM WHEN HE LEARNS I'VE ALREADY STARTED ON THE CASE!



BONES, YOU'LL SUFFER FOR THIS. YOUR CRICKET PADDLE SHALL BE BROKEN PUBLICLY IN DILLY DALLY SQUARE!

LORD GRUMBLEIGH, YOU WOULDN'T DARE!

THE ANCIENT LINE OF GRUMBLEIGH DARES... WHY, BONES! THAT PENNANT! ARE YOU, TOO, A MEMBER OF THE JOLLY OLD ADVENTURERS' CLUB?



# LEADING COMICS

OH HAND IN HAND WE'LL ALWAYS STAND  
FOR ALICE IN WONDERLAND.  
WE BOW ON SEA OR DESERT SAND  
TO ALICE IN WONDERLAND.  
SO WHEN YOU'RE IN A FRIGHTFUL SPOT  
AND THINGS ARE GETTING DEUCED HOT,  
JUST DRINK YOUR TEA AND QUOTE A LOT  
OF... AH-LEECE EEN WONDER-R-R-  
LAH-A-A-AND!

THE JANITOR!

'ERE, 'ERE, WHAT'S ALL THIS  
BLOOMIN' NOISE? BONES,  
YOUR SINGIN'S BAD ENOUGH  
WITHOUT BRINGIN'  
IN THIS BLINKIN'  
BUM TO 'ELP  
YOU!

ALICE IN WONDERLAND?

"HIMPETINENCE," IS IT? "MY MAN" IS  
IT? TAKE THAT, YOU HIMPUDENT  
HIMPOSTOR!

YOWK!

GOOD HEAVENS, OLD MAN - GET OUT OF  
HERE QUICK! THAT REALLY IS LORD  
GRUMBLEIGH, HEAD  
OF SECRET SERVICE!

Y'DON'T SYE! SILLY  
LOOKIN' OLD COVE,  
EH WHAT?

BONES, BONES!  
SOMETHING QUEER'S GOING  
ON INSIDE MY DASHED  
HAT! C'MERE, CAWN'T  
YOU?

THERE'S A PECULIAR  
BUZZING SOUND COMING  
INTO MY HAT - SEEMS TO  
COME FROM THAT  
WAY I SAY.  
BONES, ARE  
YOU THEAH?

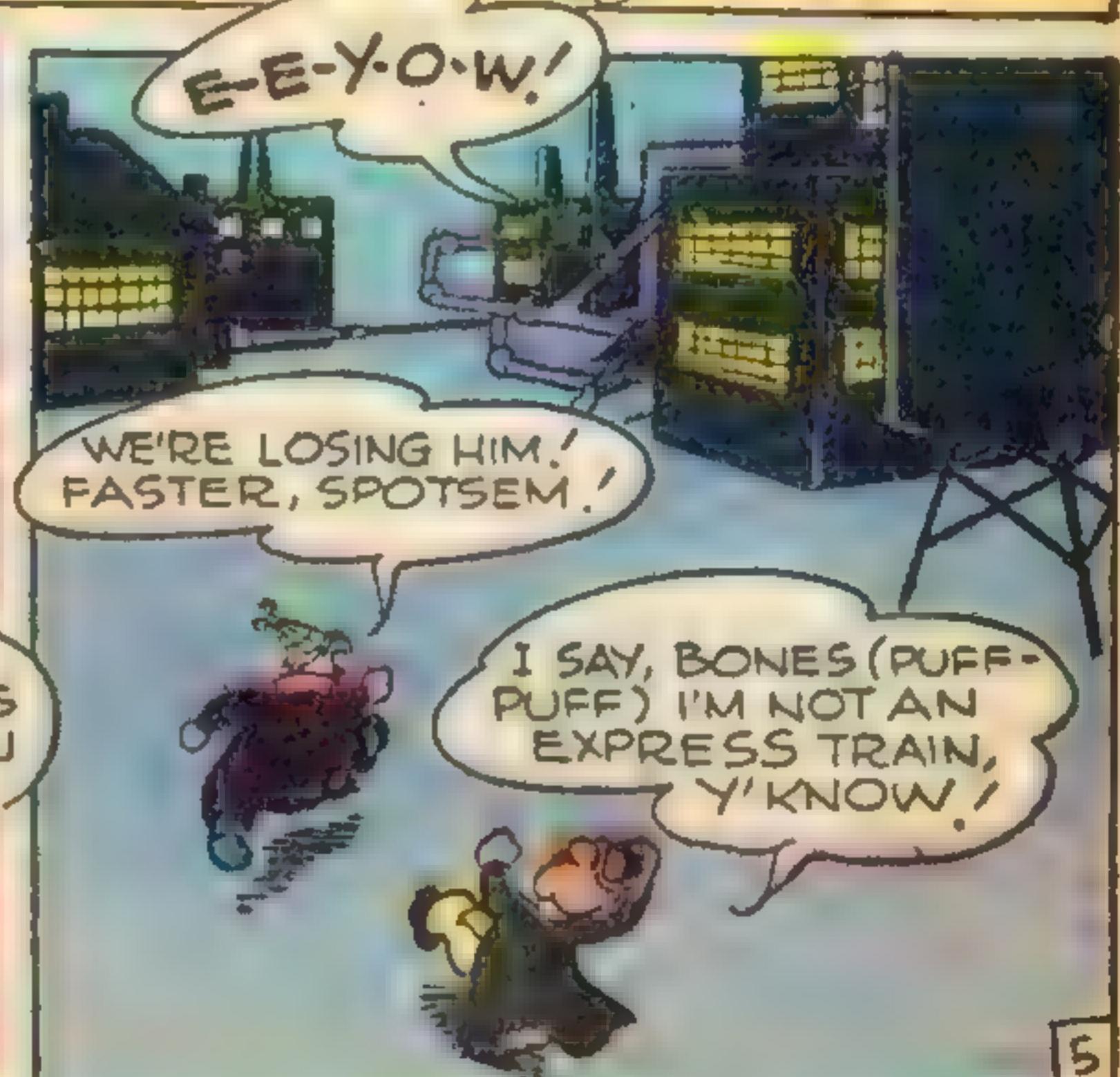
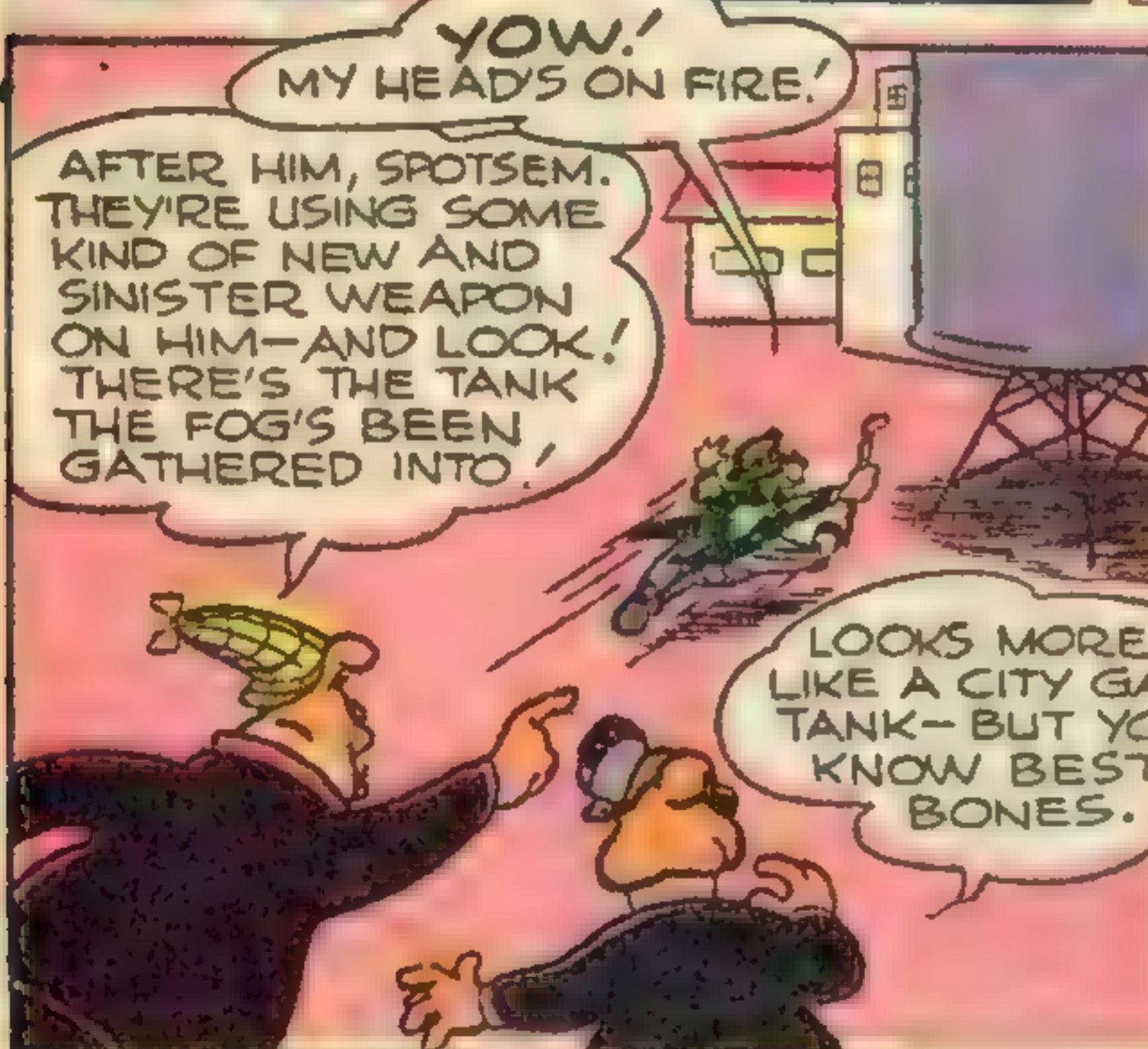
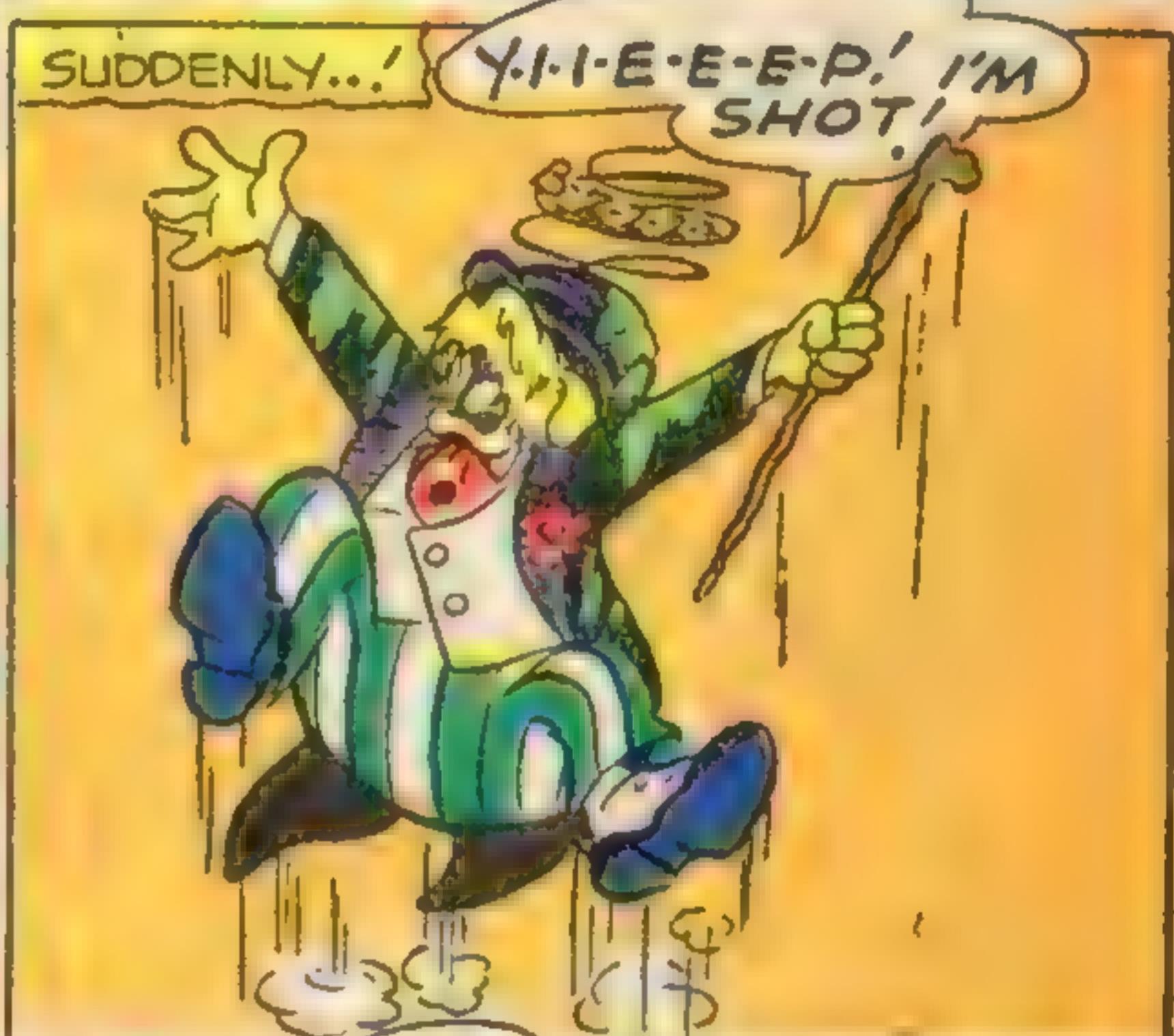
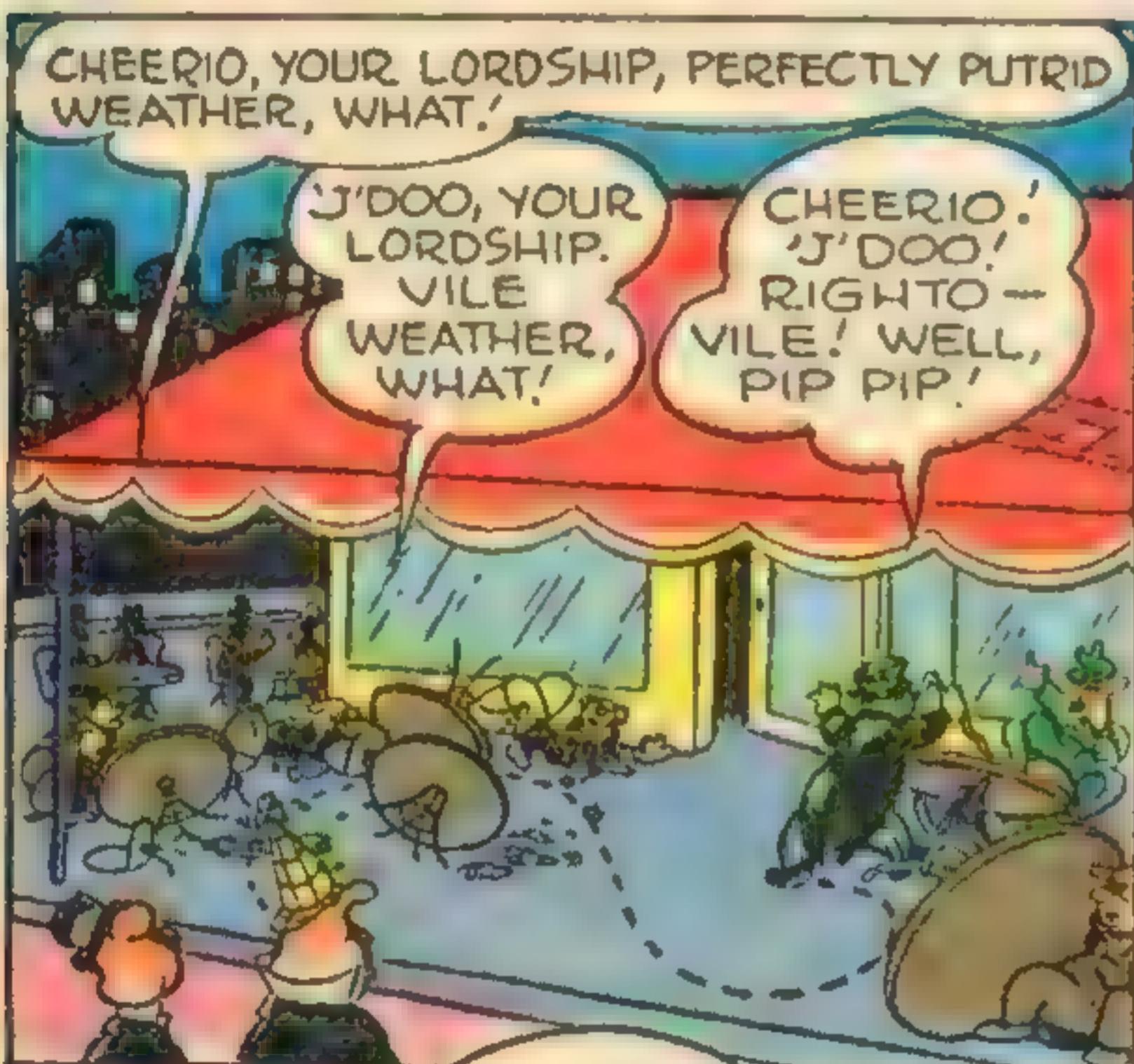
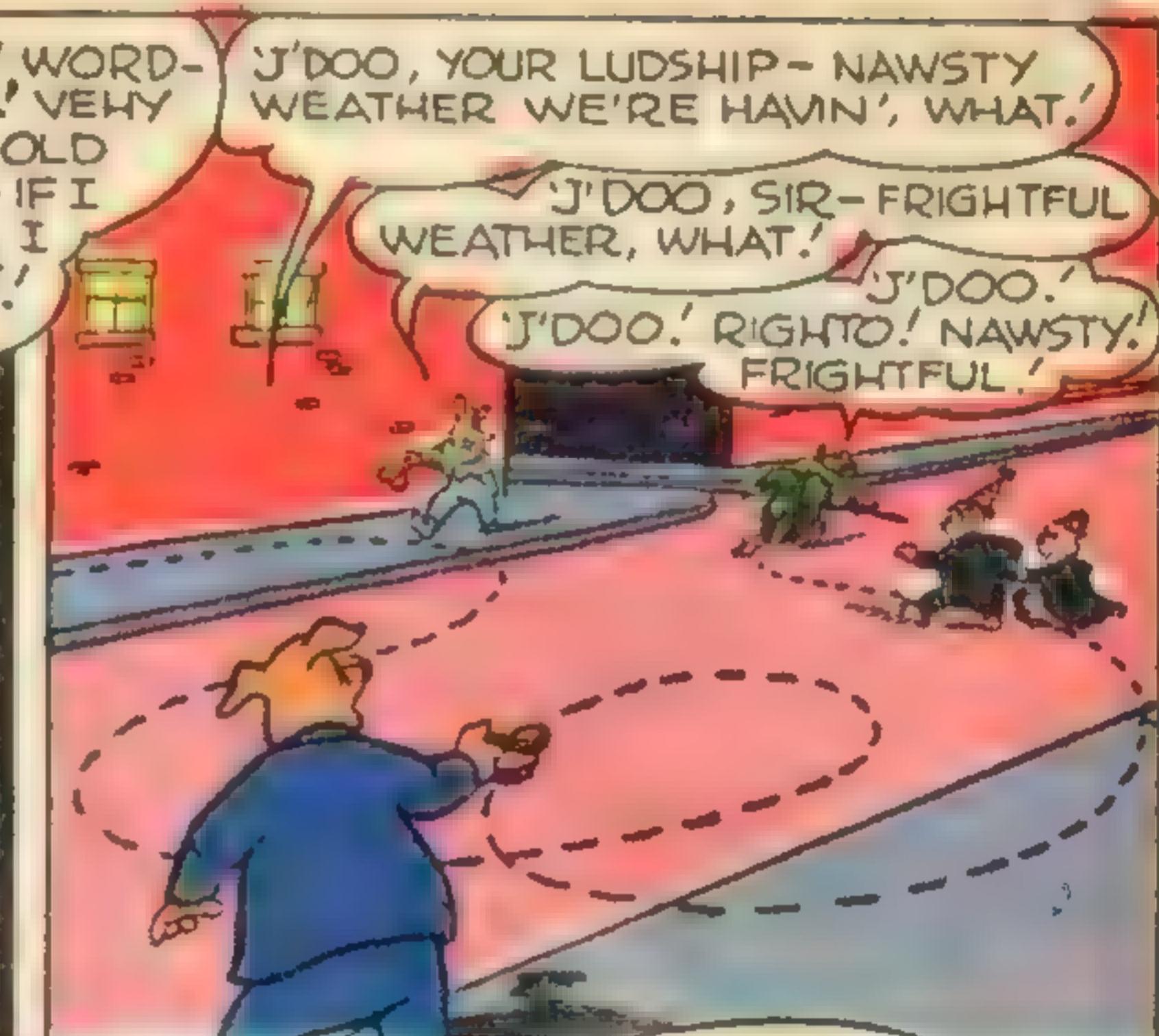
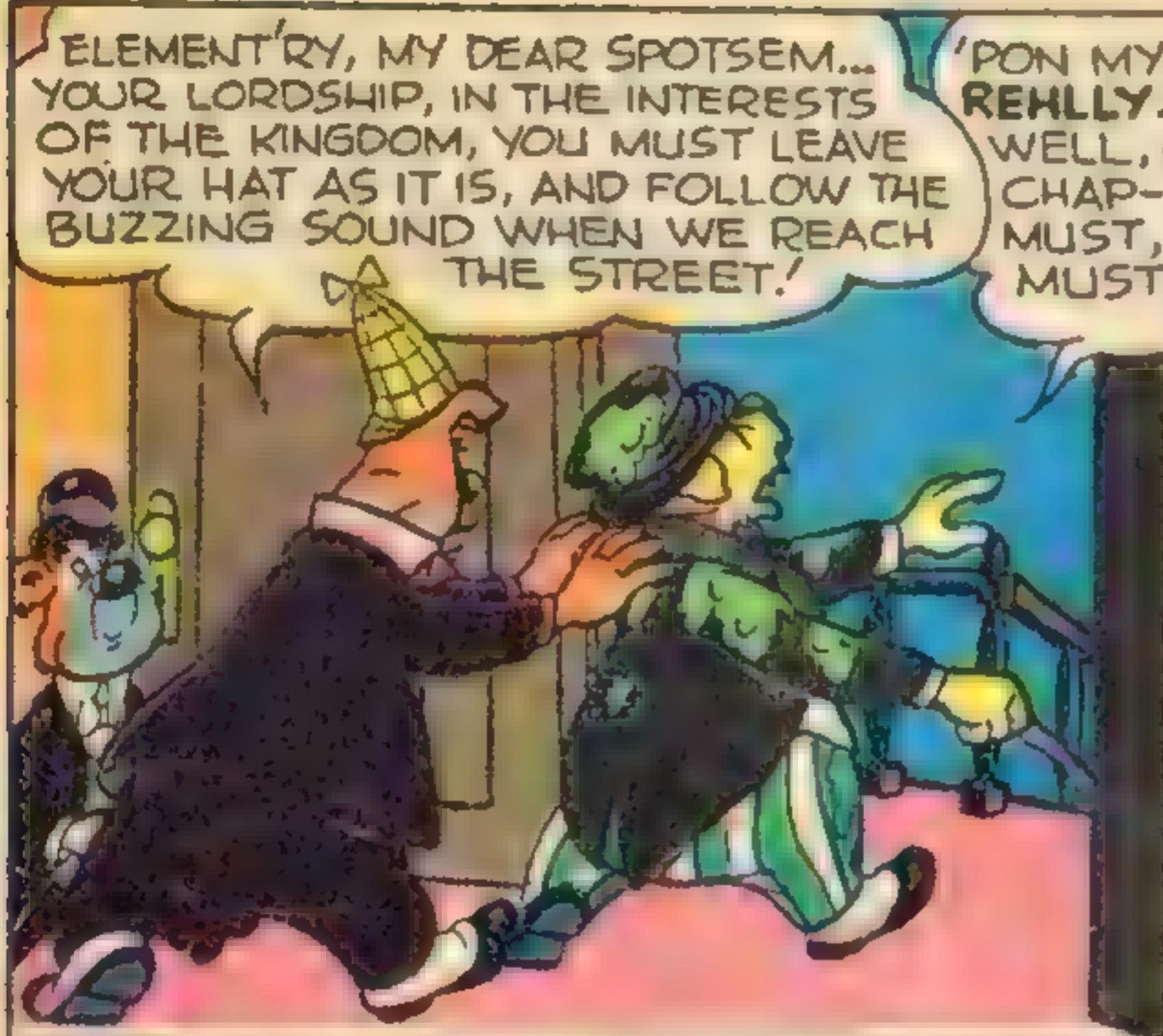
YES,  
YES, YOUR  
LORDSHIP,  
I'M HERE!  
SPOTSEM,  
THIS IS THE BREAK  
WE NEEDED!

HOW SO, MAY  
I ASK?

BECAUSE THE WAY HIS LORDSHIP AND YOU  
IS WEARING HIS HAT HAS MEAN HIS  
MADE IT A NATURAL HAT DETECTS  
SOUNDING BOARD.

THE DIRECTION  
OF THE FOG -  
DRAWING MACHINERY!  
MARVELOUS, MY  
DEAR BONES!

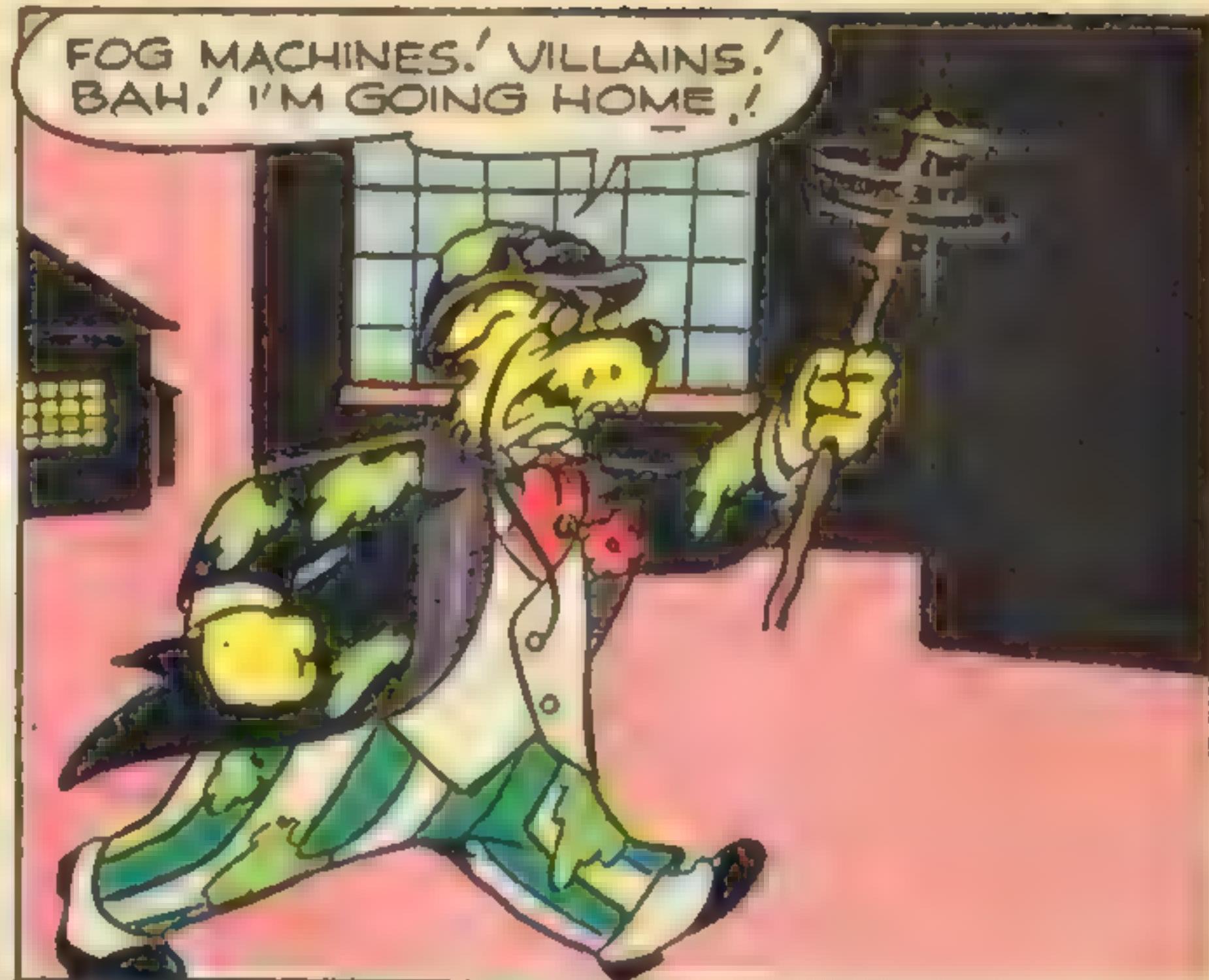
# LEADING COMICS



WHAT! A BEE IN MY BONNET! SO THAT'S THE BUZZING I HEARD AND THE "SHOT" I FELT!

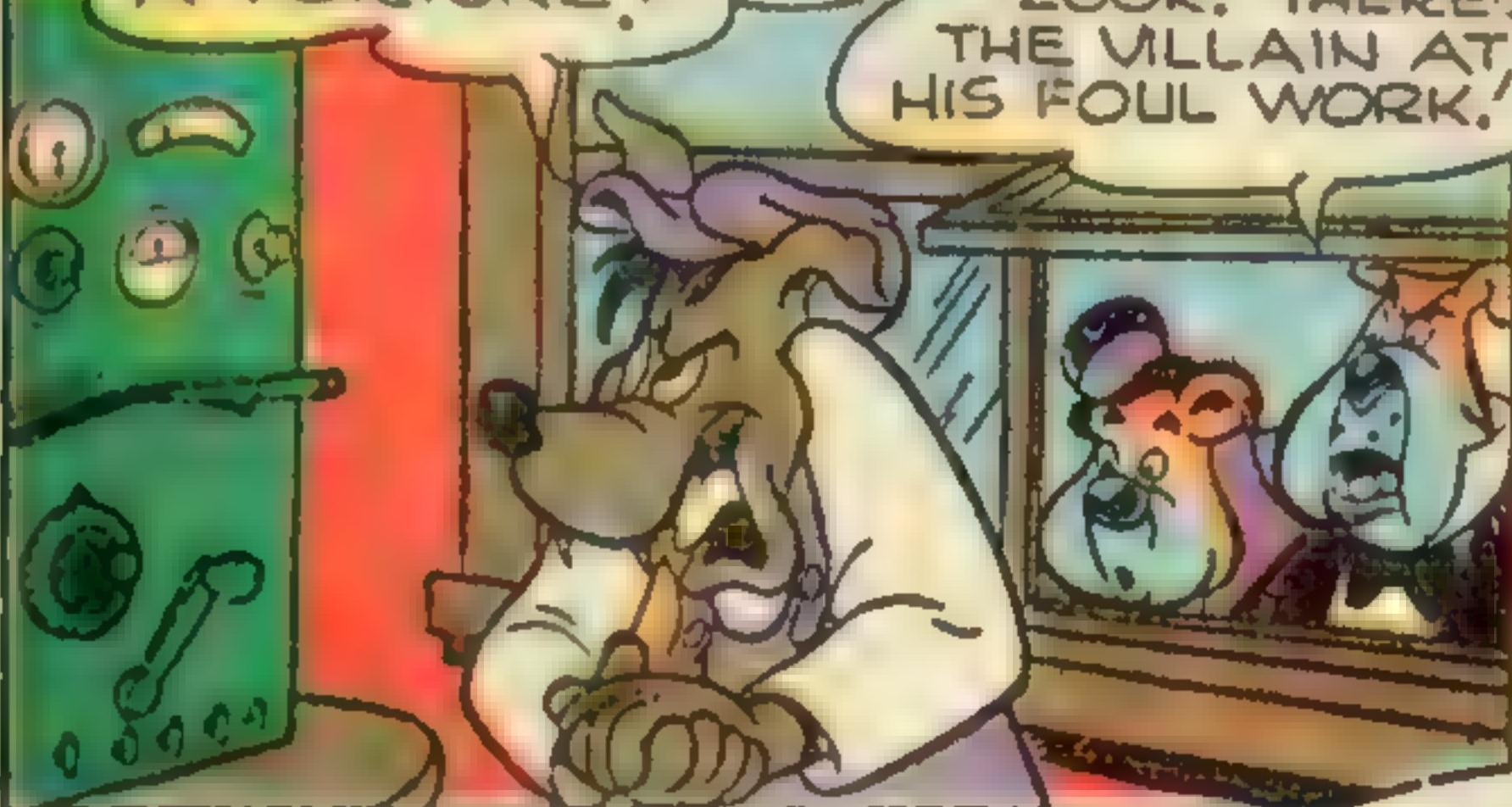


FOG MACHINES! VILLAINS! BAH! I'M GOING HOME!



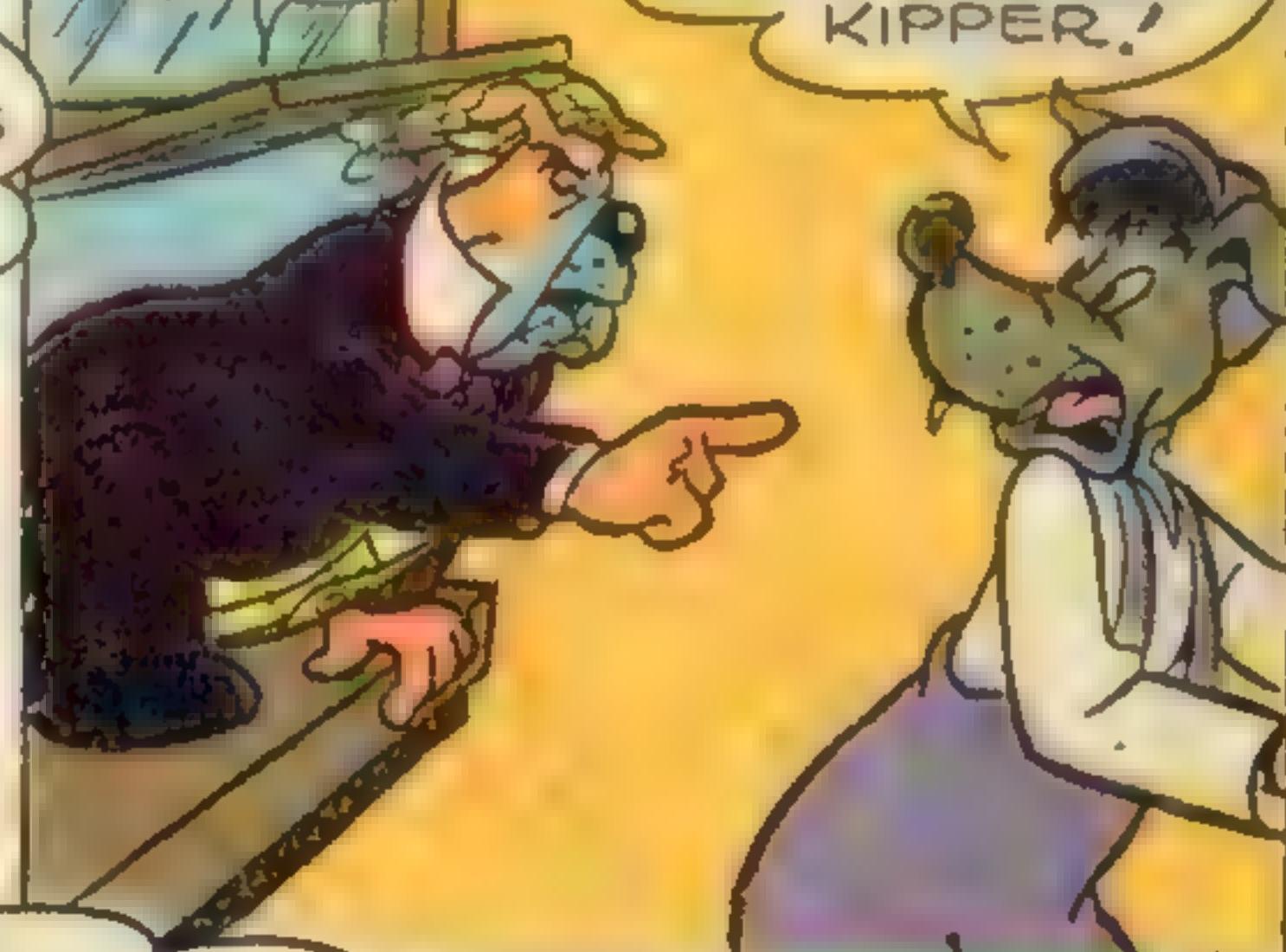
MEANWHILE...

WHAT A JOLLY RACKET I'VE GOT... TINKER THE BLARSTED INDICATORS TO SHOW MORE GAS THAN WE'RE REALLY MAKING - AND POCKET THE DIFFERENCE IN THE MANUFACTURING EXPENSE ACCOUNT! I'VE MADE A FORTUNE!

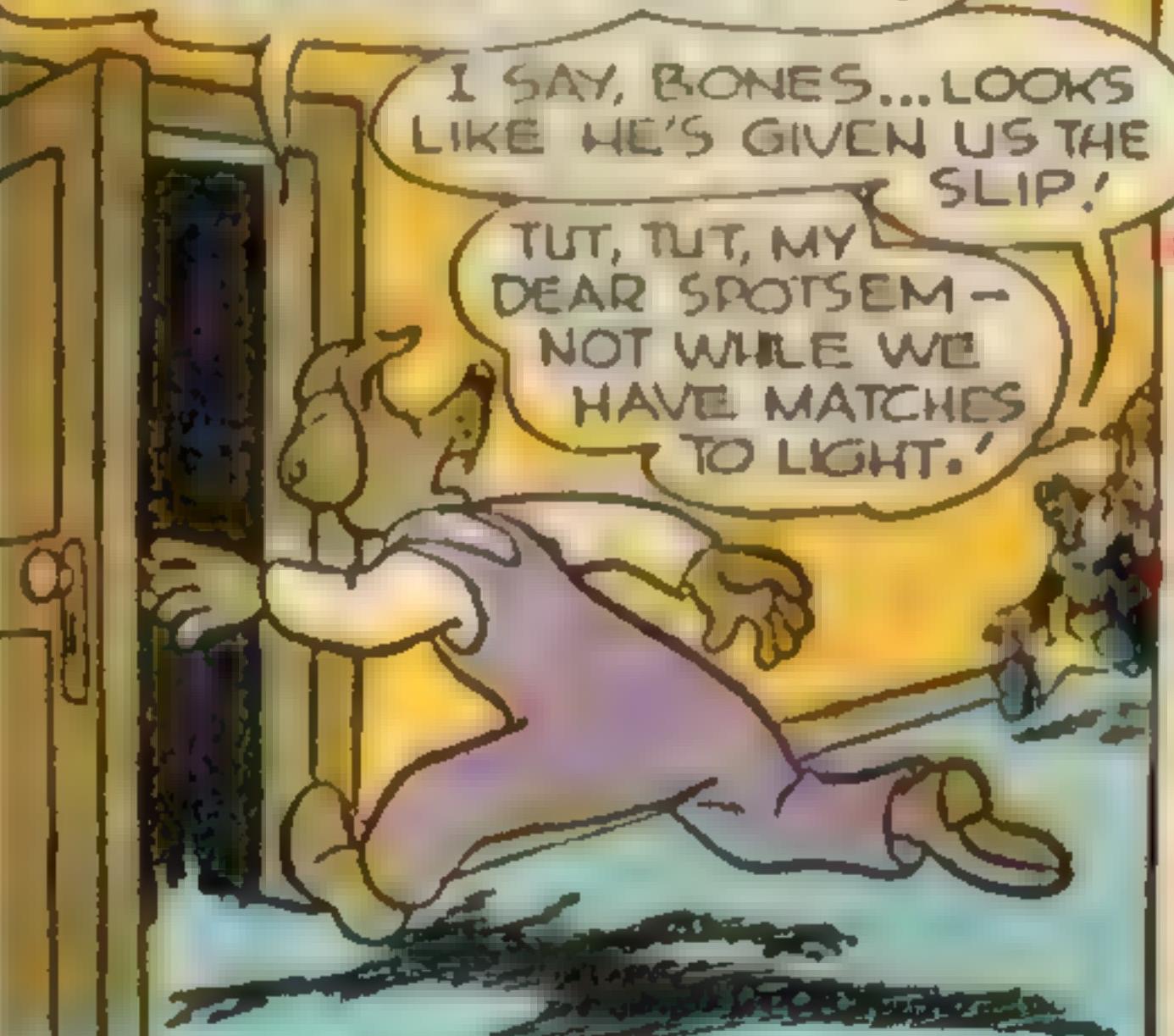


THE JIG IS UP, OLD CHAP. WE'VE JOLLY WELL FOUND YOU OUT, YOU KNOW!

YOW! IT'S SPYLOT BONES. I'M A COOKED KIPPER!

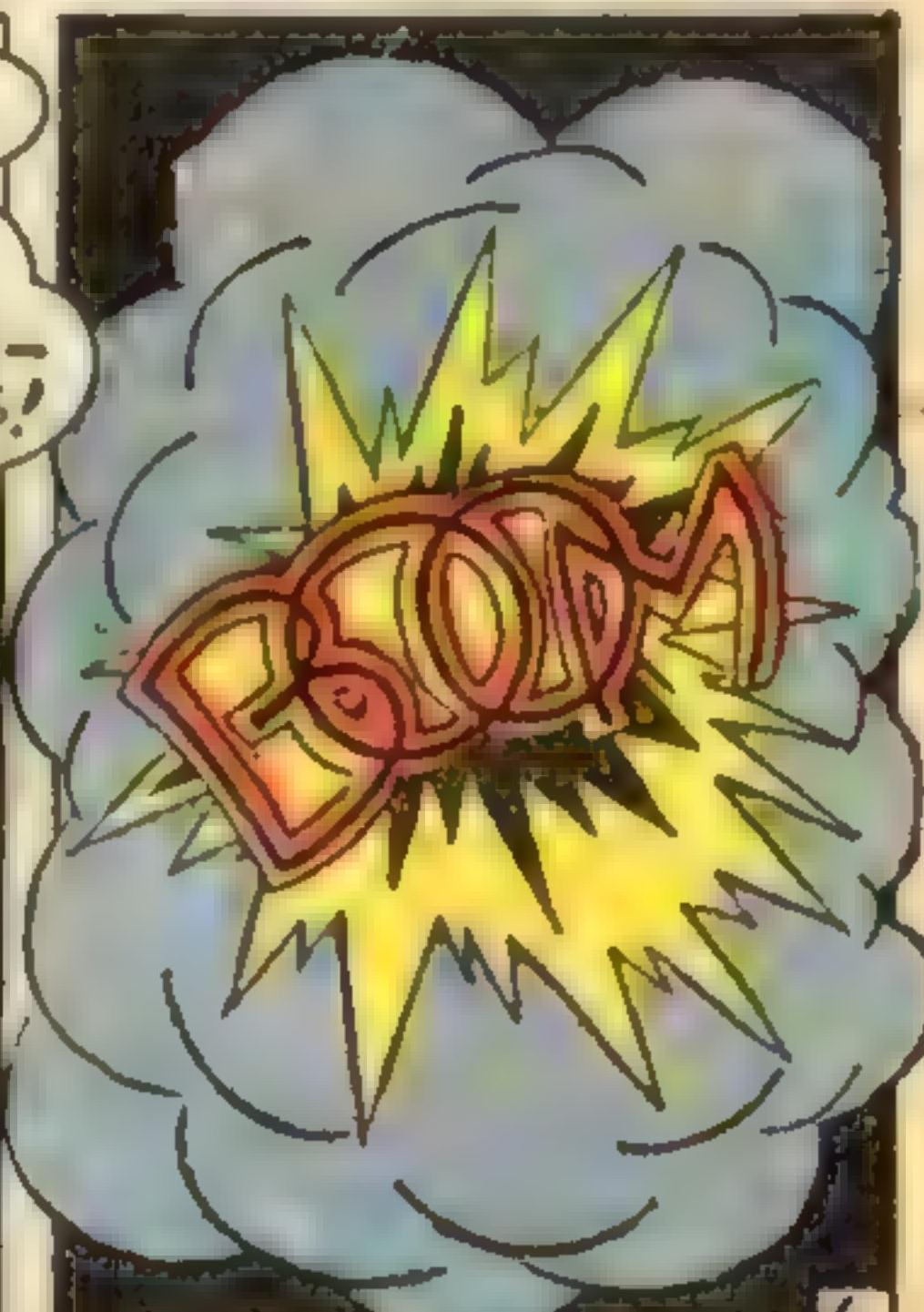
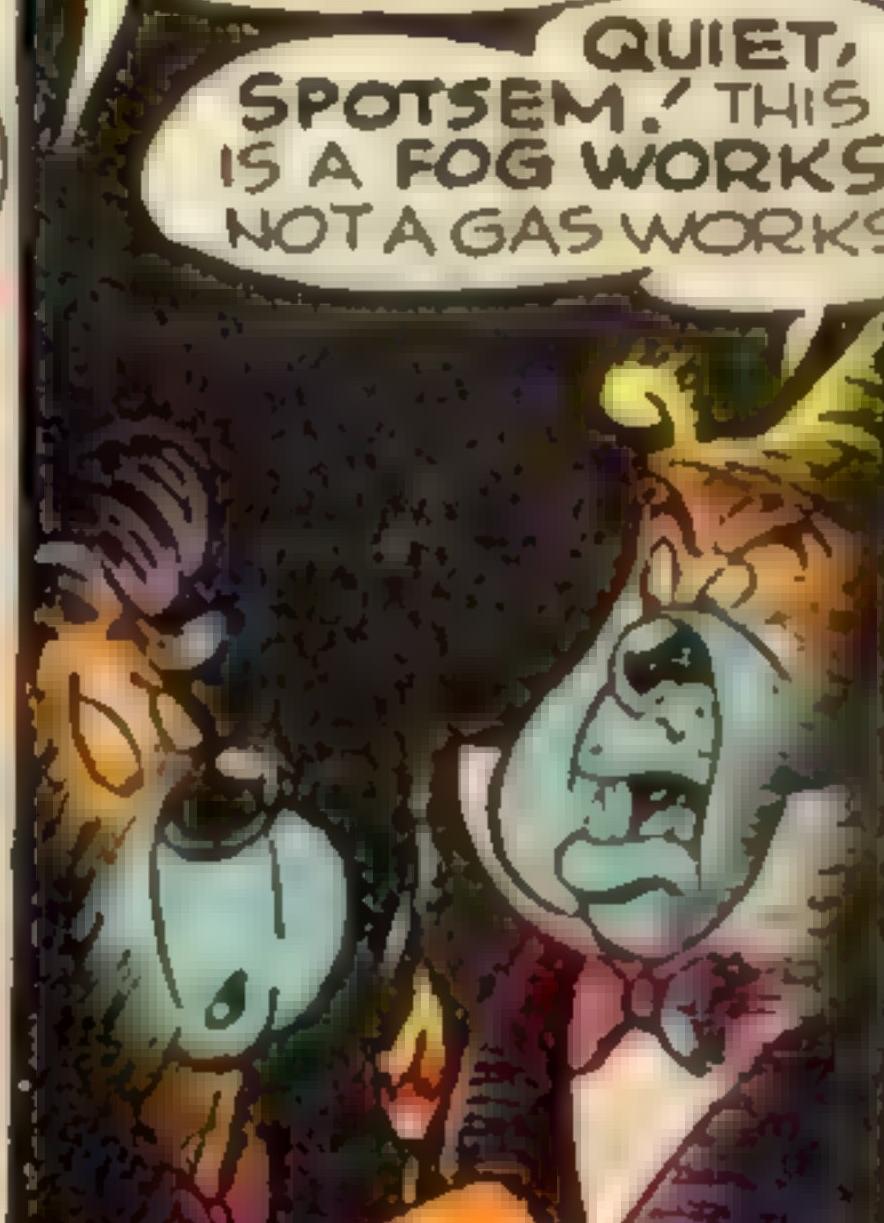


EVEN THE BLOOMIN' SPYLOT BONES WON'T FIND ME IN THIS ROOM WHERE THE LIGHTS IS ON THE BLINK!



BUT-BUT, BONES! LIGHTING MATCHES IN A GAS WORKS IS...

QUIET, SPOTSEM! THIS IS A FOG WORKS - NOT A GAS WORKS!



# LEADING COMICS

I ADMITS MY GUILT. HI'VE BEEN SWINDLIN' THE GAS COMPANY!

DEUCEDLY CLEVER, BONES—  
CATCHING ONTO HIS RACKET.

BUT, I SAY, IT'S NOT GAS, OLD CHAP. IT'S THE FOG THAT...

PINK, IF HIT HYNT BARMY BERTIE, THE CROOKED MECHANIC!

PLOP

QUIET, BONES!

WHAT MR. BONES MEANS IS THAT, UNDER PRETENSE OF INVESTIGATING THE WEATHER CONDITIONS THAT BROUGHT ON THE LACK OF FOG, HE WAS REALLY TRACING THIS SCOUNDREL!

WELL, IT'S HI-HO FOR THE LOCKUP WITH BARMY BERTIE. BY THE BY, THE PAPERS SYE THAT THE FOG WAS DRIVEN OFF BY A HIGH UPPER AIR CURRENT, BUT WILL BE BACK ANY MOMENT NOW!

OH, WE KNEW THAT, EH, BONES!

ER—YES, YES.  
PRECISELY! KNEW IT ALL THE TIME,  
OF COURSE!

AND WITH THE FOG'S RETURN—

GWENNY, OLD GAL. HOW FRIGHTFULLY RIPPIN' YOU'RE LOOKIN'!

'ARRY, OLD EGG! 'OW ANDSOME YOU ARE!

COUNTESS, DAHLING!  
THANKS HORRIBLY FOR  
THE DELIGHTFUL  
BIRTHDAY GIFT, OLD  
THING.

WHILE ALL SNUG AND COSY AT FAKER STREET...

GOOD OLD LONDON FOG...  
I MUST SAY, BONES OLD CHAP, I DON'T SEE HOW YOU DO IT!

ELEMENT'RY,  
MY DEAR SPOTSEM,  
ELEMENT'RY!

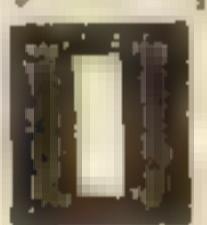
# Meet a



Just as no artist can fully paint the beauty of a sunset, no words can completely describe the lusciousness of BIT-O-HONEY. But the minute you taste this *deliciously different* candy bar, you know why millions buy BIT-O-HONEY. They go for its "can't-be-equalled" flavor ... that indescribable flavor which you'll so fully enjoy. BIT-O-HONEY is cut in six individually wrapped, bite-sized pieces. Next time you buy candy, buy the tasty bar that's extra handy ... BIT-O-HONEY!

## WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER? It has a special meaning!

Everyone's name adds up to a special significant number. YOU can find yours by using the Number-Alphabet below.



"One" individuals aspire to greatness. They are independent, aggressive and possess daring spirits; have the unusual ability of making actions and thoughts work in perfect harmony.

VICTOR HERBERT'S name adds up to ONE—Does YOURS?

Example V I C T O R H E R B E R T  
4 + 9 + 3 + 2 + 6 + 9 + 8 + 5 + 9 + 2 + 5 + 9 + 2 = 73  
7 + 3 = 10 1 + 0 = 1

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it isn't "One", write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

### The Number-Alphabet

A-J-S are "1"

B-K-T are "2"

C-L-U are "3"

D-M-V are "4"

E-N-W are "5"

F-O-X are "6"

G-P-Y are "7"

H-Q-Z are "8"

I-R are "9"

YOURS

**FREE**

Want the key to your number? Send today for the amazing new BIT-O-HONEY book "WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" It's FREE! Paste coupon on a postcard. Mail it NOW!

BIT-O-HONEY  
Box 99, St. Louis 5, Mo.

Please send me - absolutely FREE and without obligation my "What's Your Number" booklet.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

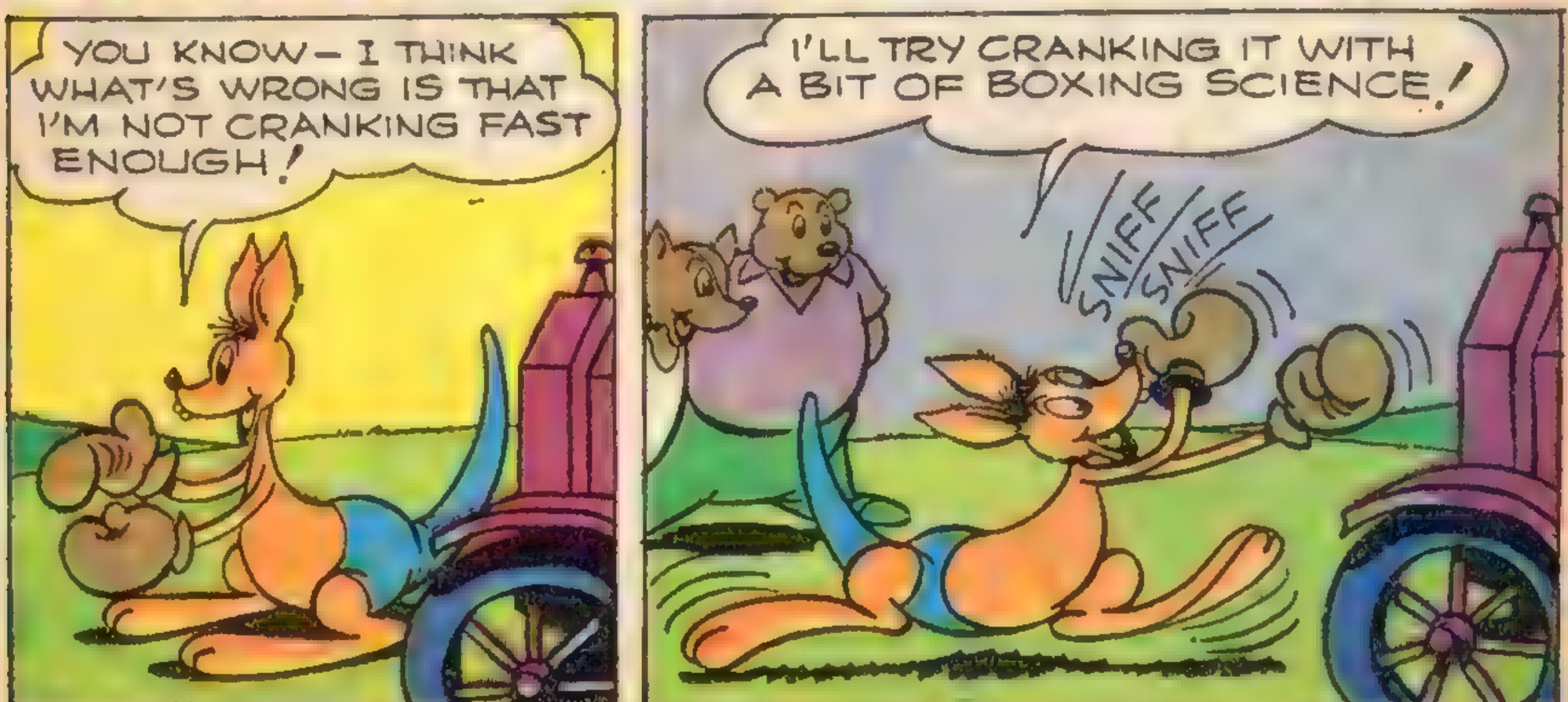
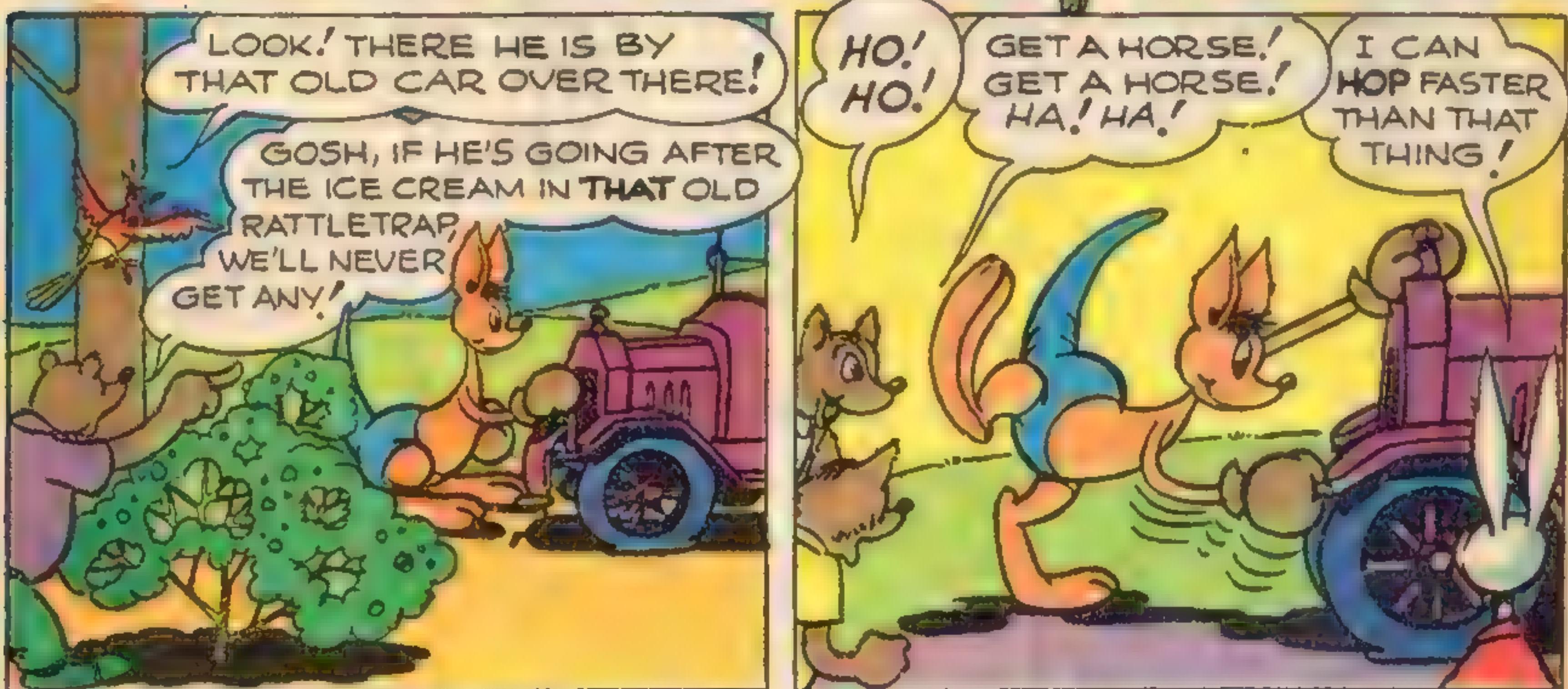
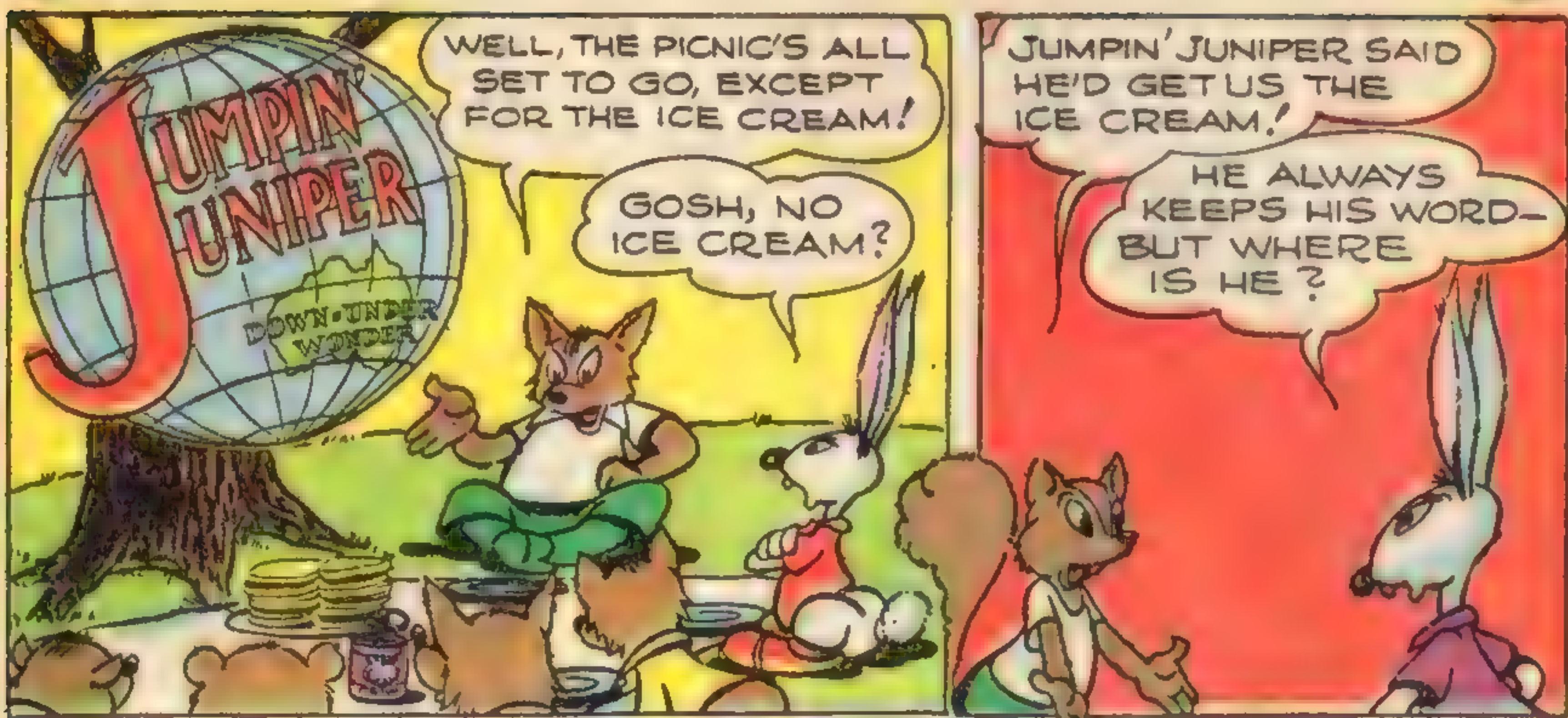
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

If you are under 18 check here.  
Regardless of your age, you get your Number book-  
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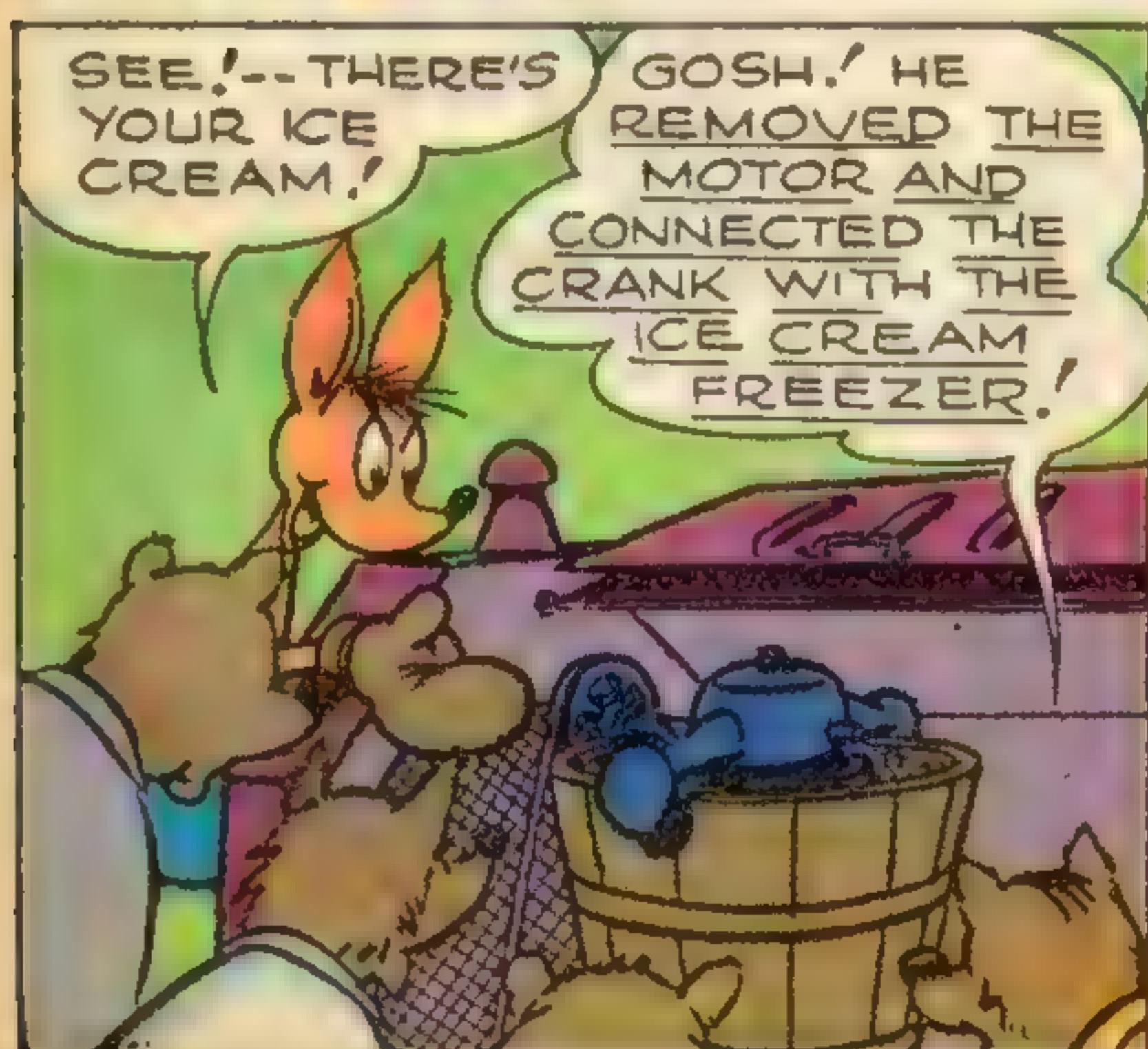
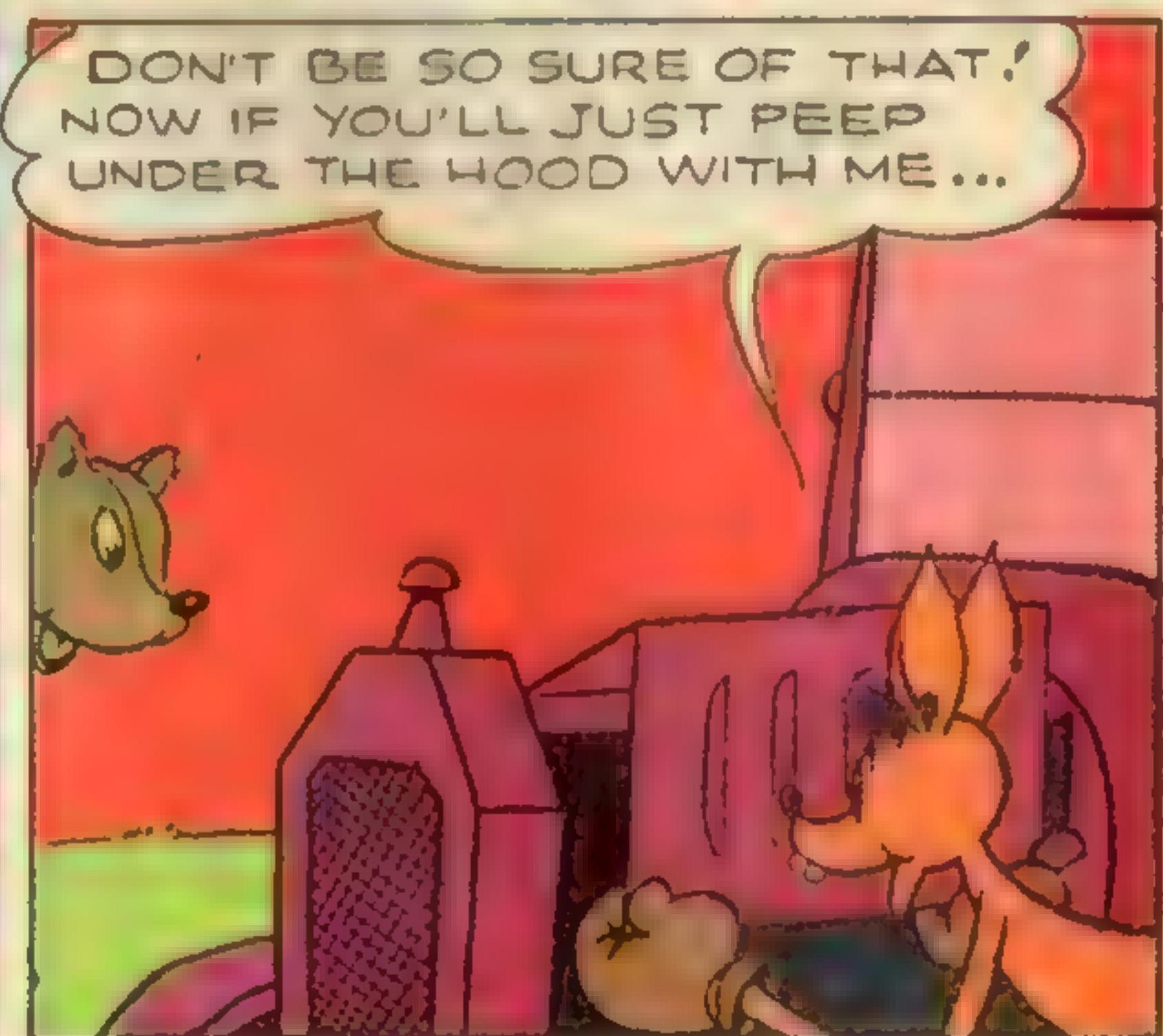
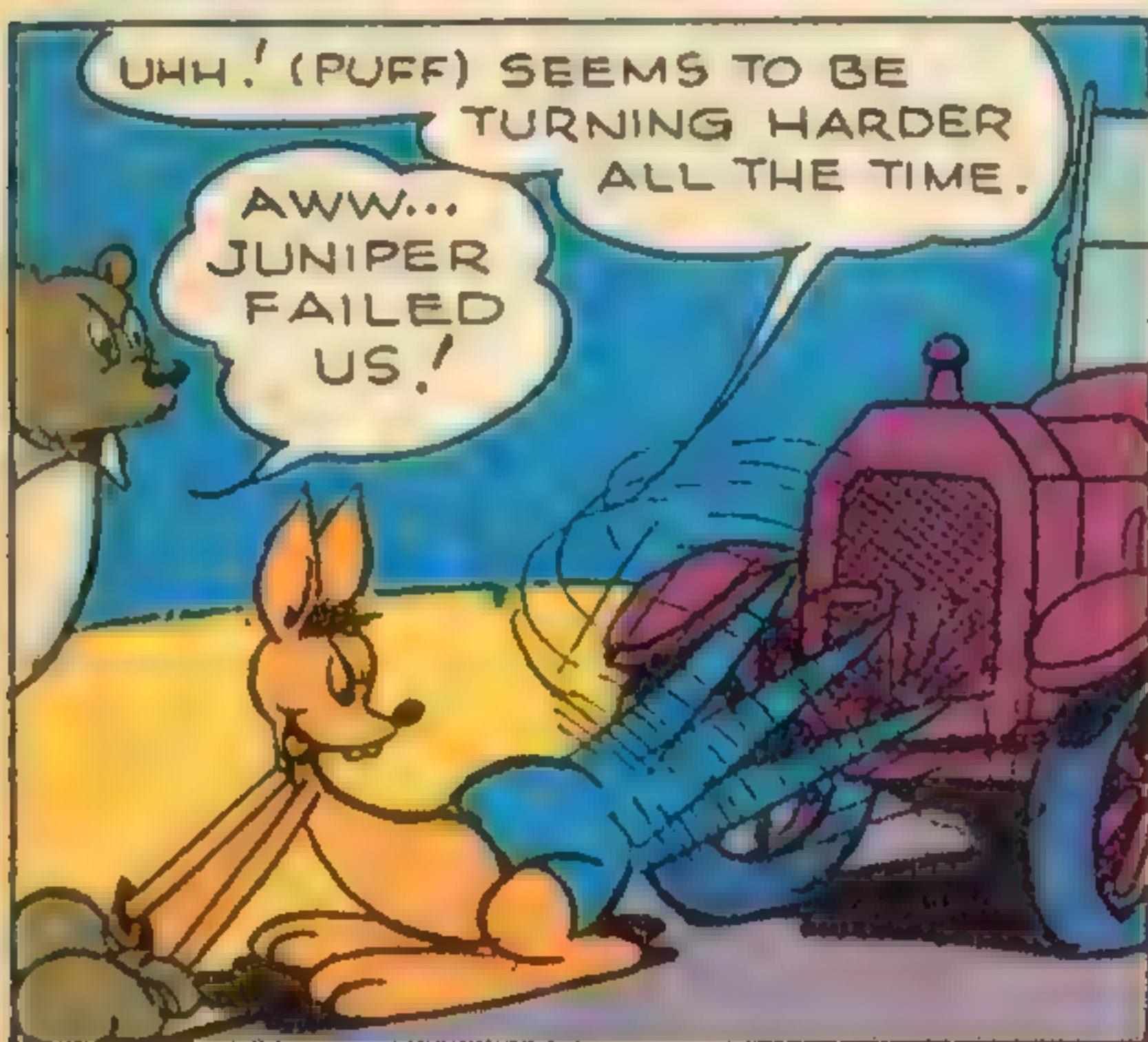
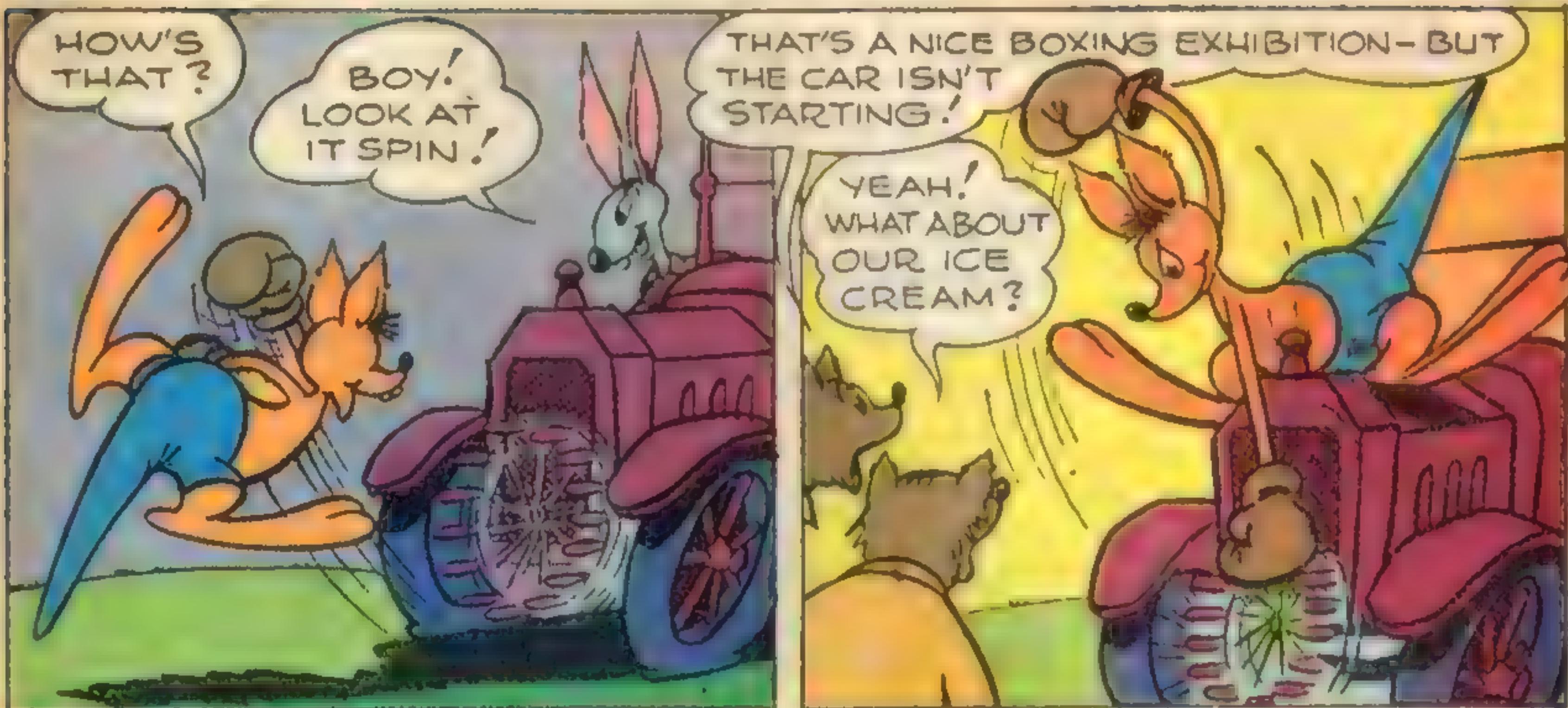
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You'll like OLD NICK, too—a delicious chocolate-covered bar, made by the makers of BIT-O-HONEY

(This offer expires December 31, 1945)

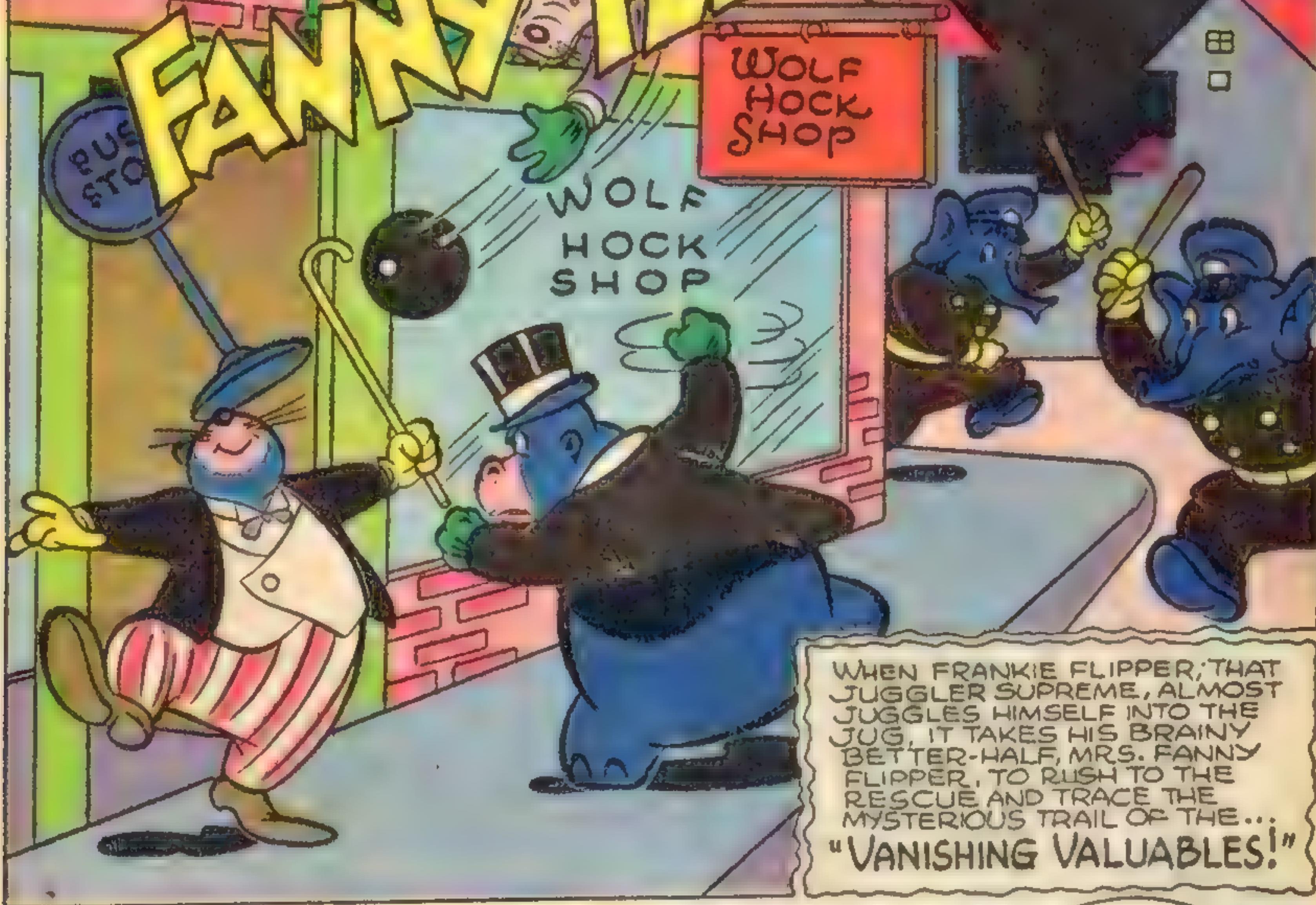


LEADING COMICS.





# FRANKIE AND FANNY FLIPPER



WHEN FRANKIE FLIPPER, THAT JUGGLER SUPREME, ALMOST JUGGLES HIMSELF INTO THE JUG, IT TAKES HIS BRAINY BETTER-HALF, MRS. FANNY FLIPPER, TO RUSH TO THE RESCUE AND TRACE THE MYSTERIOUS TRAIL OF THE... "VANISHING VALUABLES!"

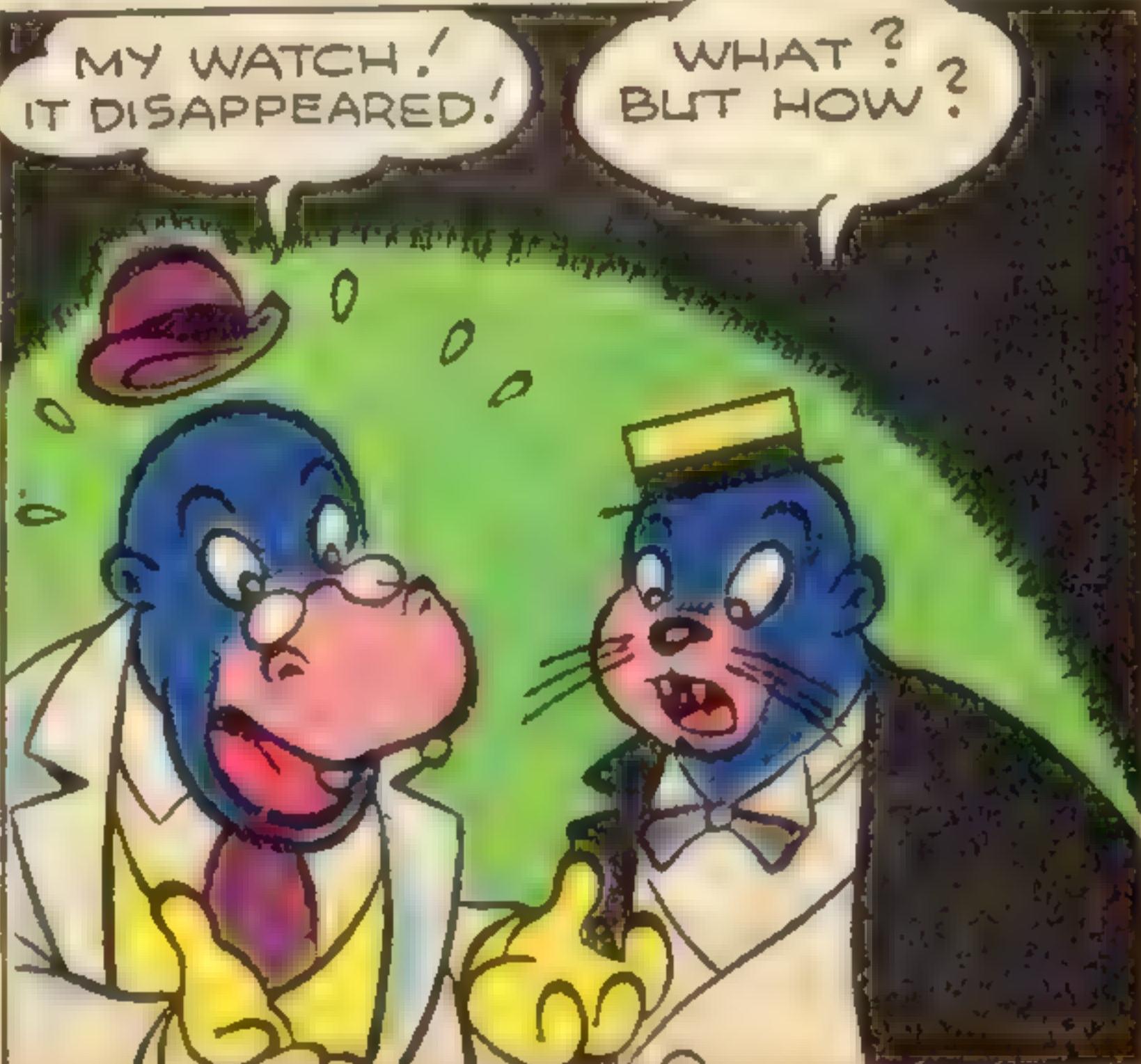
FRANKIE FLIPPER IS HURRYING (??) TO FIND A JOB...

"YOU SEE, SIR, MY WIFE SENT ME TO ANSWER A WANT AD, AND I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS, SO I CAN BE LATE -"

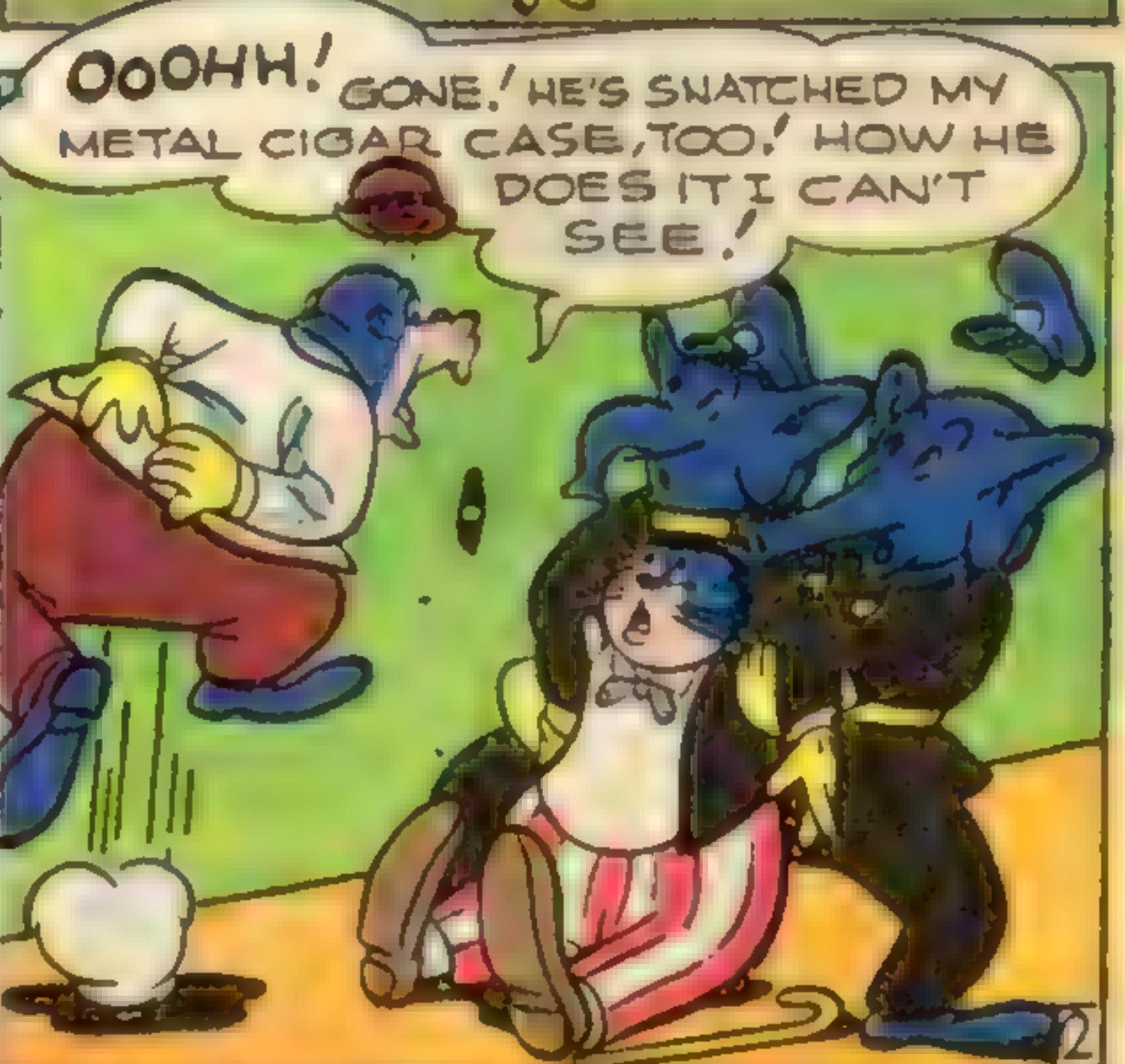
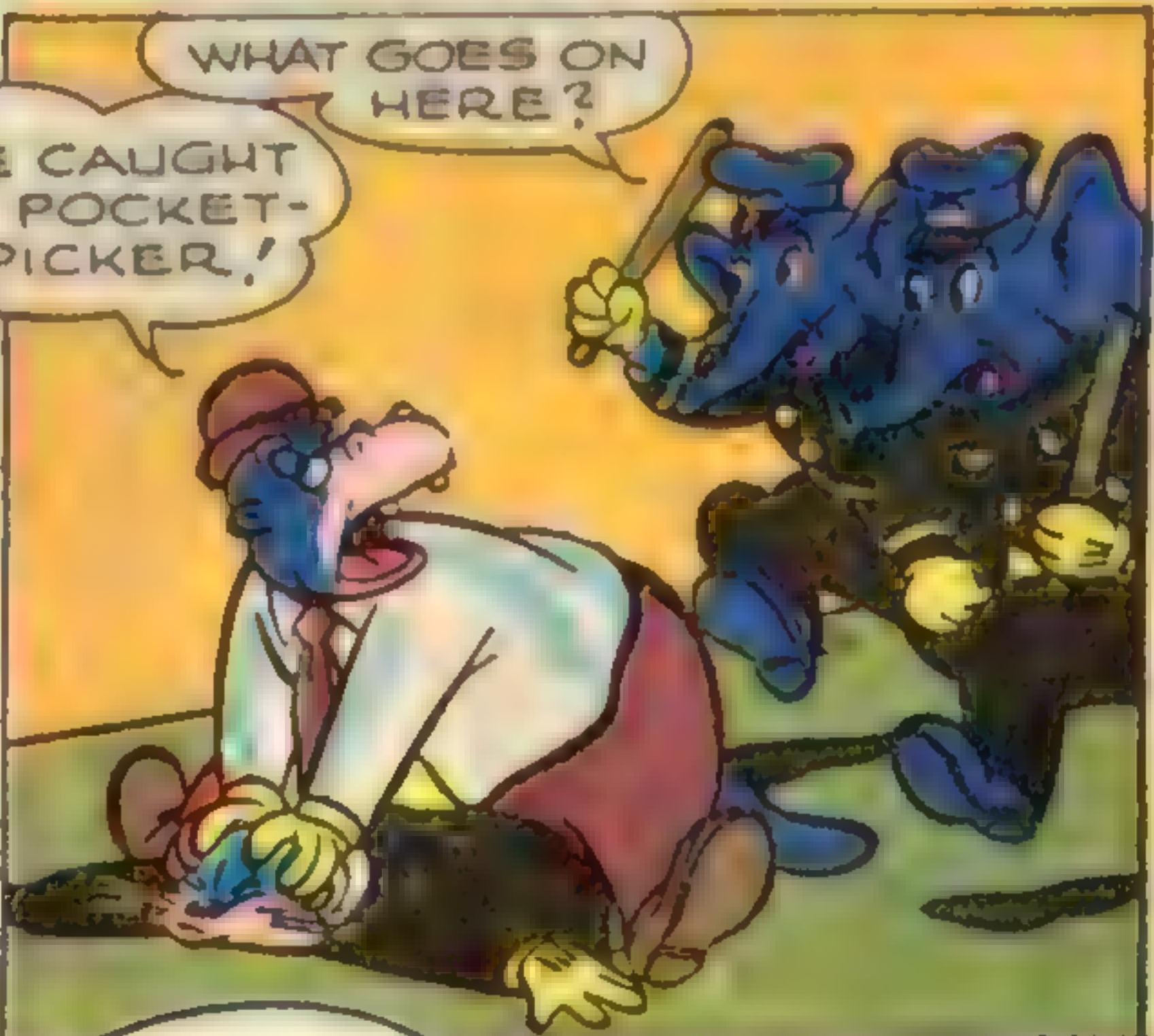
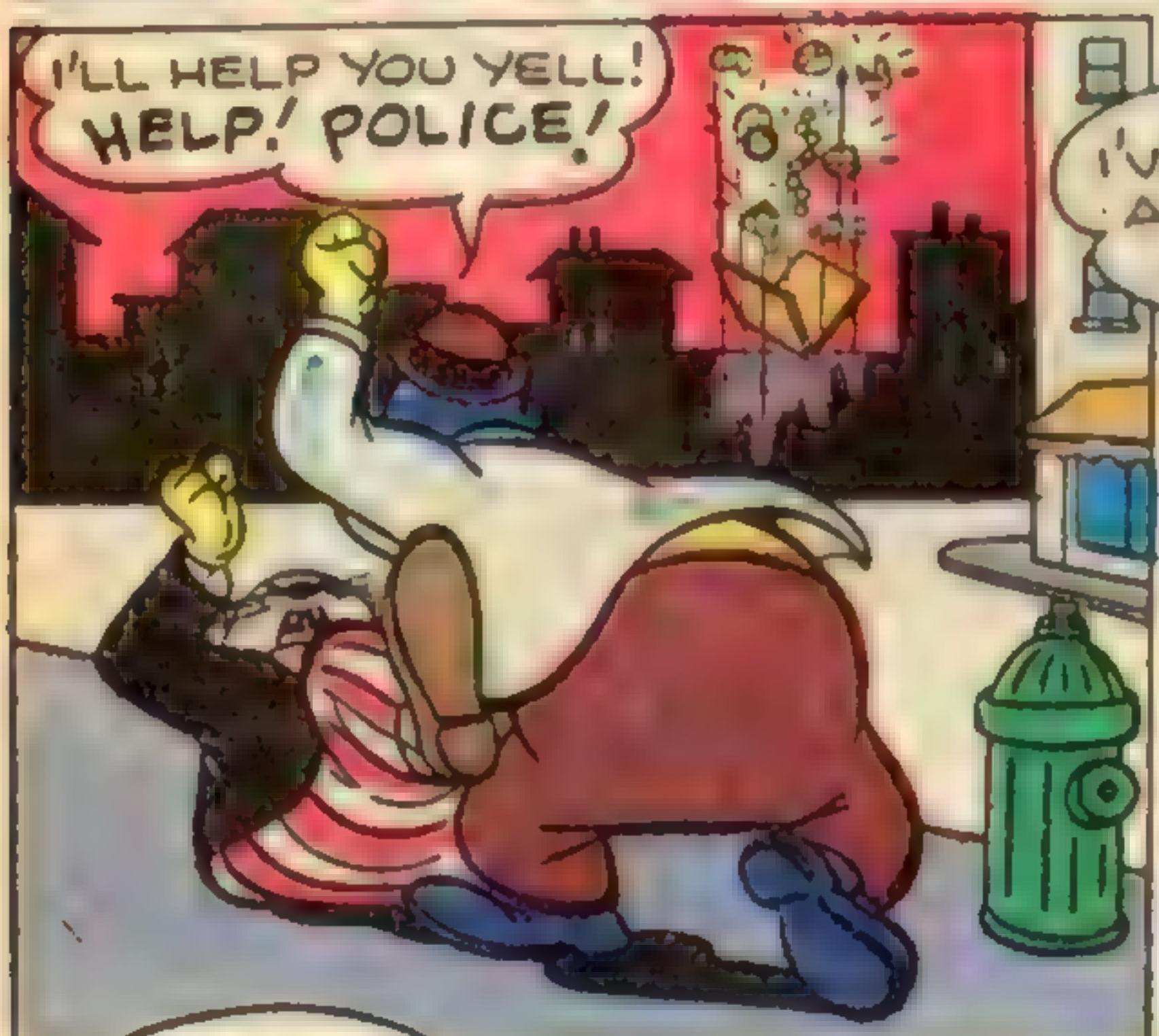
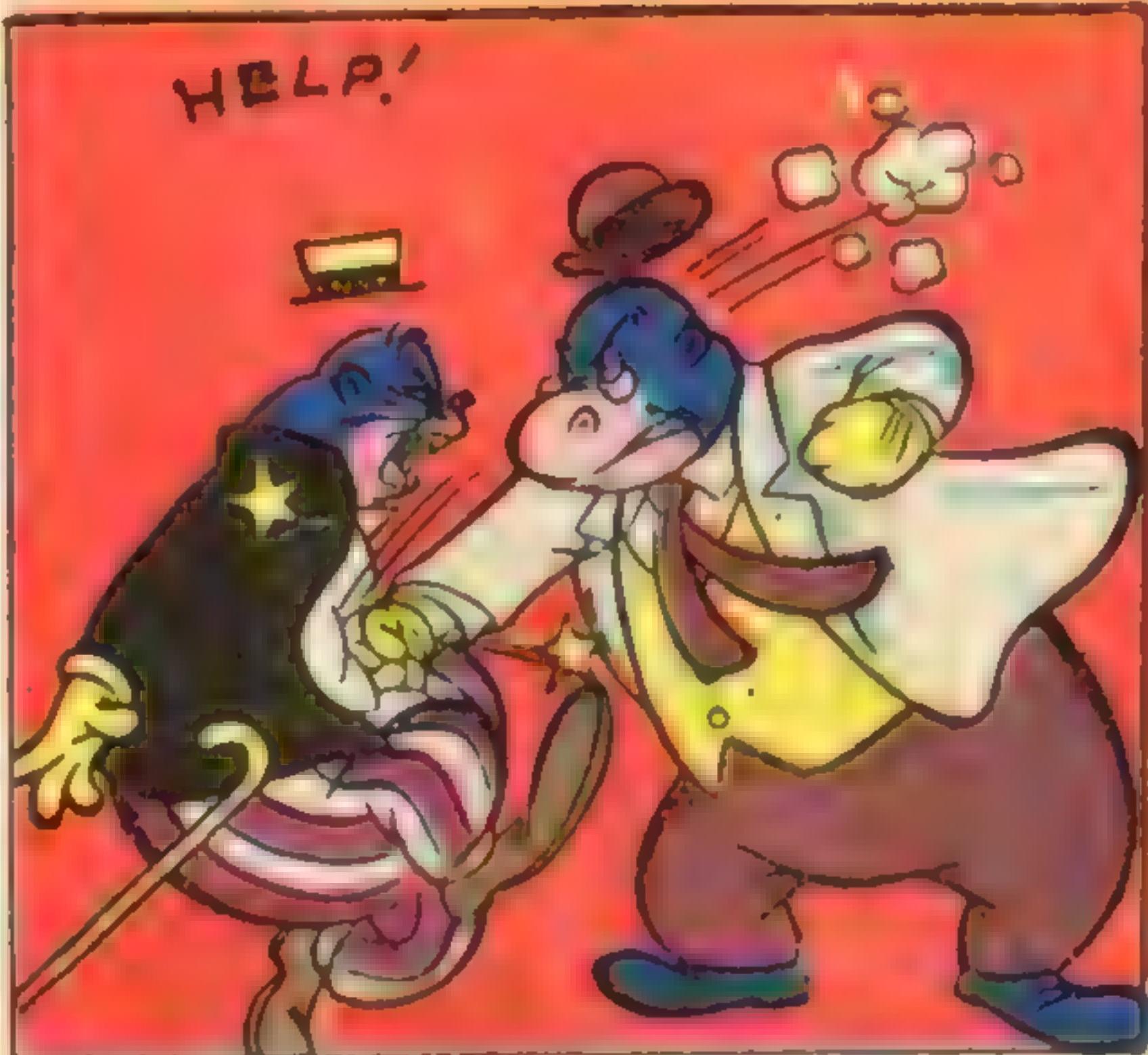
THE TIME?  
ONE  
MOMENT,  
PLEASE...

MY WATCH!  
IT DISAPPEARED!

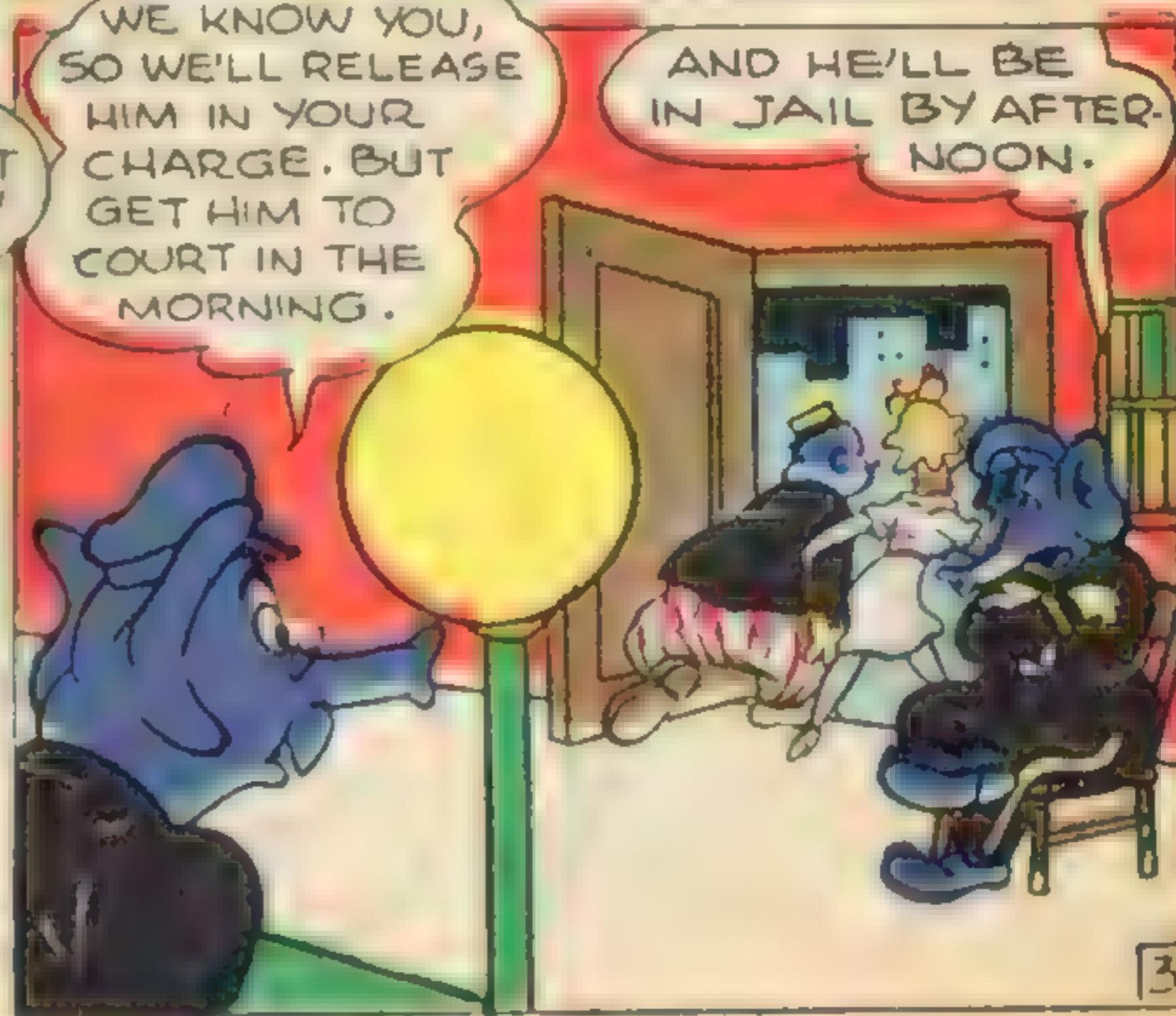
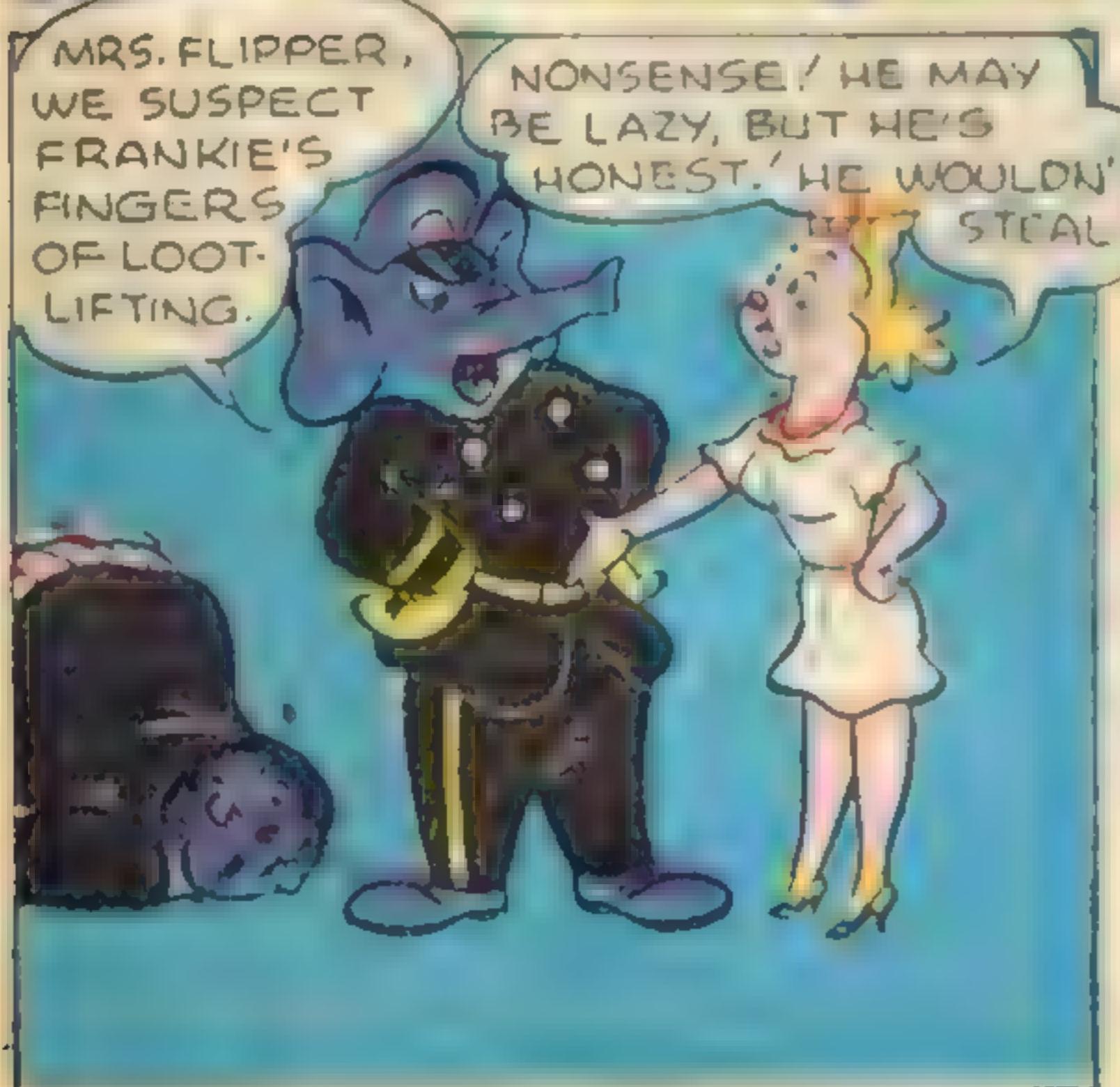
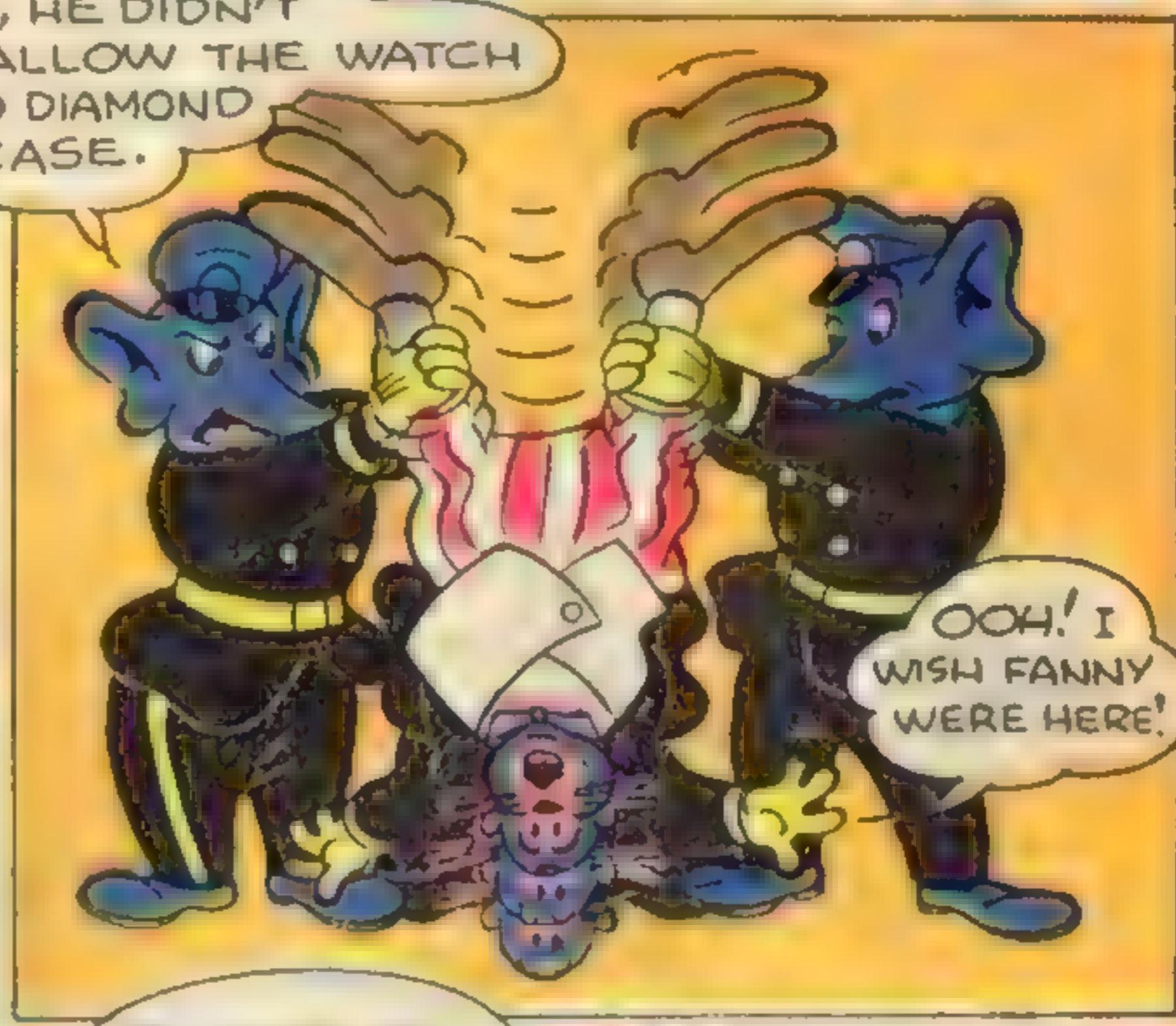
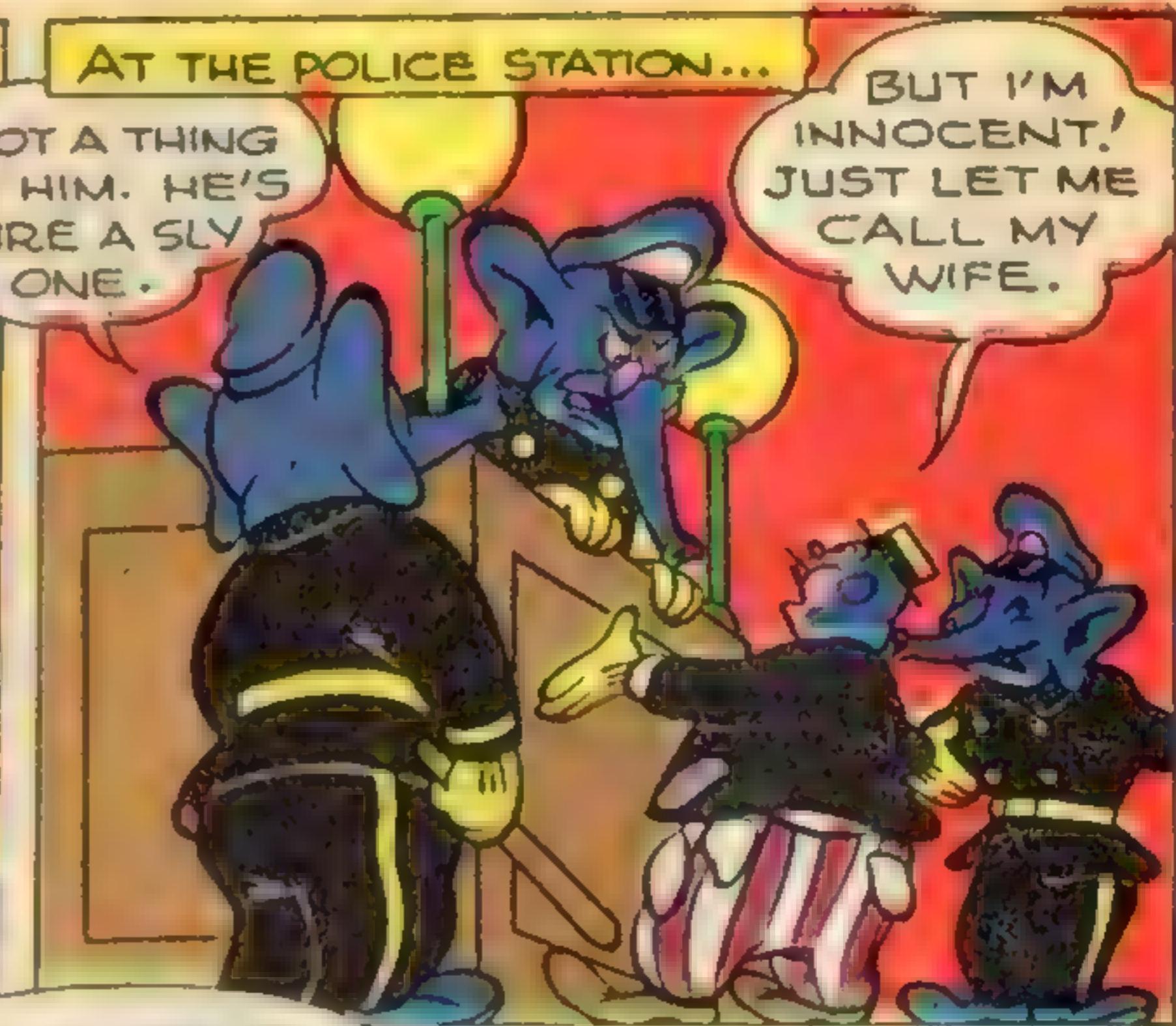
WHAT?  
BUT HOW?



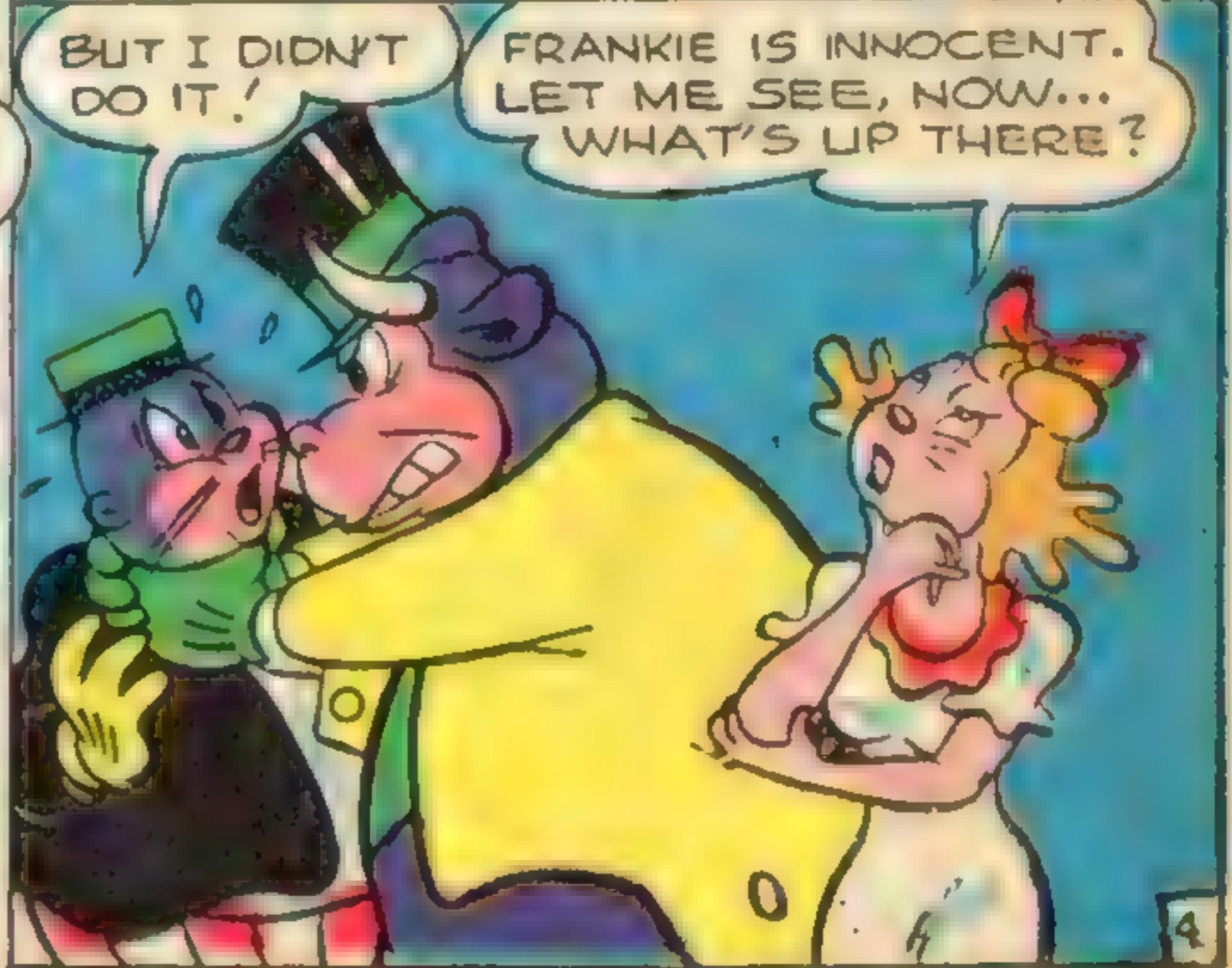
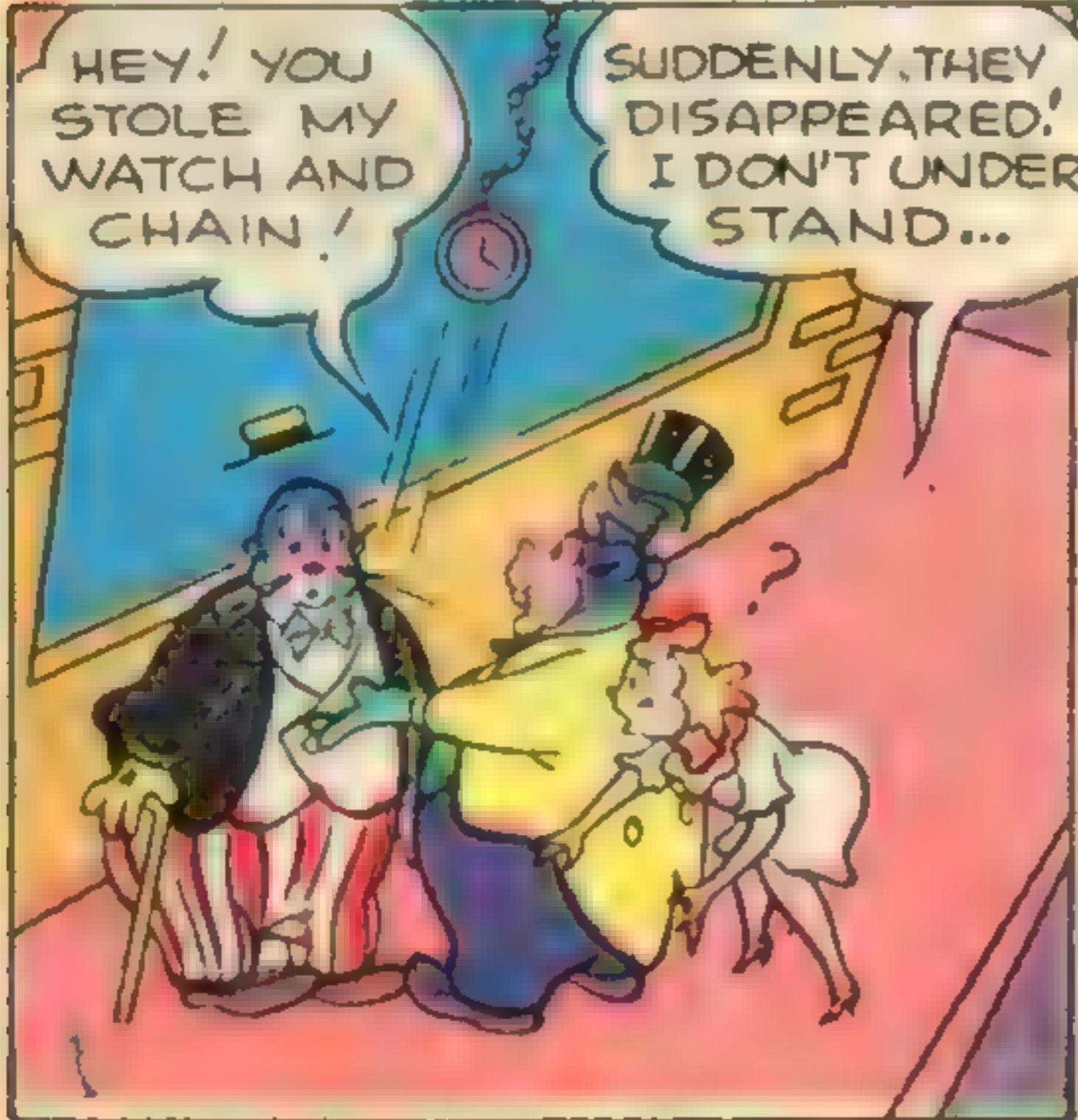
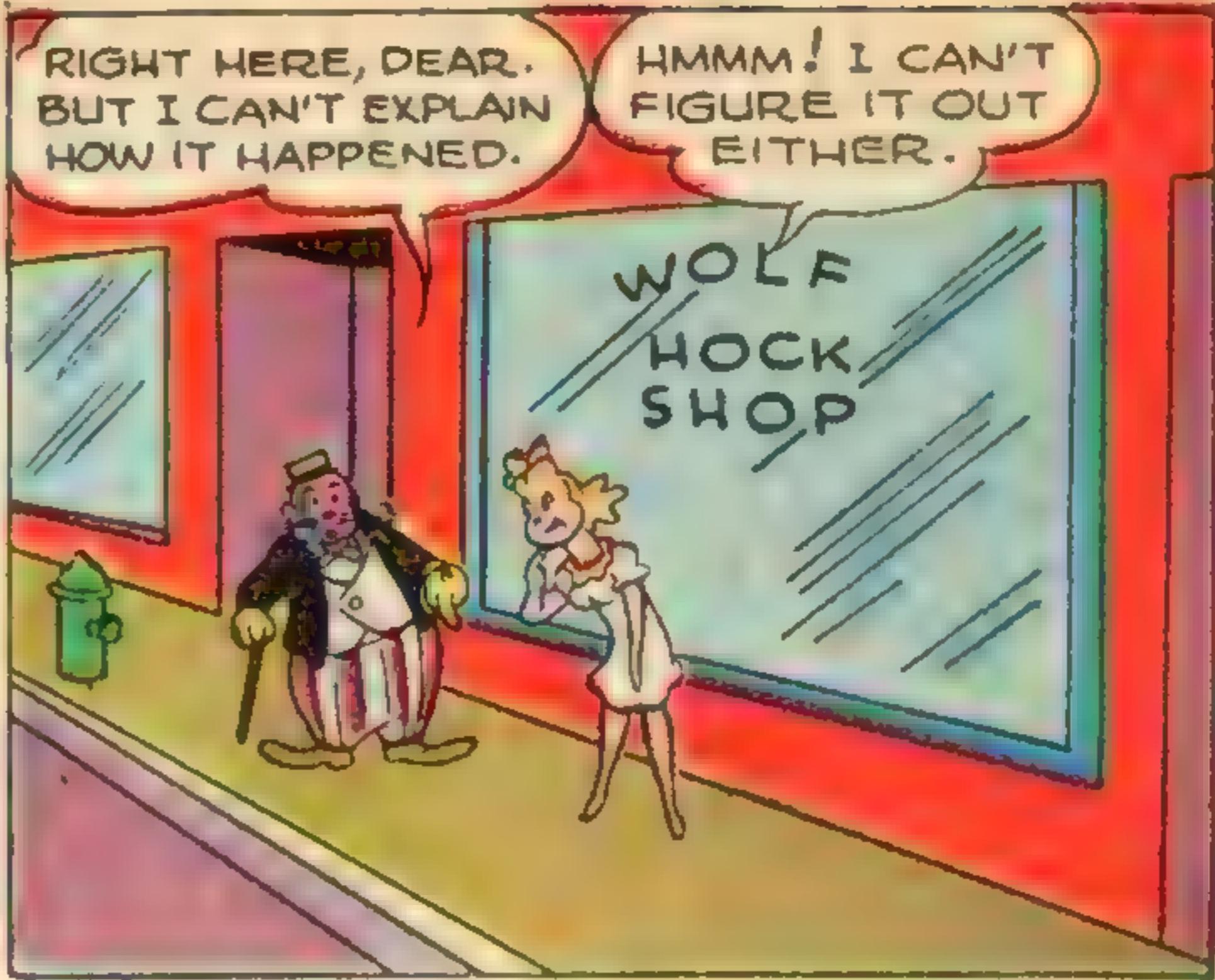
LEADING COMICS



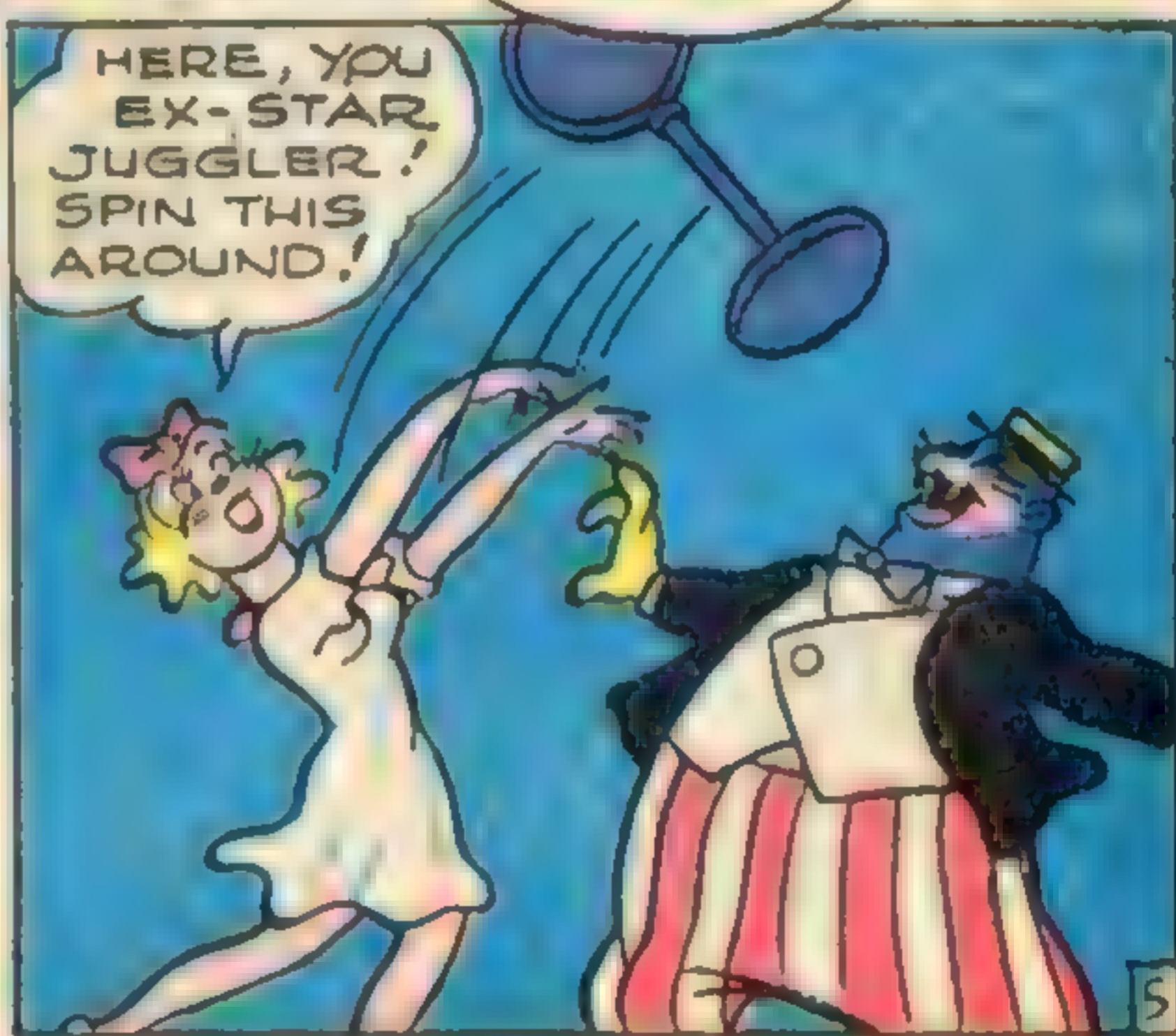
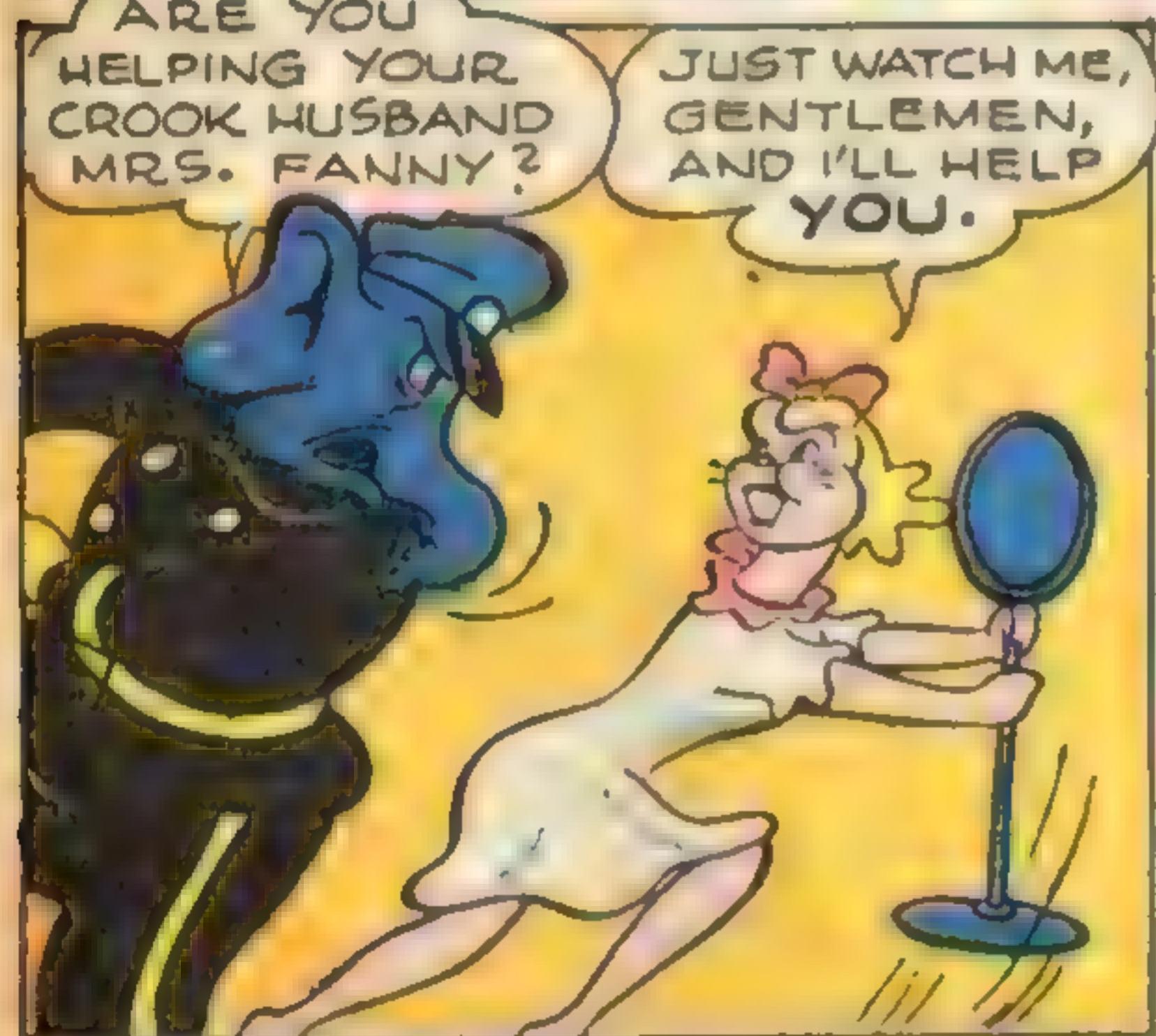
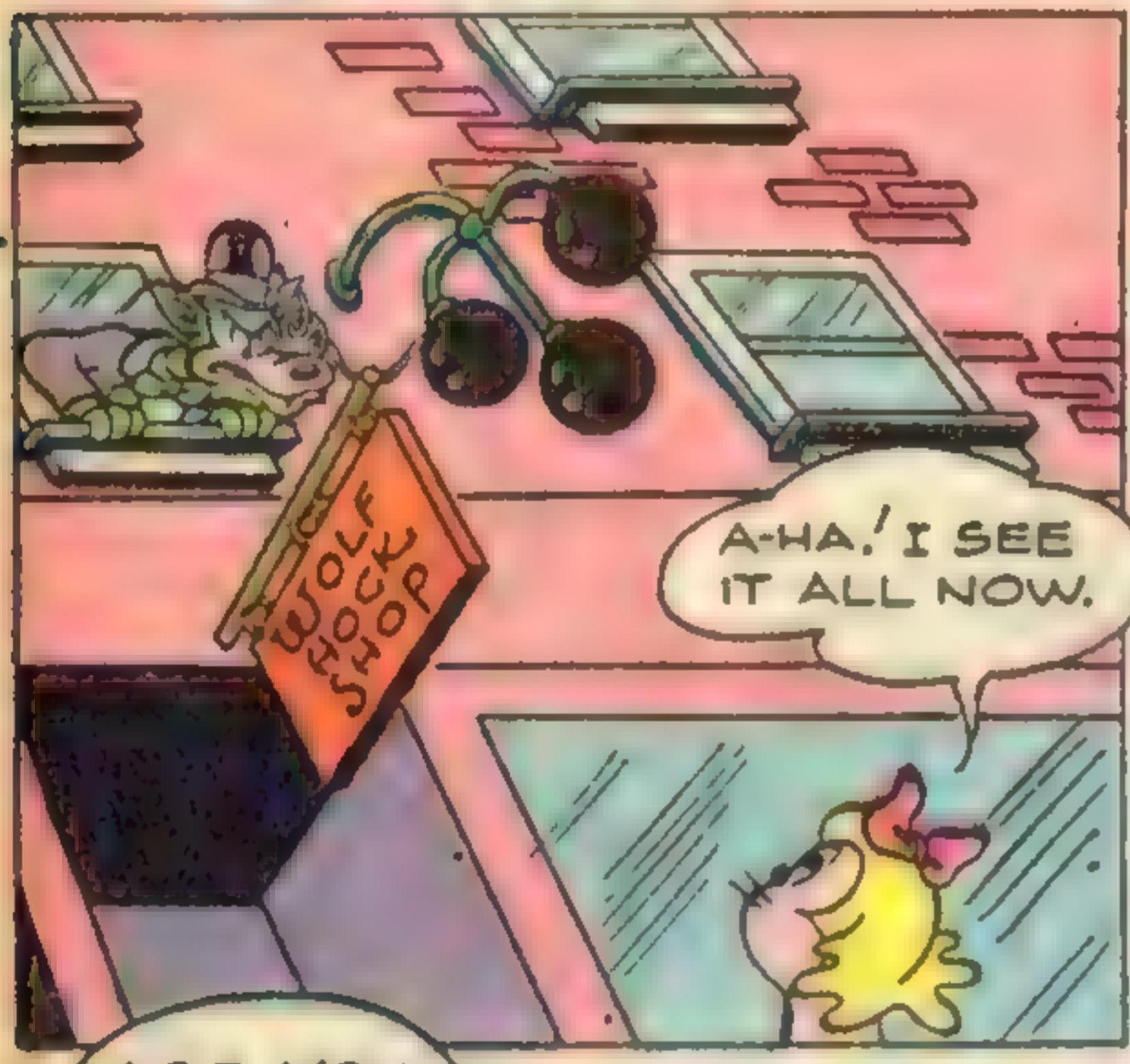
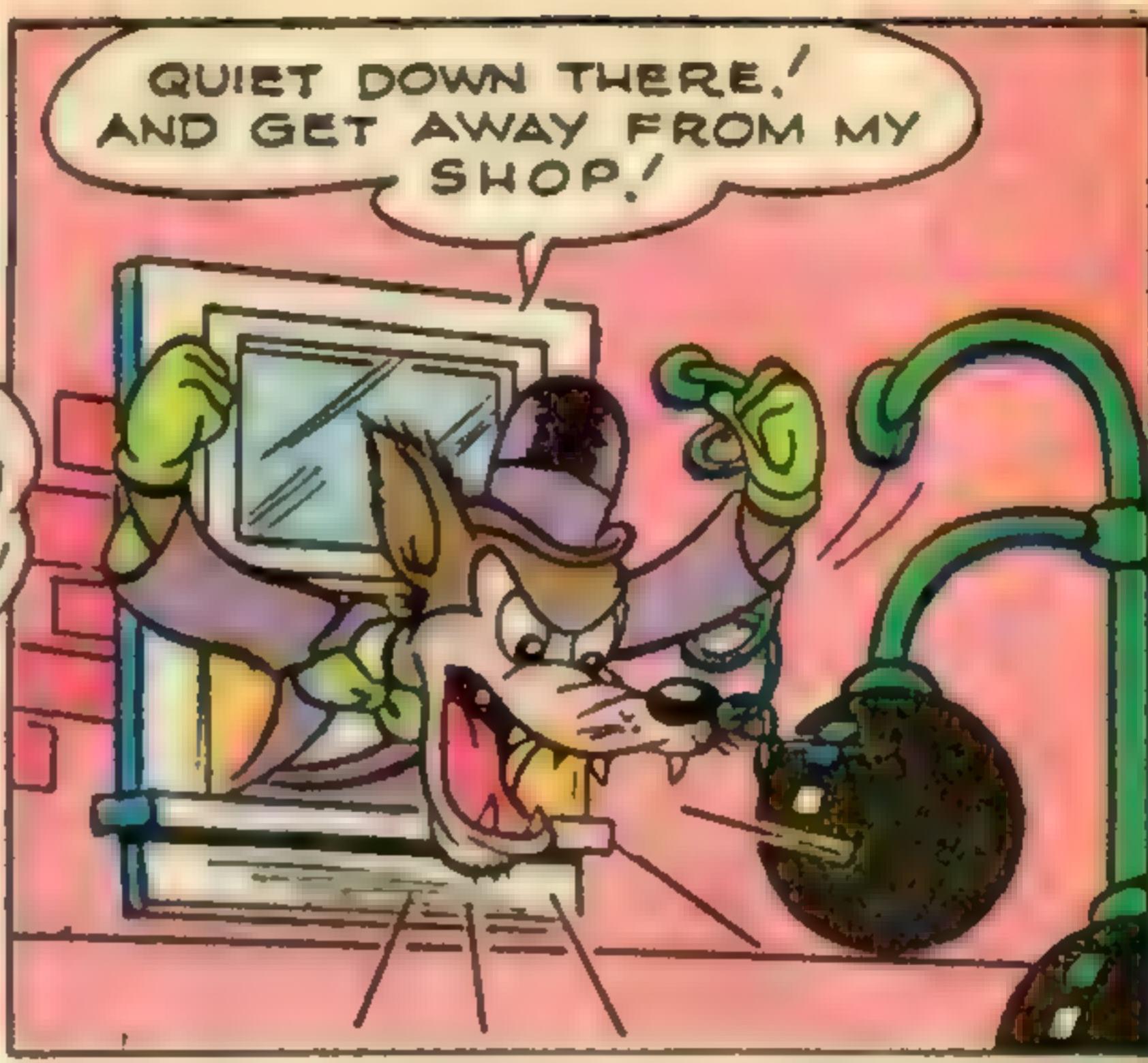
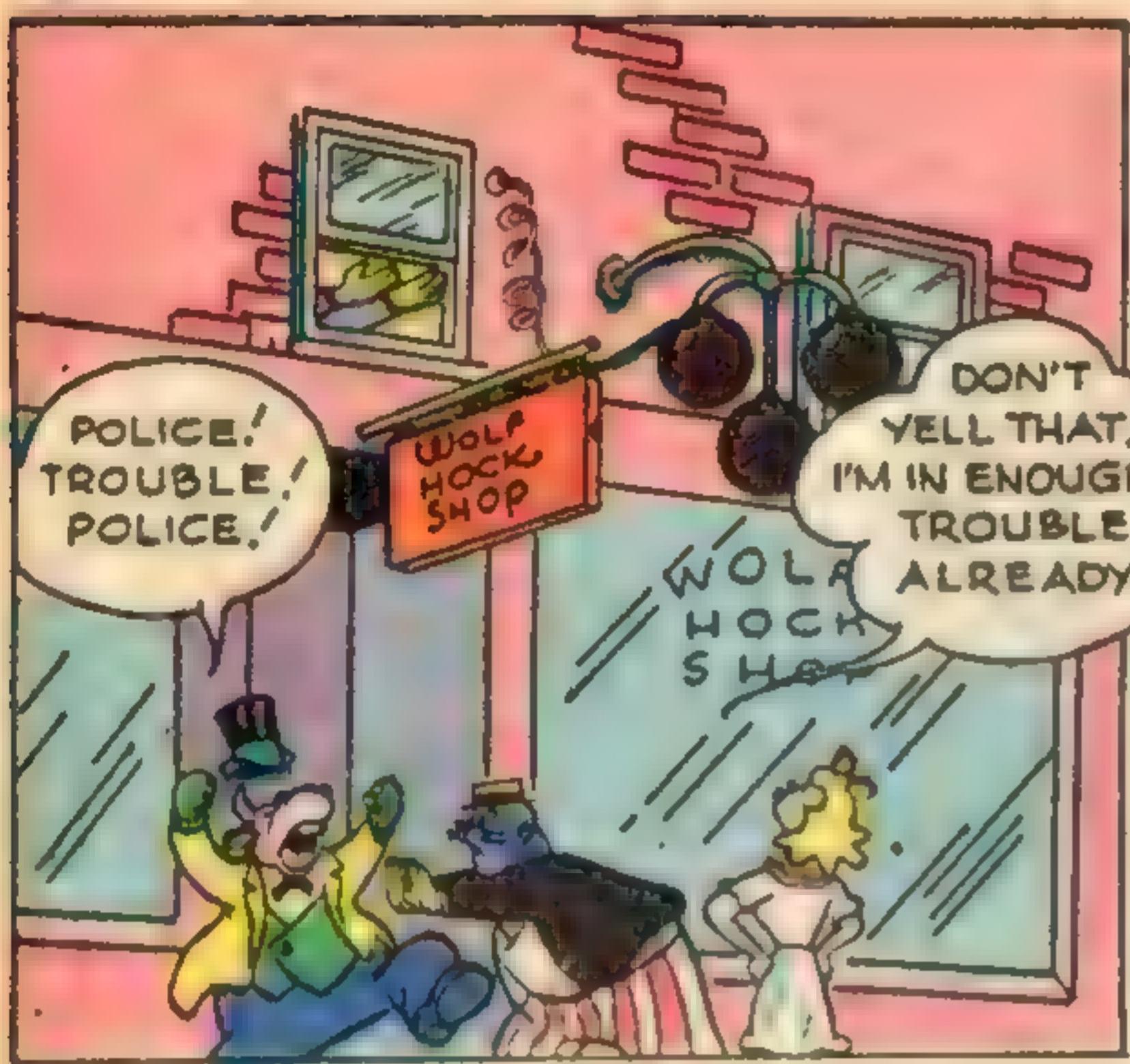
# LEADING COMICS

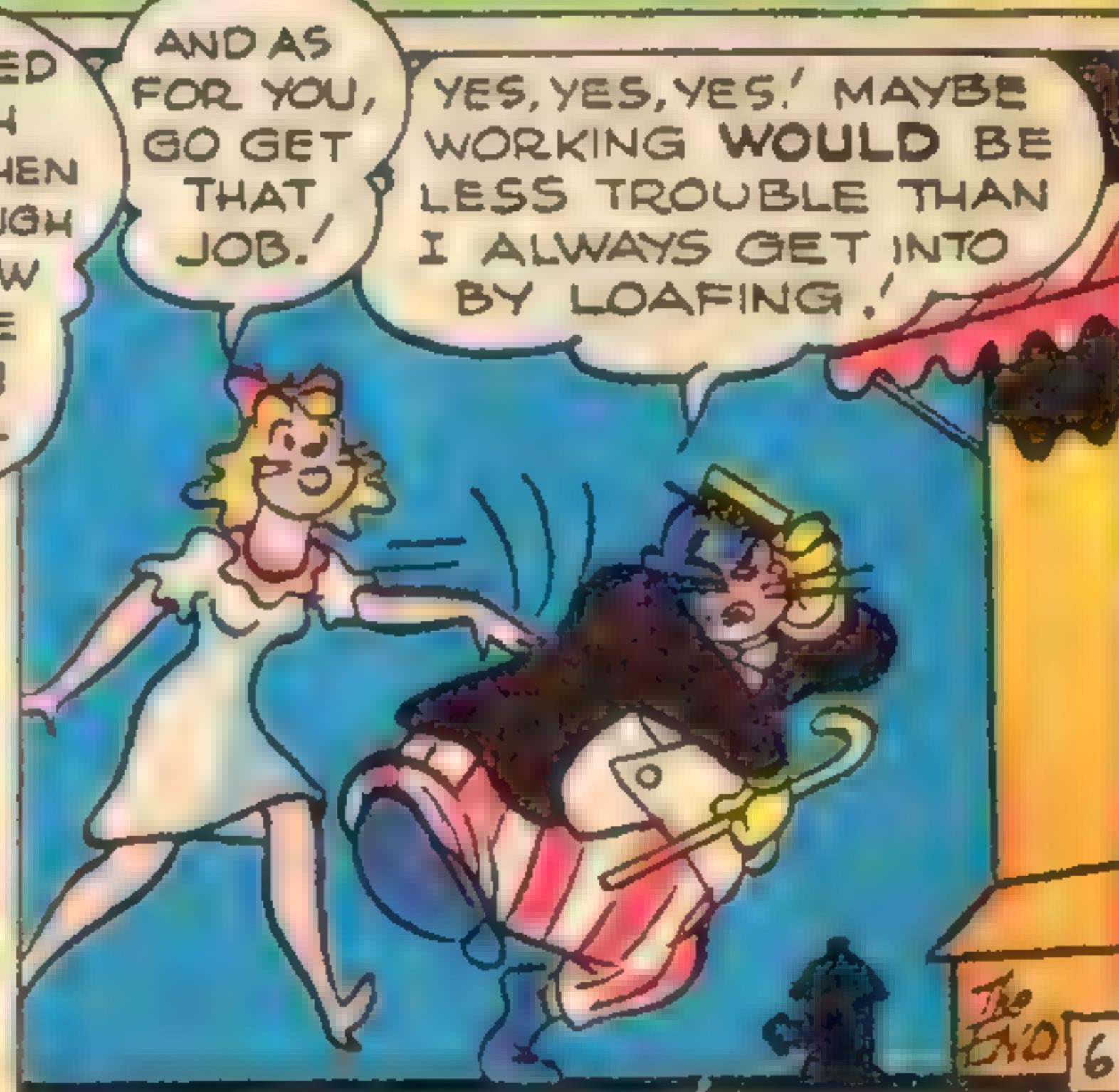
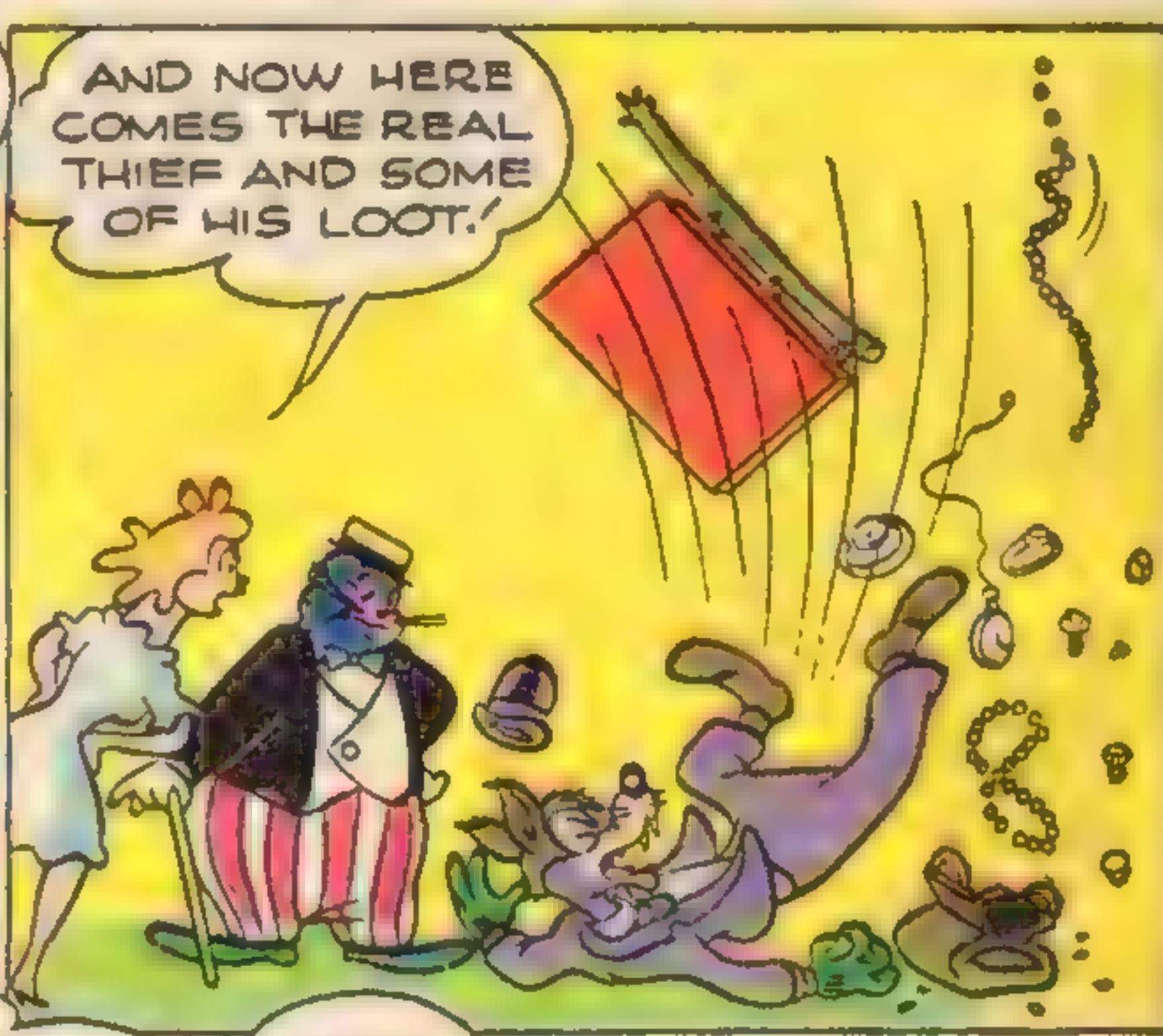
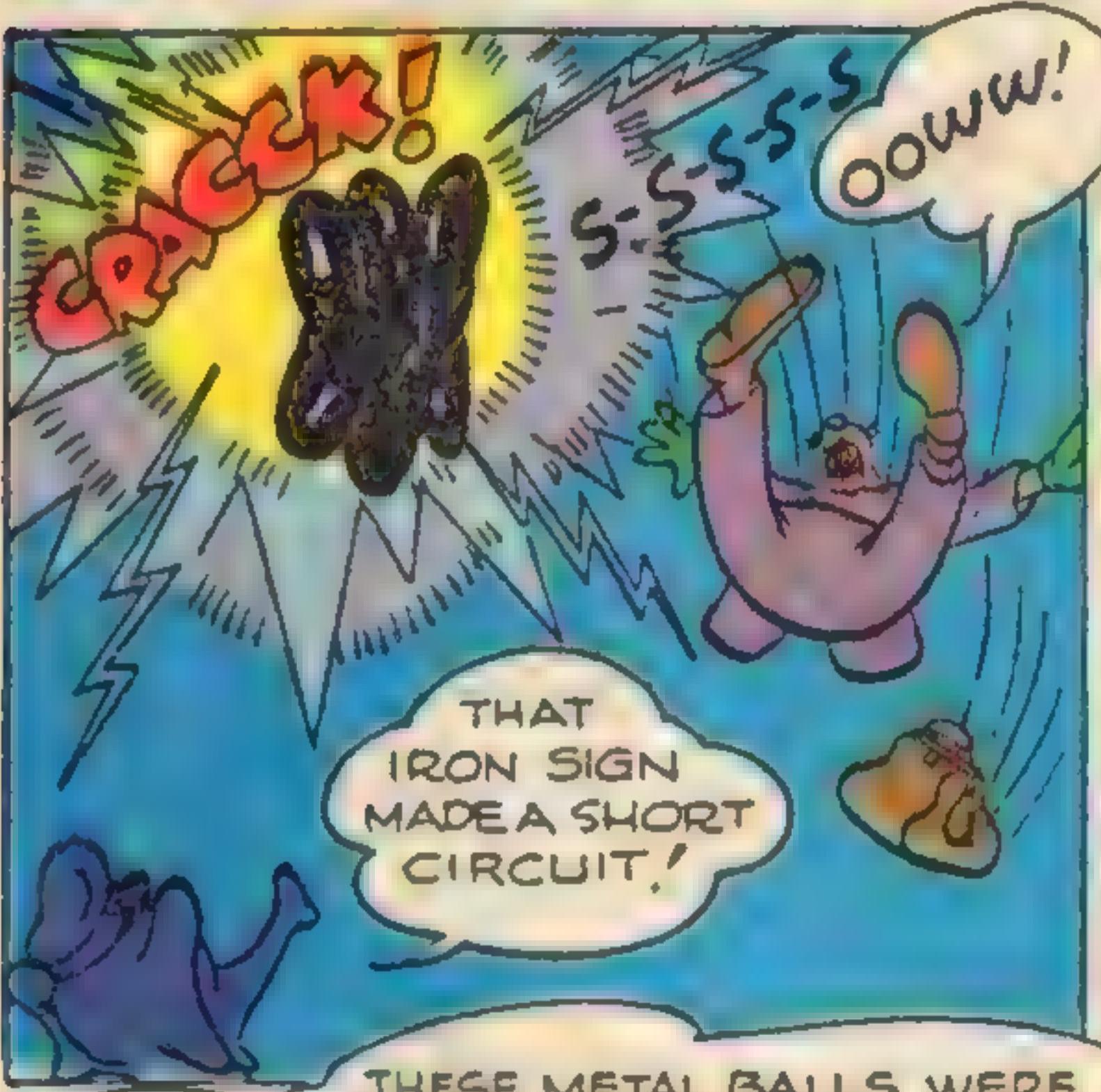
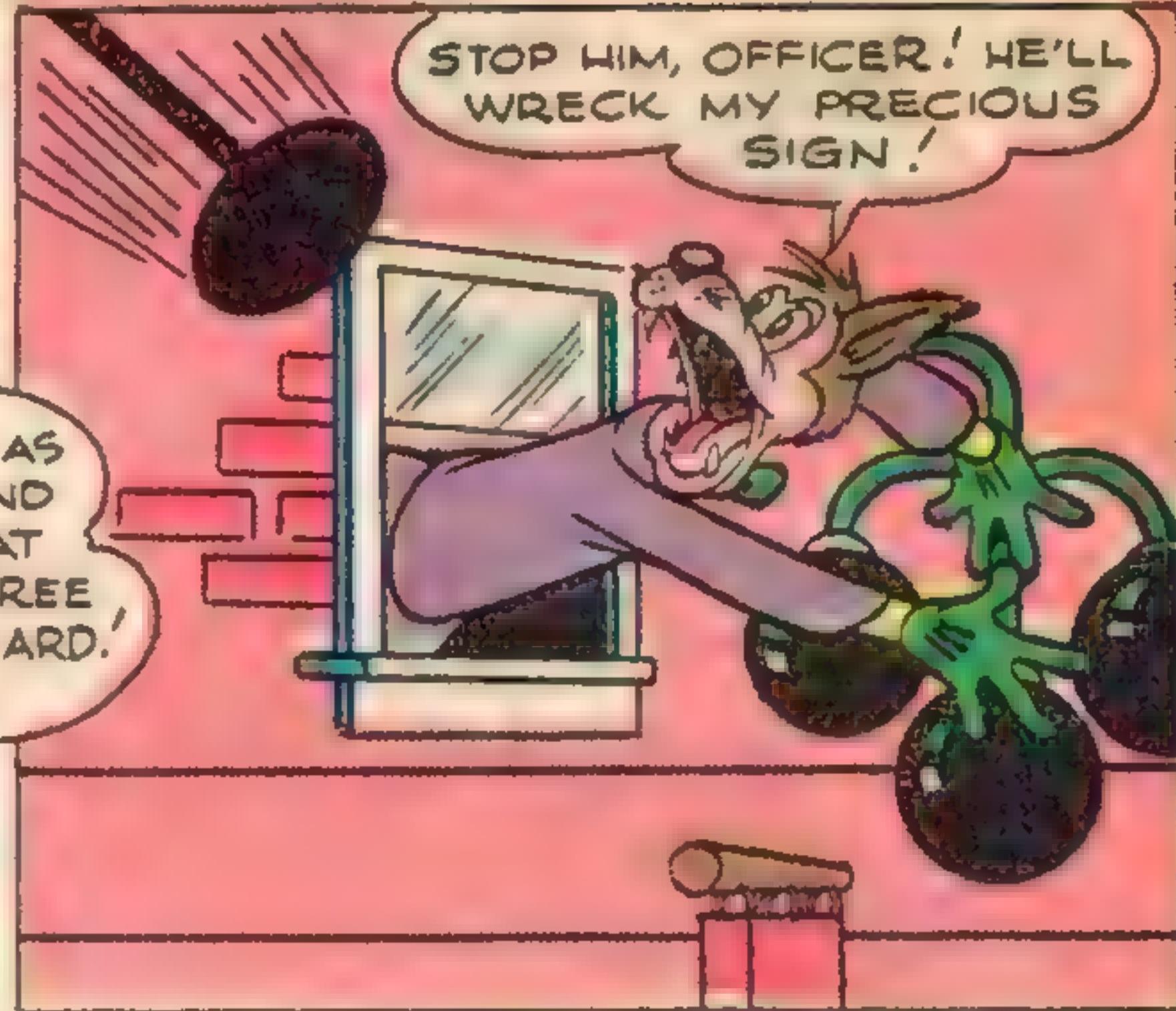
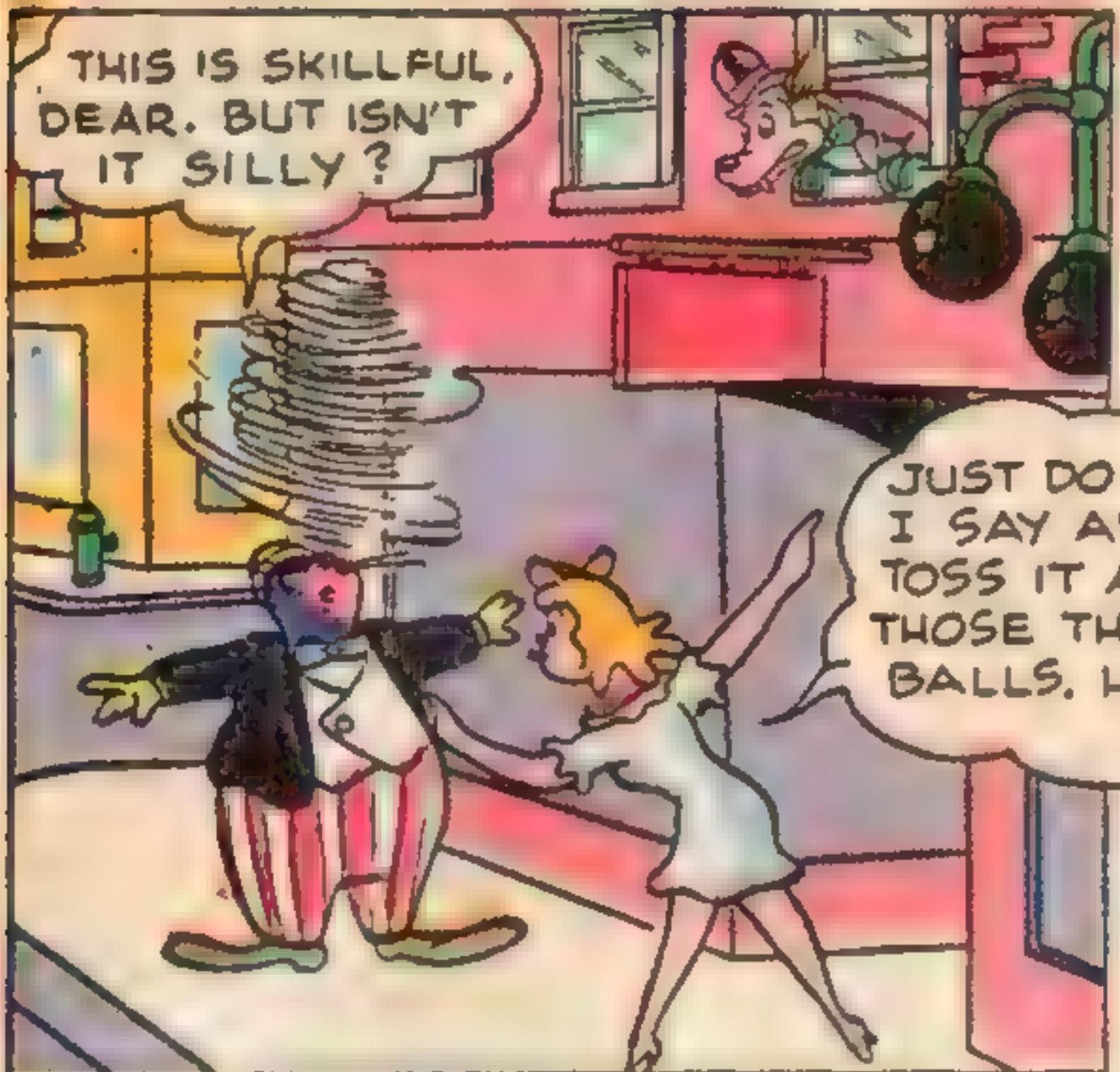


# LEADING COMICS



LEADING COMICS





# PELICAN PETE

YOU KNOW PELICAN PETE. HE'S A SELF-APPOINTED ONE-MAN ARMY WHO FIGHTS FOR LAW AND ORDER. AND HE USES HIS WITS (AND A TRICKY GADGET-POUCH) TO FIND WAYS TO WAGE WAR AGAINST THE... "PLUNDERING PIRATES!"



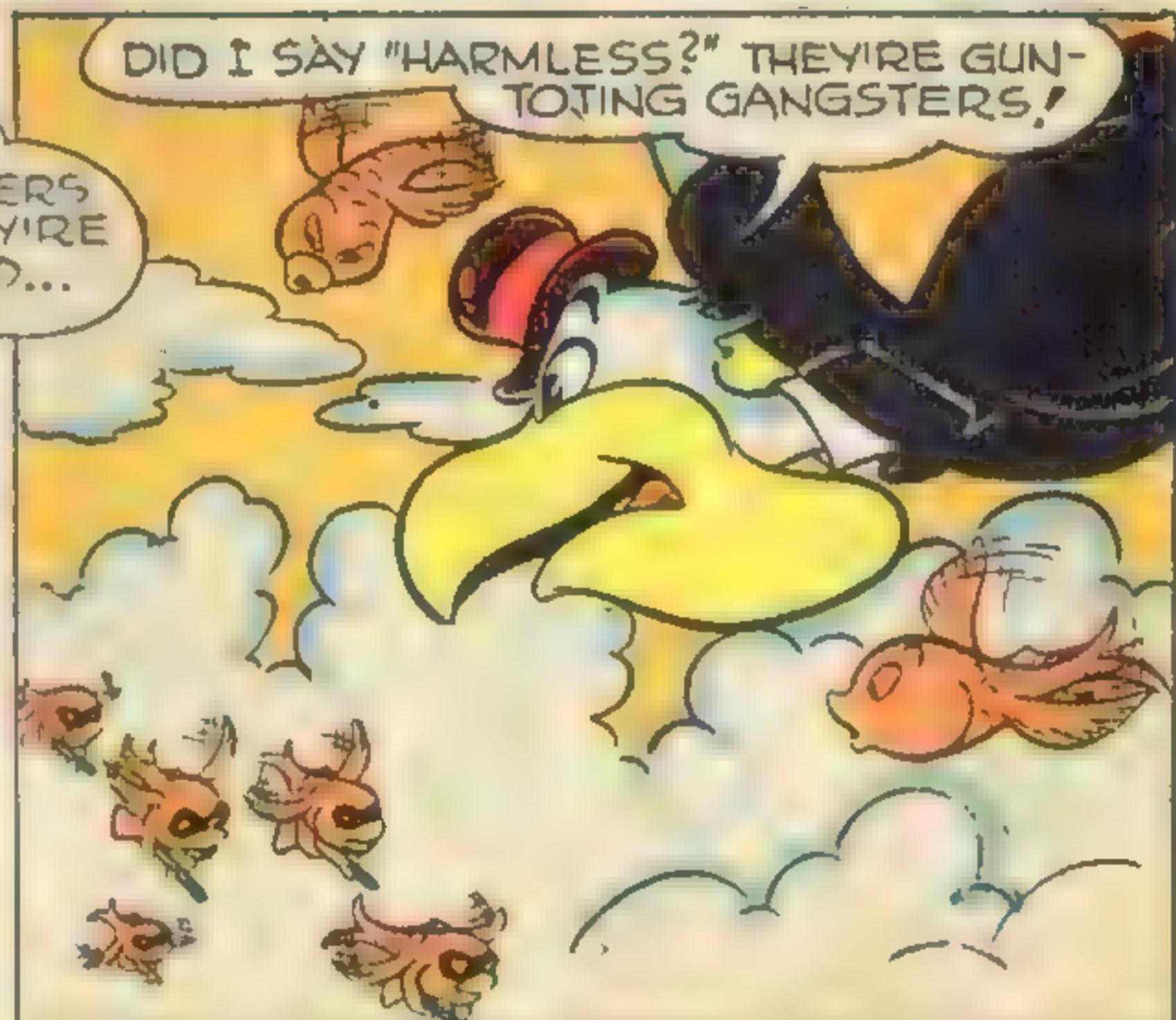
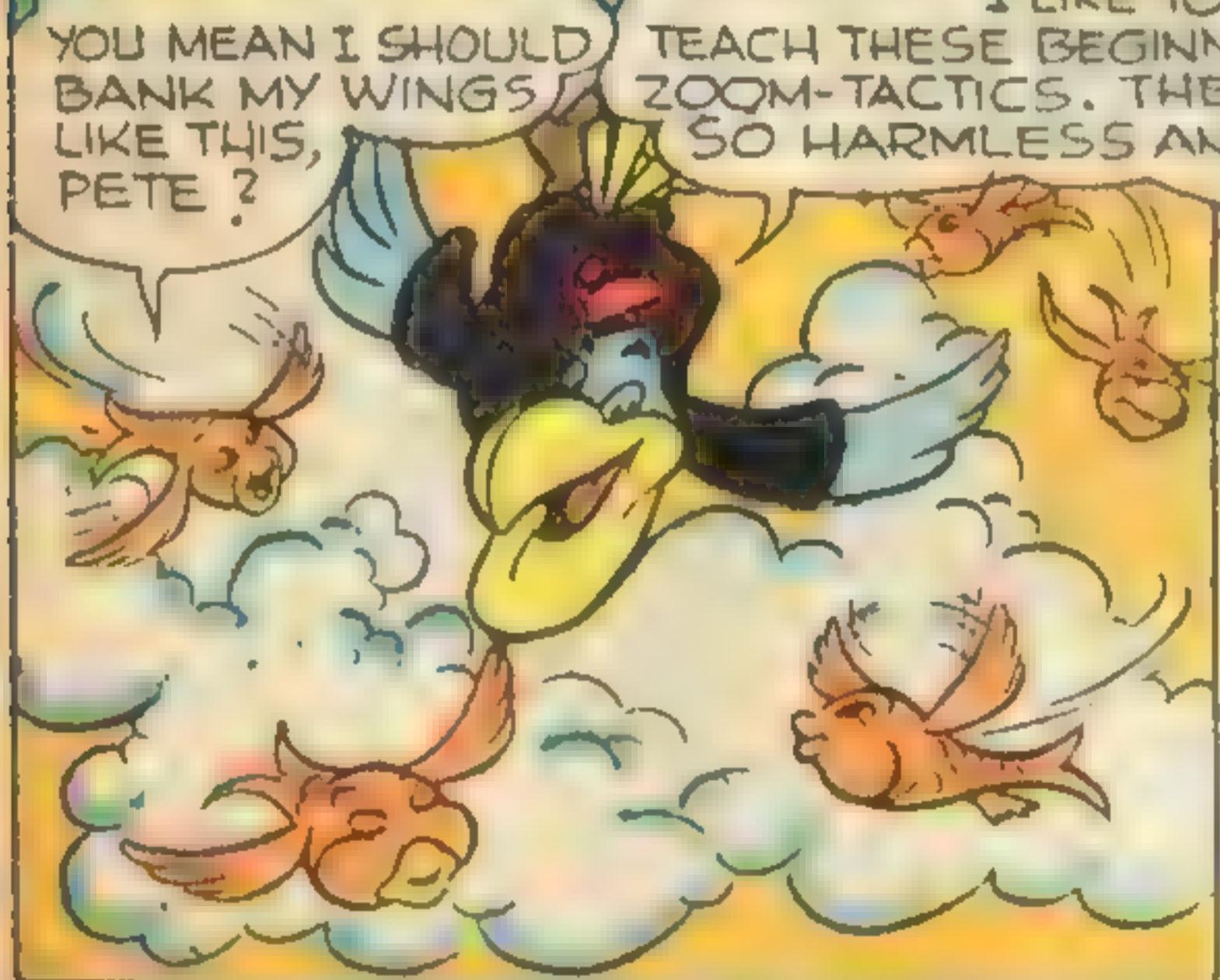
AS PELICAN PETE GIVES SOME FLYING FISH A LESSON IN FAST SPINNING...

YOU MEAN I SHOULD BANK MY WINGS LIKE THIS, PETE?

I LIKE TO

TEACH THESE BEGINNERS ZOOM-TACTICS. THEY'RE SO HARMLESS AND...

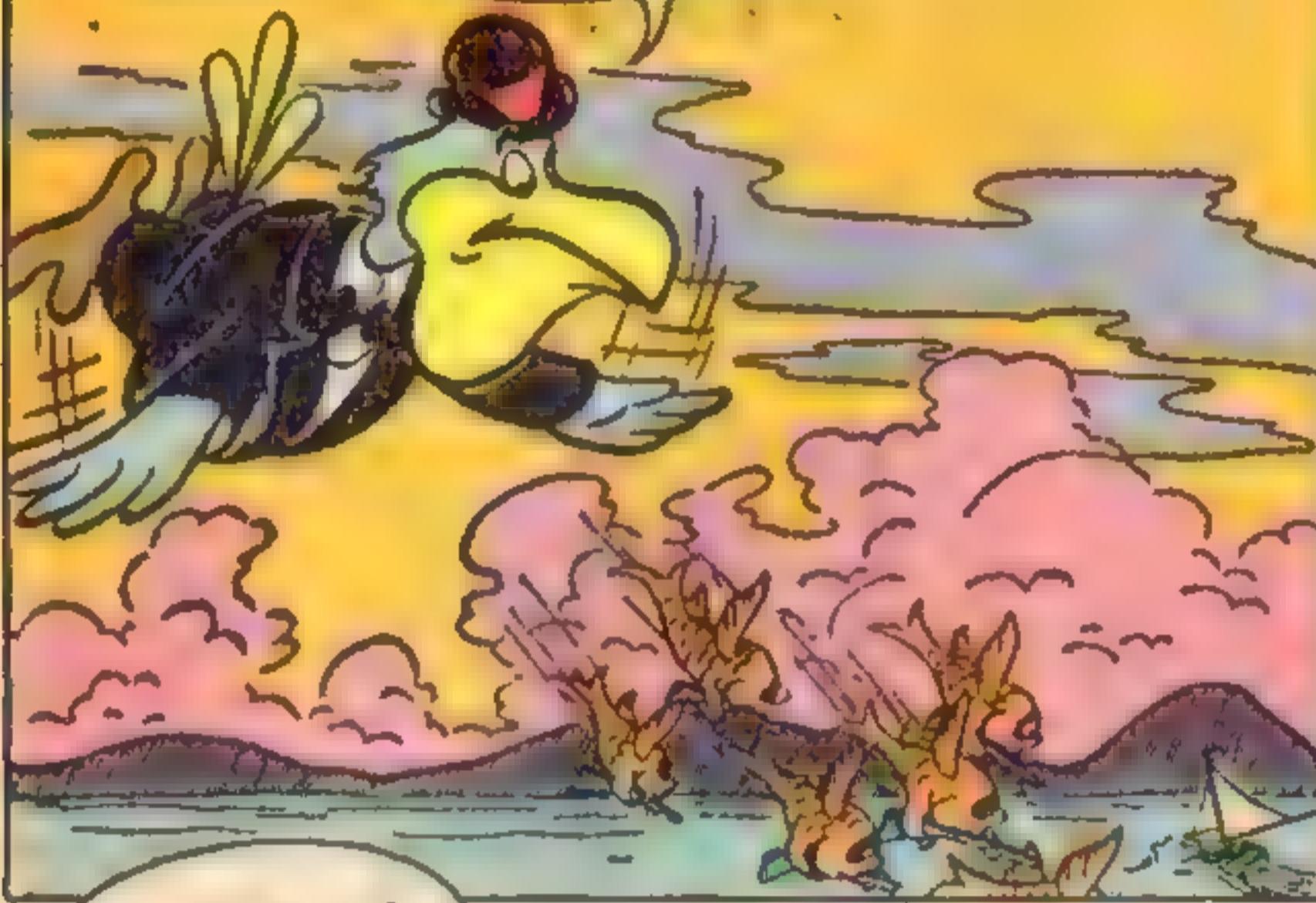
DID I SAY "HARMLESS?" THEY'RE GUN-TOTING GANGSTERS!



# LEADING COMICS

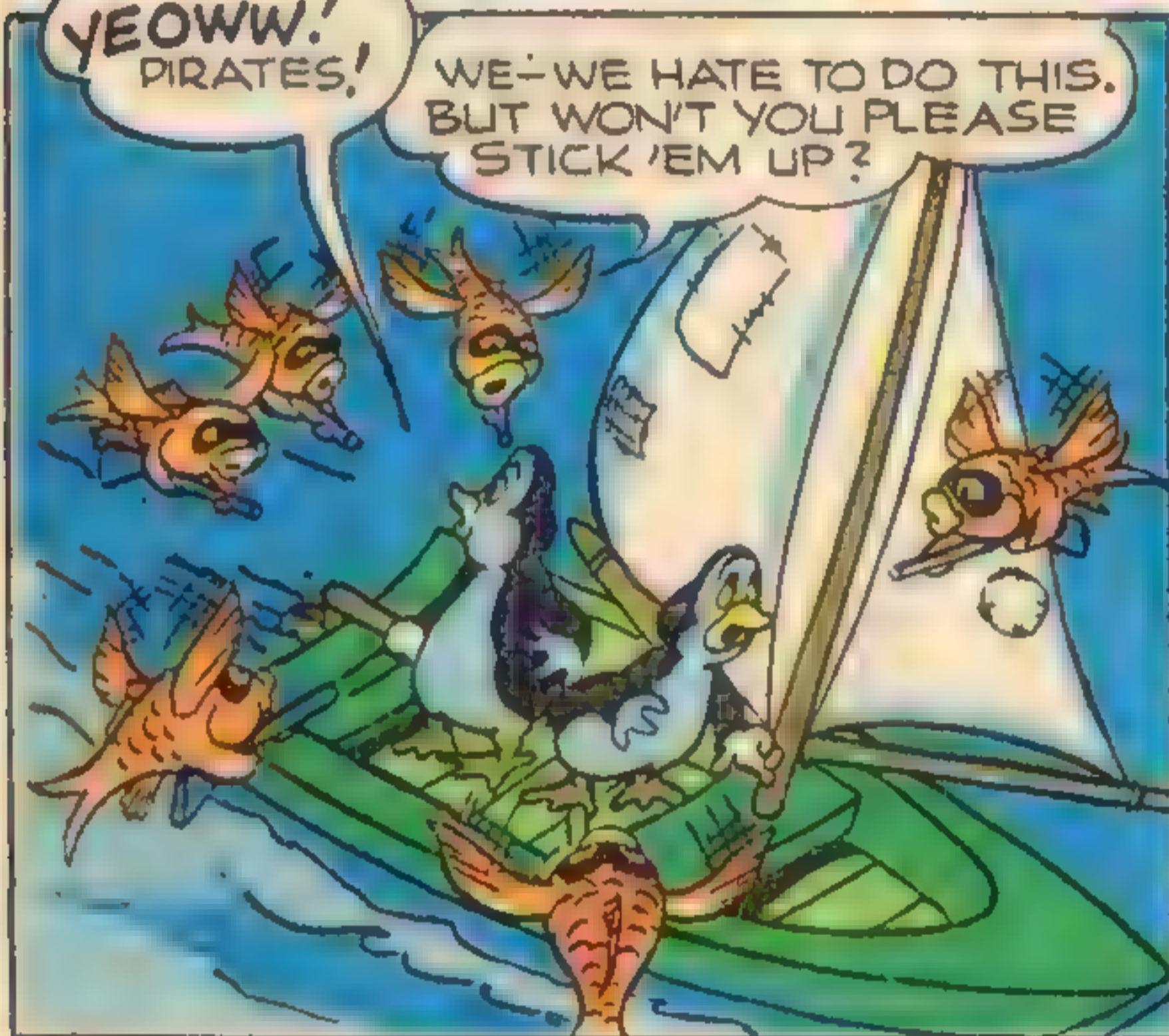


I'LL WATCH THAT GANG FROM UP HERE! I'VE NEVER KNOWN A FLYING FISH TO BE A CROOK BEFORE!

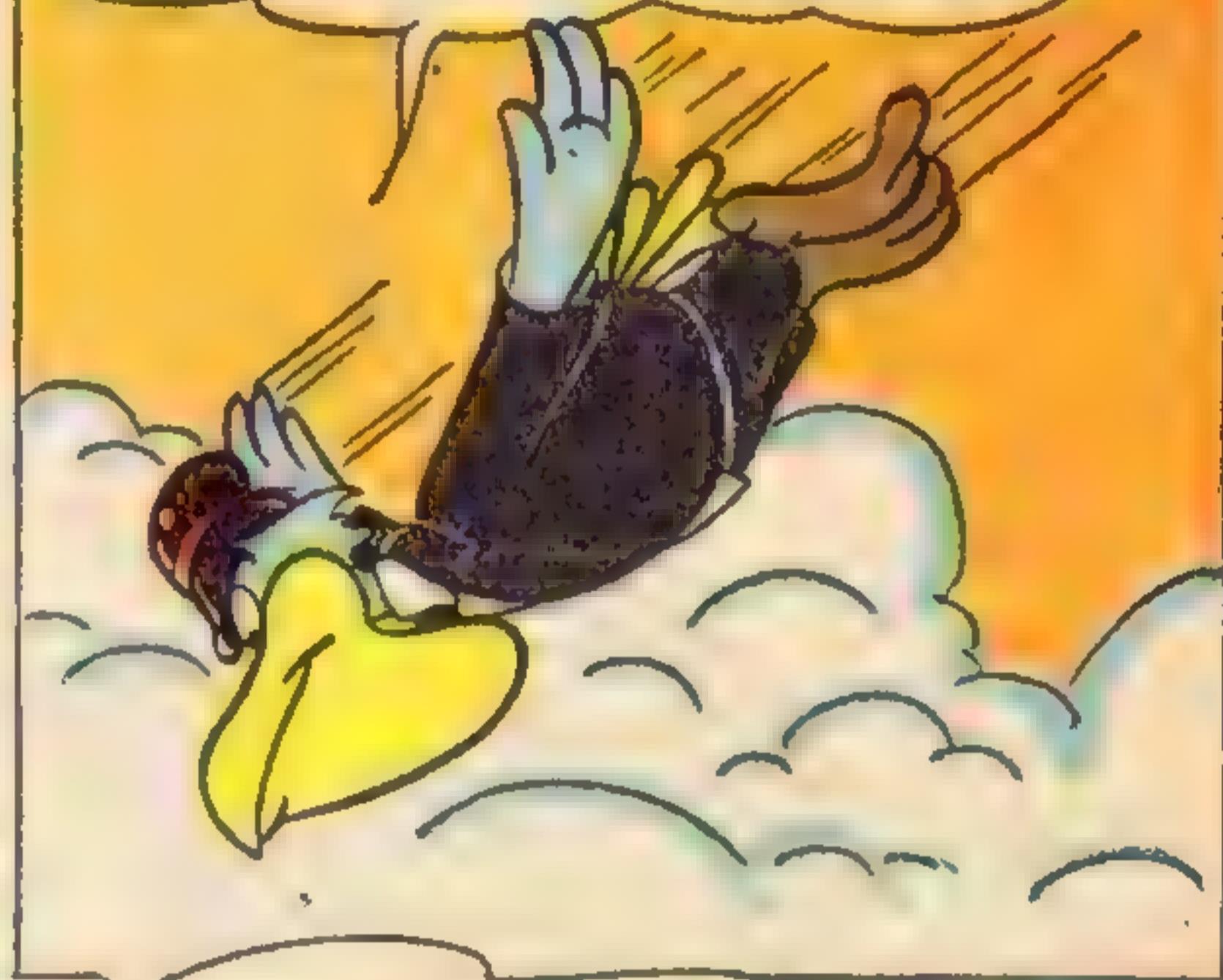


YEOWW!  
PIRATES!

WE - WE HATE TO DO THIS.  
BUT WON'T YOU PLEASE  
STICK 'EM UP?

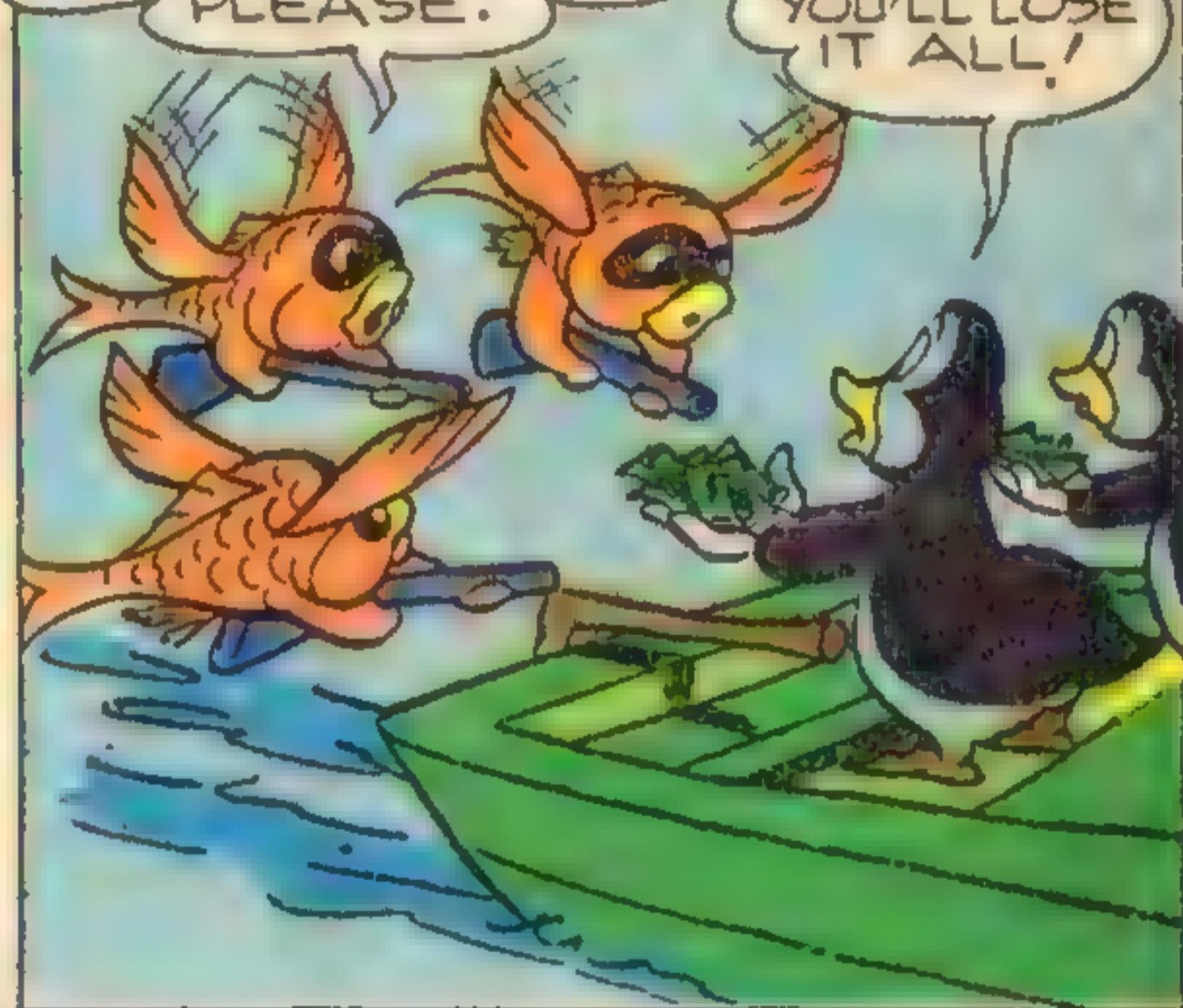


THEY'RE REALLY HOLDING UP THE BOAT. POWER-DIVE!



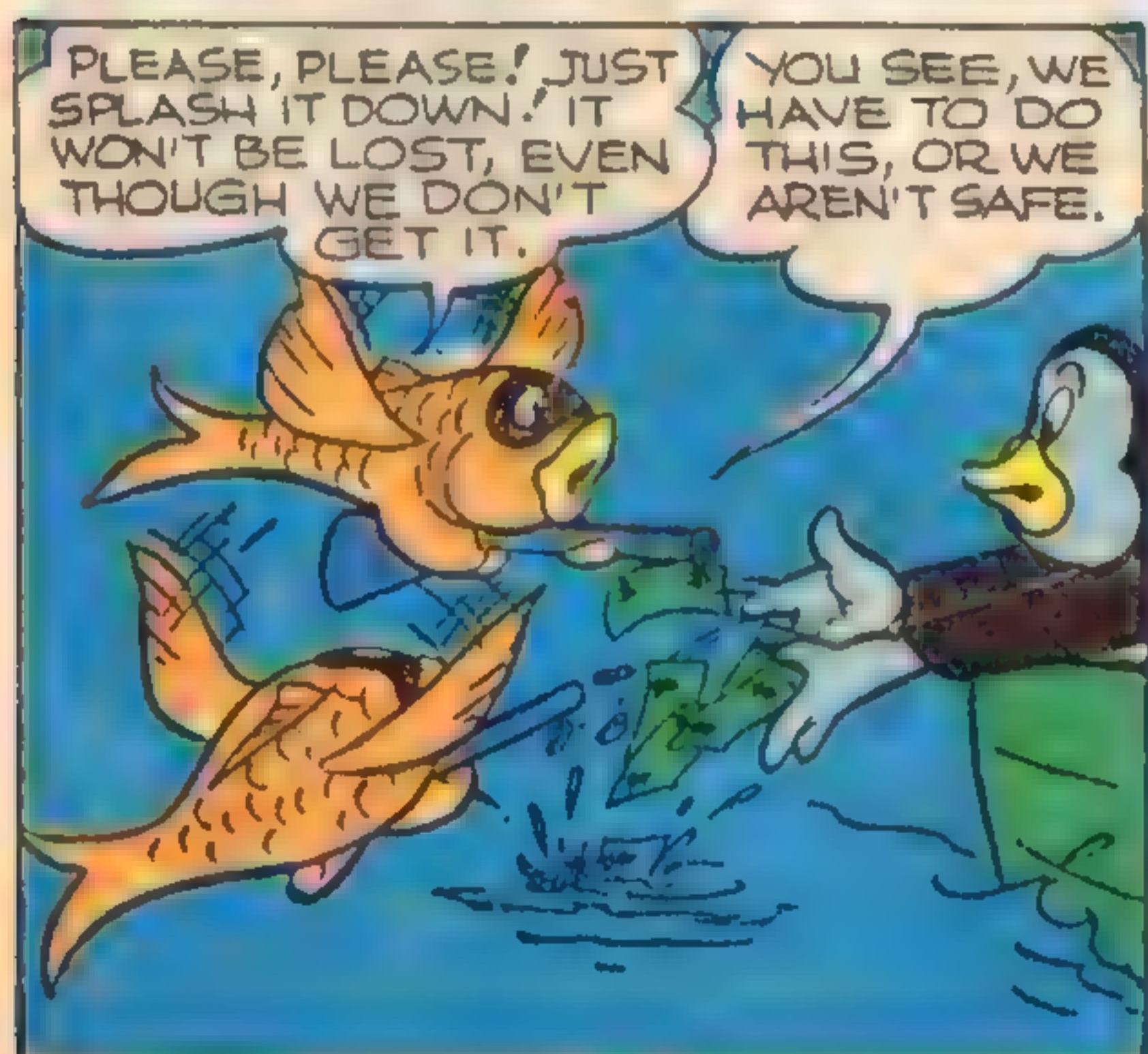
JUST-JUST DROP THE LOOT OVERBOARD,  
PLEASE.

BUT  
YOU'LL LOSE  
IT ALL!



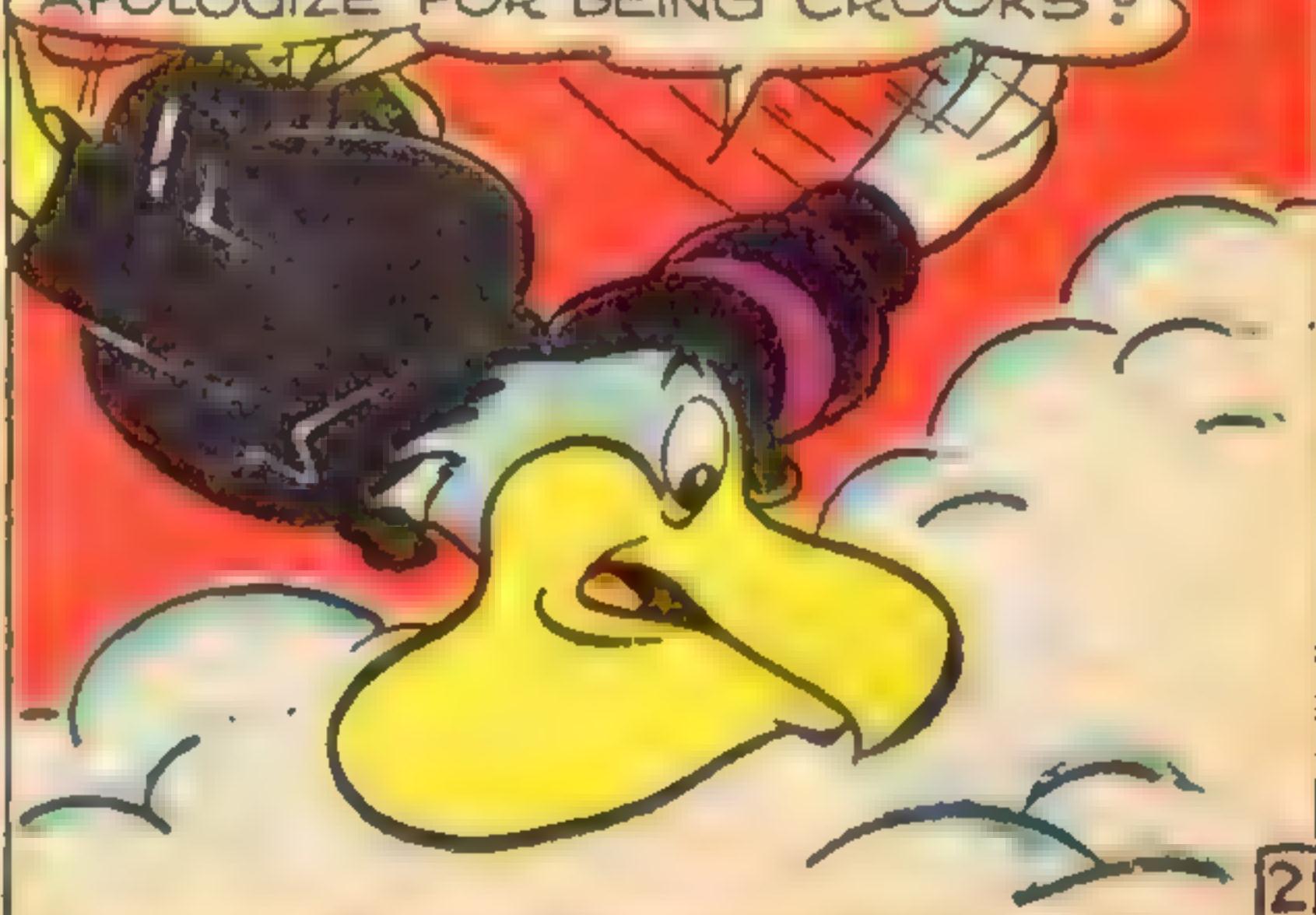
PLEASE, PLEASE! JUST SPLASH IT DOWN! IT WON'T BE LOST, EVEN THOUGH WE DON'T GET IT.

YOU SEE, WE HAVE TO DO THIS, OR WE AREN'T SAFE.

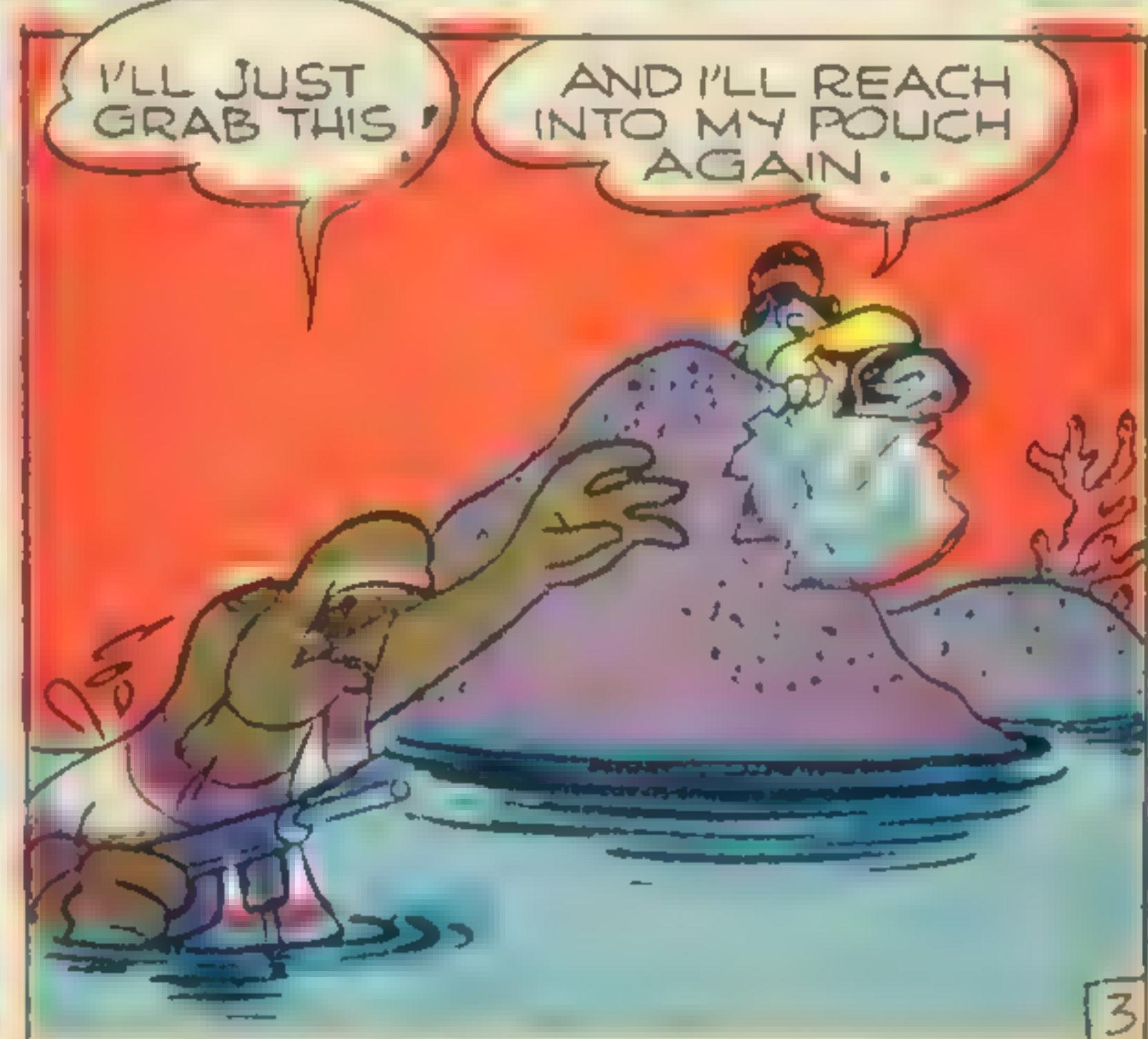
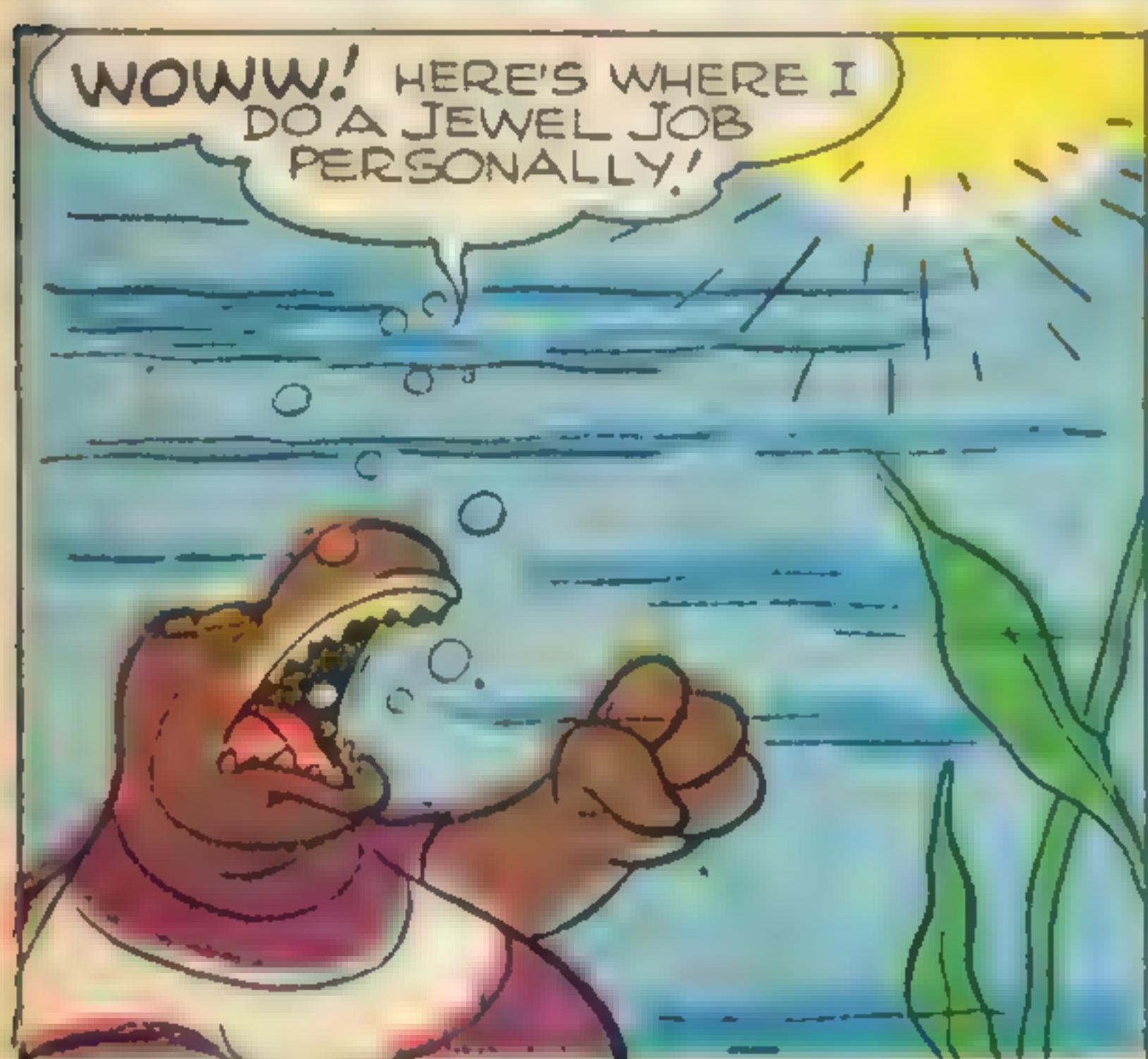
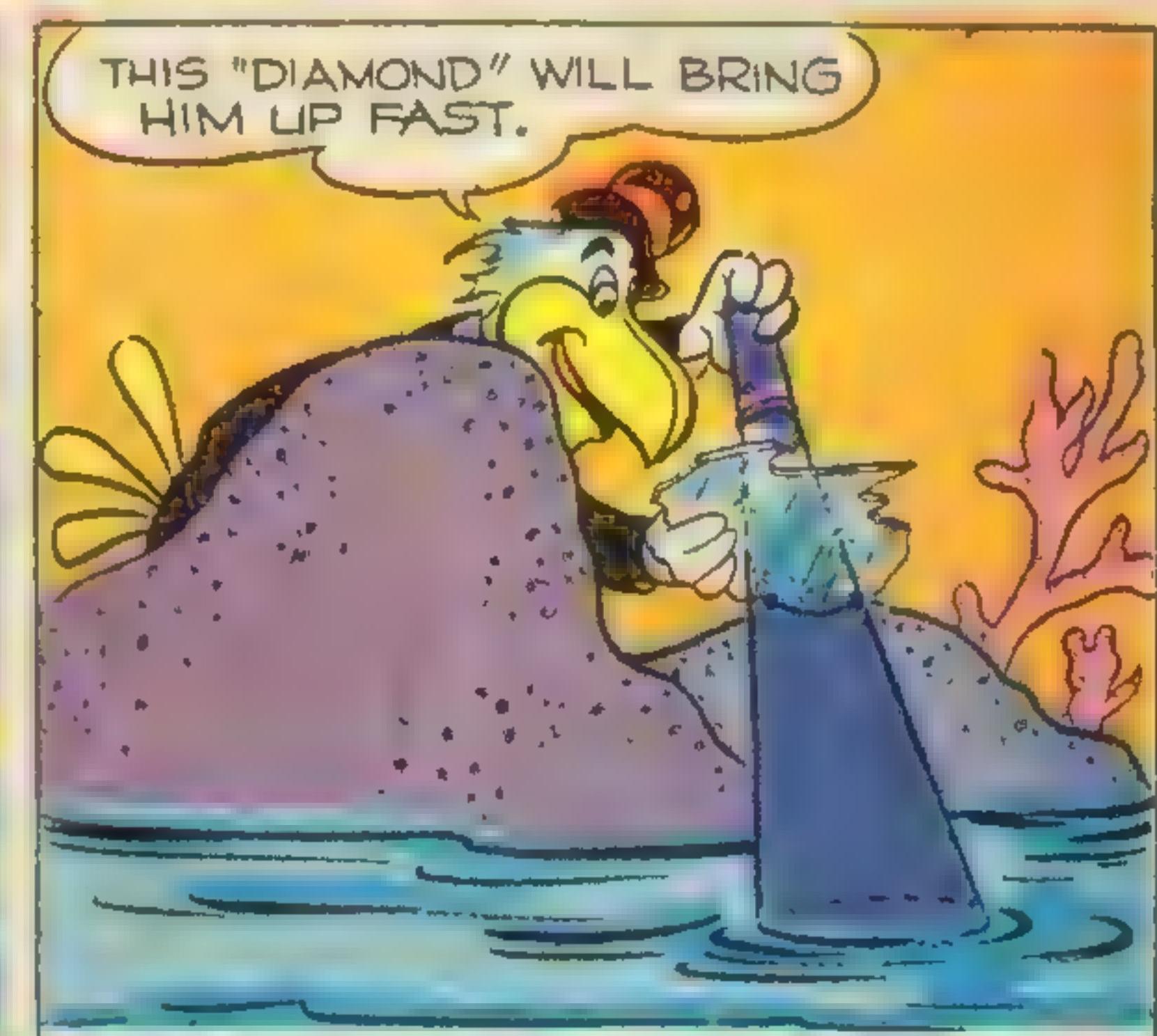
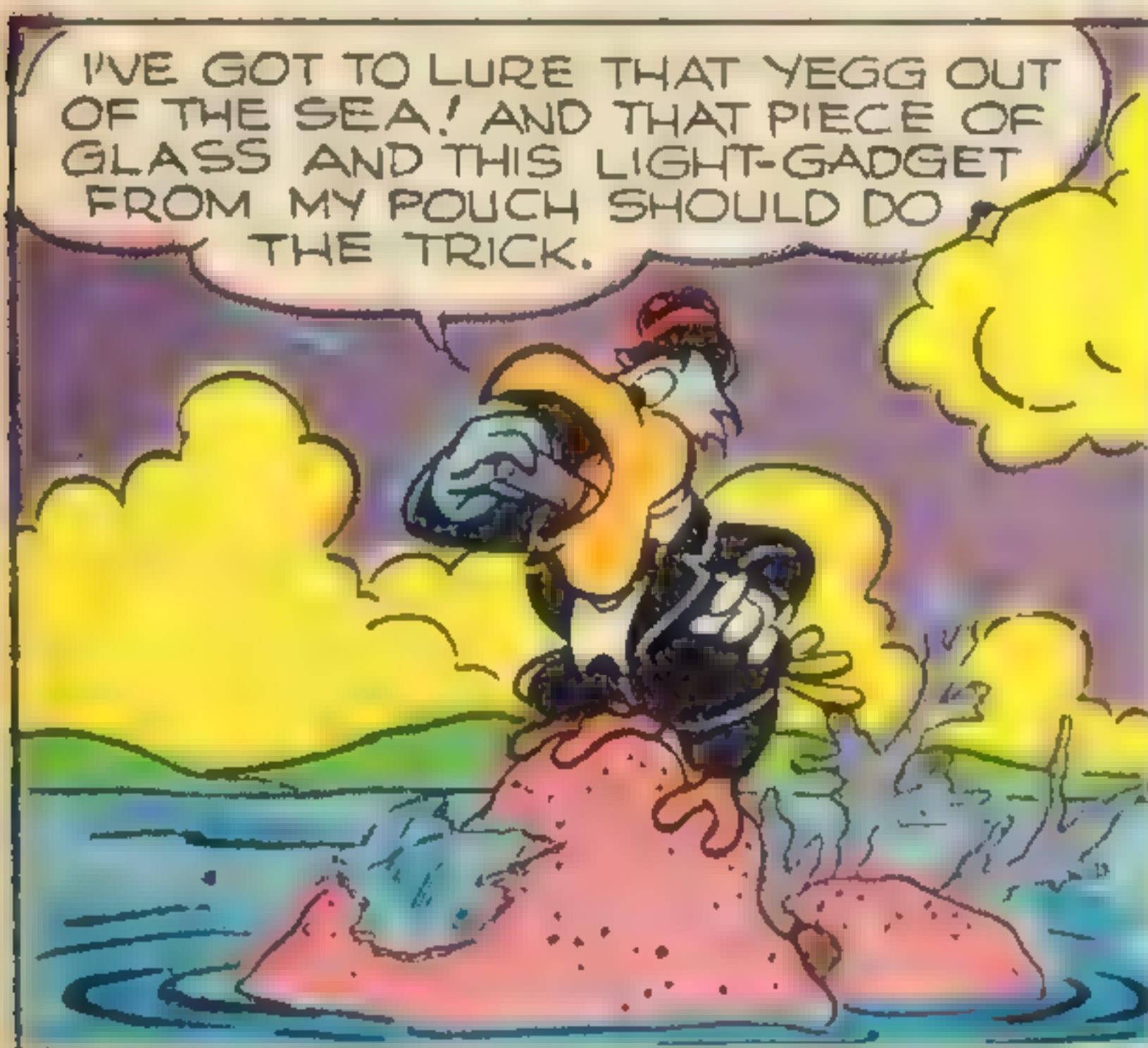
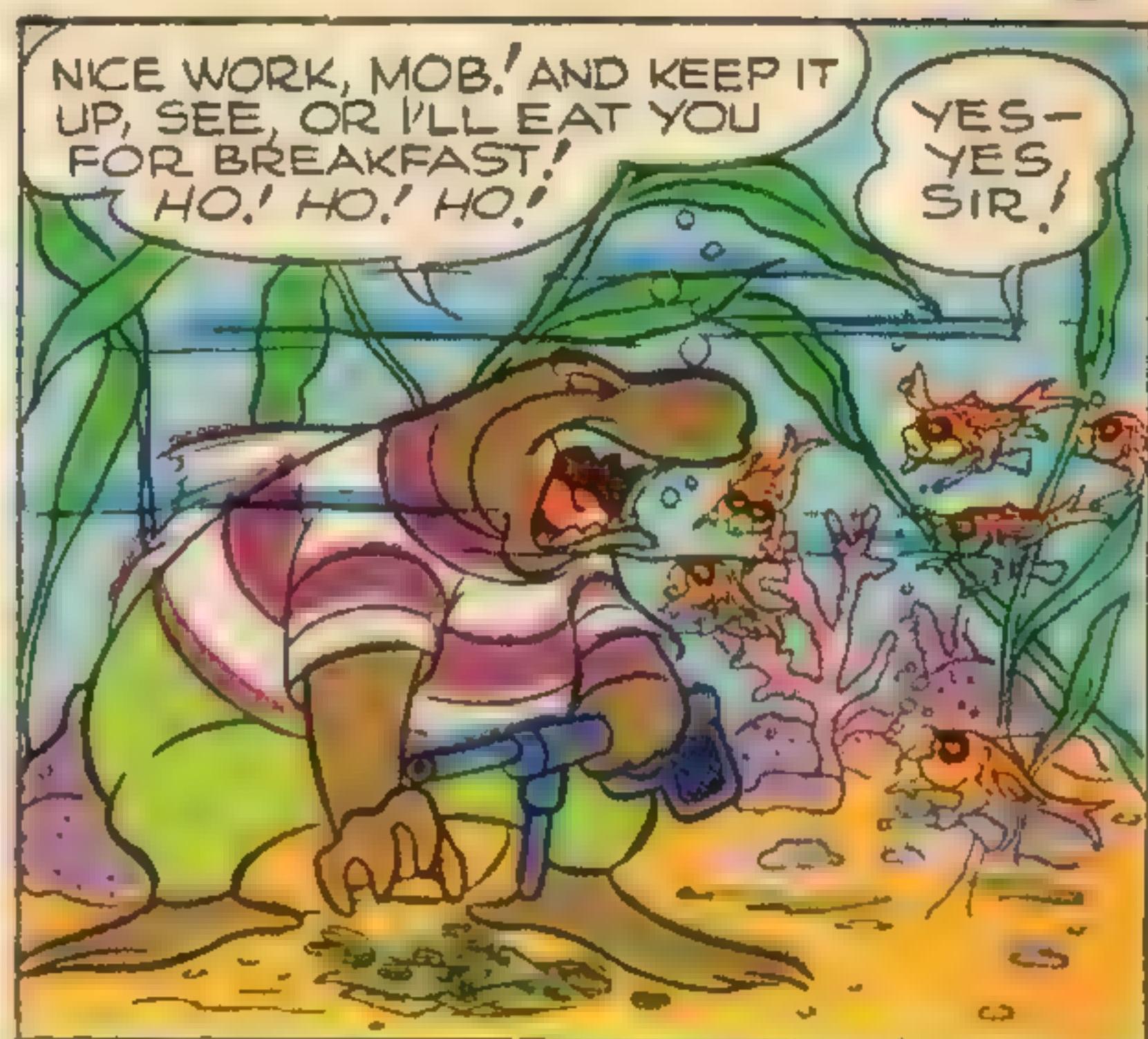
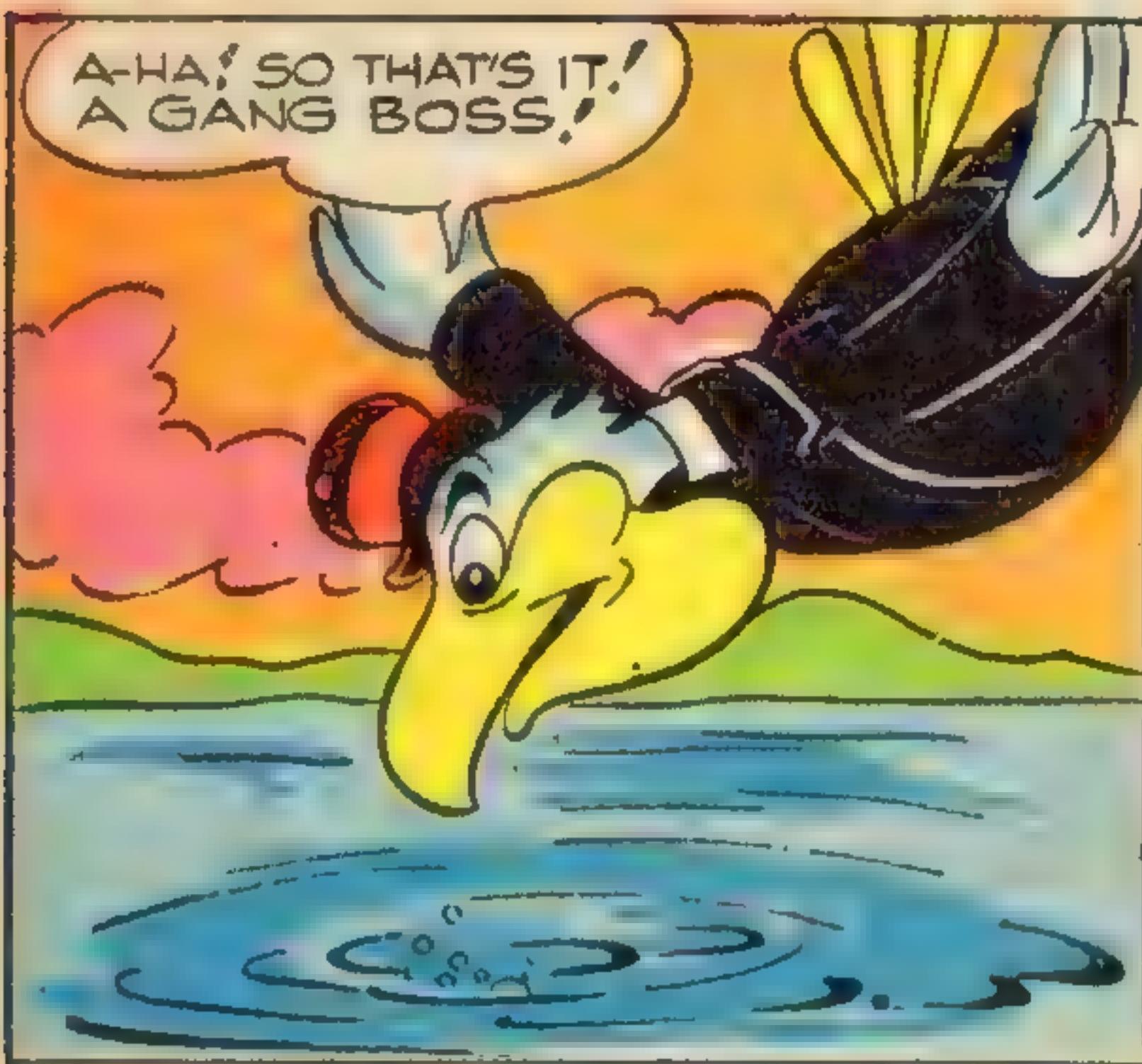


AS PELICAN PETE PONDERS ABOVE...

THAT'S STRANGE. WHY DO THEY TOSS THEIR SWAG IN THE SEA? AND WHY DO THEY APOLOGIZE FOR BEING CROOKS?



LEADING COMICS



# LEADING COMICS

I'M NO COWBOY,  
BUT I CAN DO  
WESTERN TRICKS.

A TRAP! BUT  
I'LL SHOOT MY  
WAY OUT!

FIRST I SHOOT YOUR  
SHOOTER, THEN PRESENT  
YOU WITH A NECKTIE!

OOWW!

THEN I TIE THE  
ROPE AROUND  
THIS TREE...

HEY! PELICAN  
PETE NABBED  
THE BOSS! LET'S  
HELP PETE!

GLAD TO LEND  
A HAND, PAL!

OUR WORK IS  
OVER. HERE  
COME THE COPS.

LATER... YOU SEE, HE  
MADE US  
ROB! CHASING US ALL  
OVER THE OCEAN AND  
THREATENING TO  
EAT US AND...

I EXPLAINED TO THE  
COPS. JUST GO  
BACK TO YOUR  
GAMES OF  
FLYING FUN.

WE'RE SO GRATEFUL, WE'LL  
BE YOUR SUNSHADE WHEN  
IT'S HOT!

AND I'LL PROTECT YOU  
FROM PORPOISE-PIRATES!

AND AN  
UMBRELLA  
WHEN IT  
RAINS!



# PATRICK PARROT'S UNNATURAL HISTORY

TRANSLATED FROM  
THE ANIMAL LANGUAGE  
by JESSE MERLAN •

## A SHORT FABLE ON HOW SKUNKS GOT THAT WAY

IT was a very hot day, and around the deep drinking pool hidden way back in the cool of the woods, many dry and dusty forest folk were quenching their thirst. A group of gentle deer were daintily drinking, their manners so polite that they made hardly a sound. But next to them a big hippo gurgled and splashed and was rude enough to stir up a lot of mud. And right alongside him, a huge elephant was taking a cooling shower. The elephant dipped his long trunk into the pool and then held back his trunk and WHOOSHED ten or twenty pails of water over himself in one terrific spurt. It was better than a garden hose, and it certainly was refreshing.

But suddenly, the lazy quiet of the woods was shattered by a shrill screaming. Everyone around the pool snapped his head up to listen. The screams were coming closer, and they sounded more terrible every moment. Even the elephant stopped his shower to listen carefully.

"It's Philo Fox," said the elephant after a moment. "And he sounds as though he's in trouble."

Just at that instant the sleek red fur coat of Philo burst through the bushes edging the pool, and the fox threw himself recklessly into the water. SPLASH! And even before the yelping Philo came to the surface to shake himself, everybody knew what ailed him.

It was a sharp and pungent and penetrating odor. In short, it was a smell, and such a

smelly smell. Yes, Philo Fox had gotten himself sprayed by a skunk.

"Phew!" said a deer as he stepped back from the water and tried to keep his nose shut and that odor out. "Philo must have been annoying Stanley Skunk."

As the fox thrashed about in the pool, trying to wash the bad odor off him, he pleaded and whined for sympathy. "Honest, folks! I didn't mean to disturb Stanley. I just passed by his cave house on the hill and he let fly at me, and now . . ."

"And now you'll have to bathe twelve times a day for a month," said the elephant. "And I think it served you right, because Stanley Skunk is not one to spray unless he's angered. And you, Philo, must have been trying to chase and catch him. Just the way you pursue those poor little timid field mice. Shame on you!"

Even as Philo Fox climbed out of the water and shook his draggily (and smelly) red coat, he hung his head in guilt. "Well," he mumbled hastily at the accusing elephant, "I guess I was only playing with Stanley Skunk. I didn't mean to eat him, or hurt . . ."

Then from above came raucous shrieks of laughter that echoed noisily through the trees. It was Patrick Parrot, chuckling for all to hear. His shrill mirth was like the clang-ing of twelve brazen bells.

"AWWORRK! Hahahoh!

AWWORRK! Shure, and that's funny. Never heard a funnier lie or smelled a smellier fox in all me born days. Hahahohoha!"

Everybody kept silent, because we all know that Patrick Parrot, the wise old story-teller of our little forest world, never did like Philo Fox. You see, Philo's always wise-cracking and interrupting Pat when the parrot's telling a tale. Of course, sometimes some of us agree with Philo because Patrick can sure stretch some tall fables, but it's always fun to listen to Mr. P. Parrot spin a yarn.

"If you'll all gather round below me," said Pat Parrot, cocking his saucy Irish blue eye and ruffling his green feathers proudly, "I'll tell you how Stanley Skunk developed those little protective chemical bombs he carries to keep off prowlers."

As all the forest folk made themselves comfortable under Pat's roost, Philo Fox didn't have a word to say. So Pat squawked a loud squawk of triumph at having silenced Philo at last.

"Hahaha! Chasing skunks isn't like running after helpless chickens, is it, Philo Fox? You ought to have known better than to . . ."

The elephant interrupted. "Don't tease him, Pat. Philo's learned a lesson, and that is never to annoy a skunk. So if you have a story to tell, tell it without crowing over poor, sad Philo."

And Philo was sad. Because everybody kept edging away from him, giving him more than plenty of room. He smelled so. And Philo likes company. But he couldn't expect any for a long time. Not unless he used a lot of sweet perfume to sprinkle on himself.

Now Pat was a little more quiet after the elephant spoke. Not even saucy Pat is quite bold enough to disagree with a clever and aged elephant.

"All right, Elly," said Pat. "I guess Philo's been punished enough. And it's about time you heard the story of the first chemist."

"You see," said Patrick, "billions of years ago there were many more greedy and hungry and hunting forest folk than there are now. In long ago times the world shook with the frightful roars of savage things. Why, there was one bloodthirsty old fellow big enough to tear three lions and two elephants apart at one time."

"Yes," said Carl the crocodile from his resting place deep in the gooey pool mud. "I remember old stories about him, Pat. He was a sort of cousin-ancestor of mine. A huge reptile called Tyranno-Saurus Rex. He was a terror in the dark ages of the past."

"Sure," added Pat, to confirm the crocodile's words. "And there were many monsters like him, cruelly attacking innocent neighbors in those dangerous times."

"But even in those years there were law-abiding and peaceful folk. And soon, in less

than a zillion years, one of the gentlest ones turned out to be Stanley Skunk's ancestor.

"Only this ancestor of Stan's didn't have any spraying apparatus to protect himself. And he sure needed it, with all those savage beasts about. It was as much as your life was worth to go for a walk in the woods in those days."

"Another sad and strange thing was that Stanley Skunk's ancestor wanted to be left alone with his family to do some thinking about the sciences of the world. You see, this ancient Stan had become interested in early chemistry. Yes, in the science that today tells us what things are made of. With atoms and molecules and test tubes and things. And Stan Student-Ancestor Skunk was the first chemist we know of."

"He'd make test tubes out of hollow rocks and get water to boil them in the sun and conduct all sorts of experiments. He was sure a smart one."

"Only his work was always being stopped by the hunting folk that wanted to eat him. Ancestors of Philo Fox's. I don't doubt." Patrick Parrot couldn't resist that dig at his old foe.

"But anyway," Pat went on with his story, "it got so poor Ancestor Skunk had to do more running and hiding than studying in chemistry. Yes, the cruel eaters and hunters got that bad. They'd rush him around till he was dizzy."

"Then, one day, Ancestor Skunk decided to use his chemical knowledge to teach a lesson to those evil neighbors who wanted to eat him. So he boiled away at liquids and mixed gases and added minerals—and after two solid weeks of experiments he knew he had something that would make all skunks safe forever."

"So this Ancestor Skunk took a test tube full of his great discovery and walked calmly out into an open field. He was ready to trust his life to the science of chemistry.



"When the evil eaters saw Ancestor Skunk way out in the open field, they licked their chops and rushed him. They figured he was just an easy meal and good eating."

"But what a surprise they got! For just as they reached out sharp fangs and claws to bite and maul Ancestor Skunk, he let loose the contents of his precious test tube and it hissed all about and spurted a strange liquid chemical. And did those cruel eaters run! For Ancestor Chemistry-Student Skunk had invented and used what we now know as a skunk's spray. And to this day, no one bothers the Skunk family."

"Not even the Philo Foxes," concluded Pat Parrot.

And as Patrick's audience began to stretch and yawn and move away, a neat little black head poked itself over a bush nearby. It was Stanley Skunk. He looked at Patrick Parrot and at Pat's audience. Especially at Philo Fox, who was slinking guiltily away.

"I don't know what Patrick's been telling you," chirped up Stanley, "although I certainly wouldn't advise any smart aleck to try to sneak up behind me to play nasty tricks. But I'm really very friendly and very nice—except to those who WANT to be enemies."

Pat chuckled and winked down at Stanley. "That's right. And if you don't believe my little story about chemistry and Mr. S. Skunk . . . just try being mean to him sometime."

But now none of the forest folk are silly enough to try THAT!





# HUGO HORNSPRED

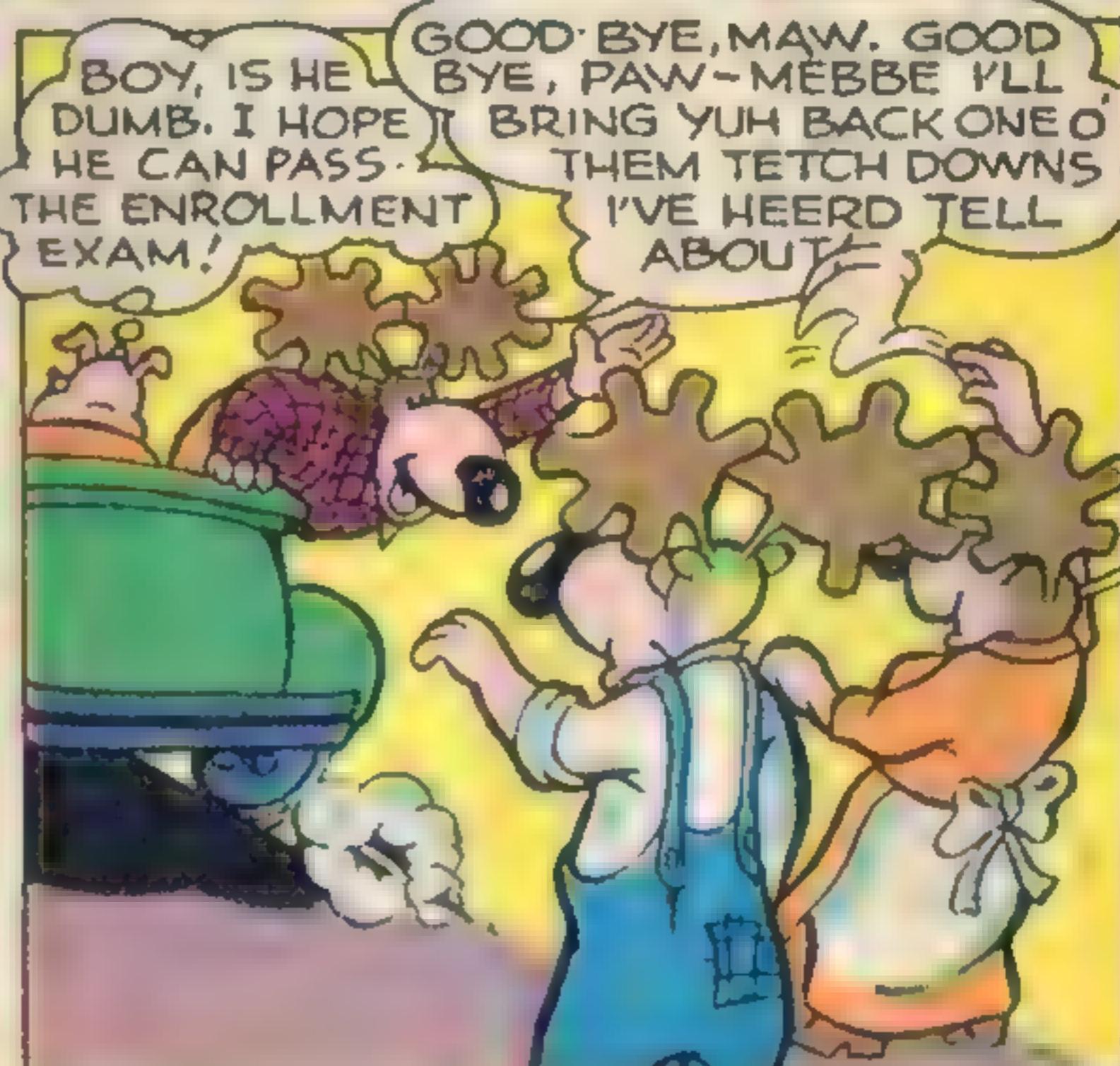
HUGO HORNSPRED NEVER DREAMED HE'D EVER PLAY FOR OLD "SIS-BOOM-BAH" AGAINST "BOOLAH-BOOLAH" COLLEGE, BUT THE FOOTBALL WORLD IS STILL TALKING ABOUT THE BOY FROM THE COUNTRY WHO BECAME A... "TOUCHDOWN TORNADO!"

LISTEN, SON. I'M COACH PEPTAUK OF OLD SIS-BOOM-BAH. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY FULLBACK ON THE FOOTBALL TEAM?

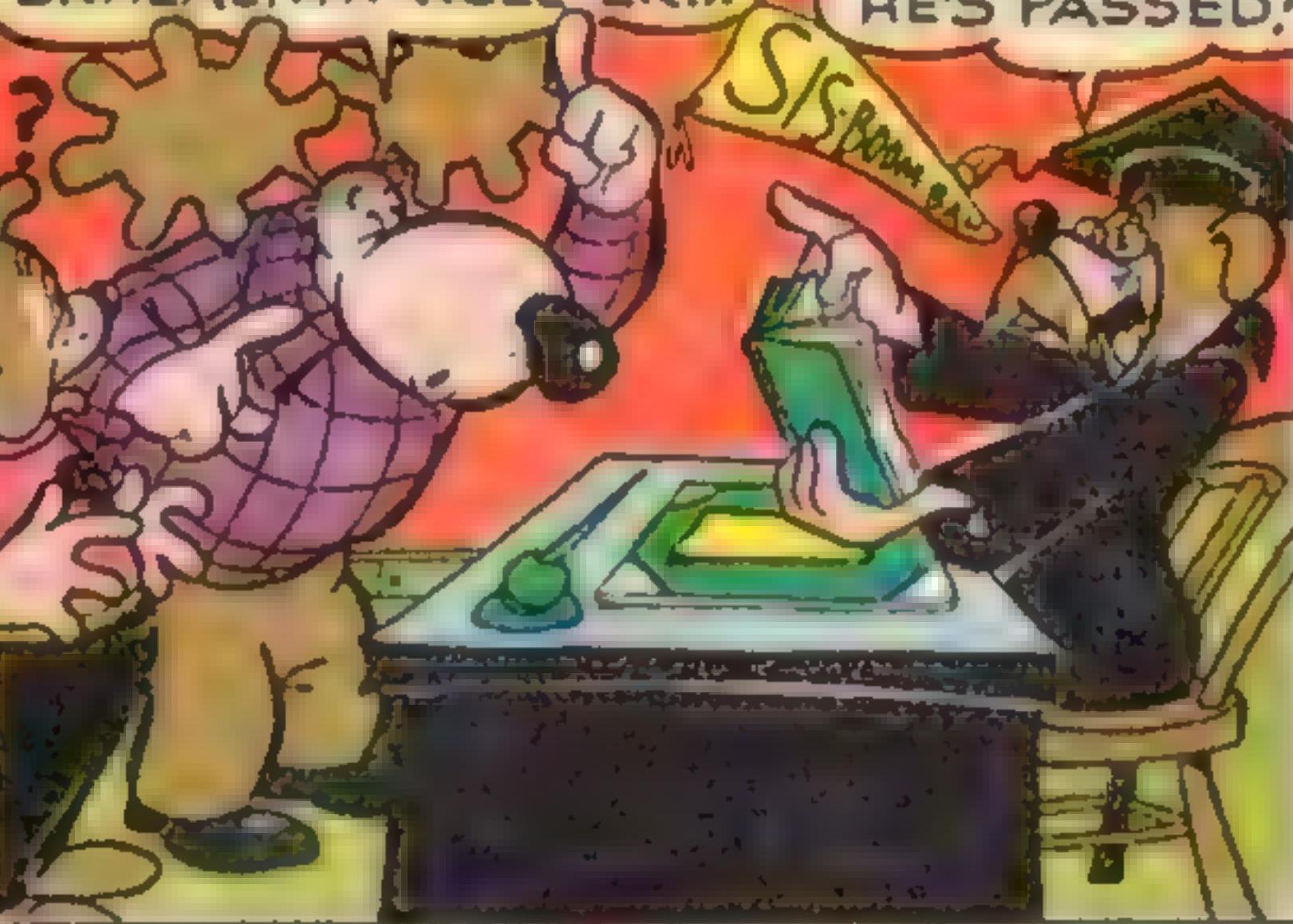
HAIN'T NEVER PLAYED NO FOOTBALL, BUT EFEN PAW AN' MAW SEZ I KIN, IT'S OKAY WITH ME!

BOY, IS HE DUMB. I HOPE HE CAN PASS THE ENROLLMENT EXAM!

GOOD-BYE, MAW. GOOD-BYE, PAW-MEBBE YLL BRING YUH BACK ONE O' THEM TETCH DOWNS I'VE HEERD TELL ABOUT.

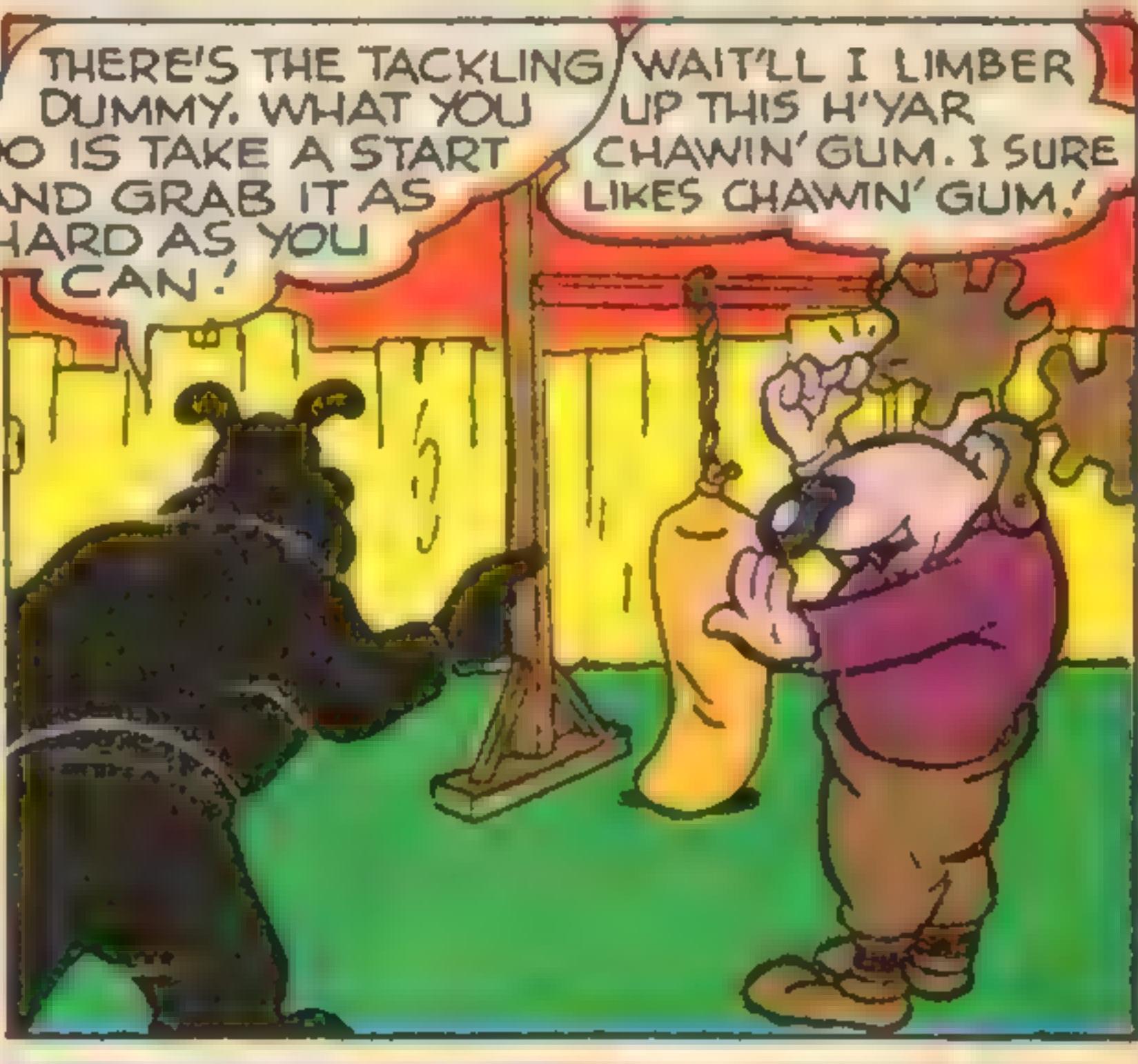
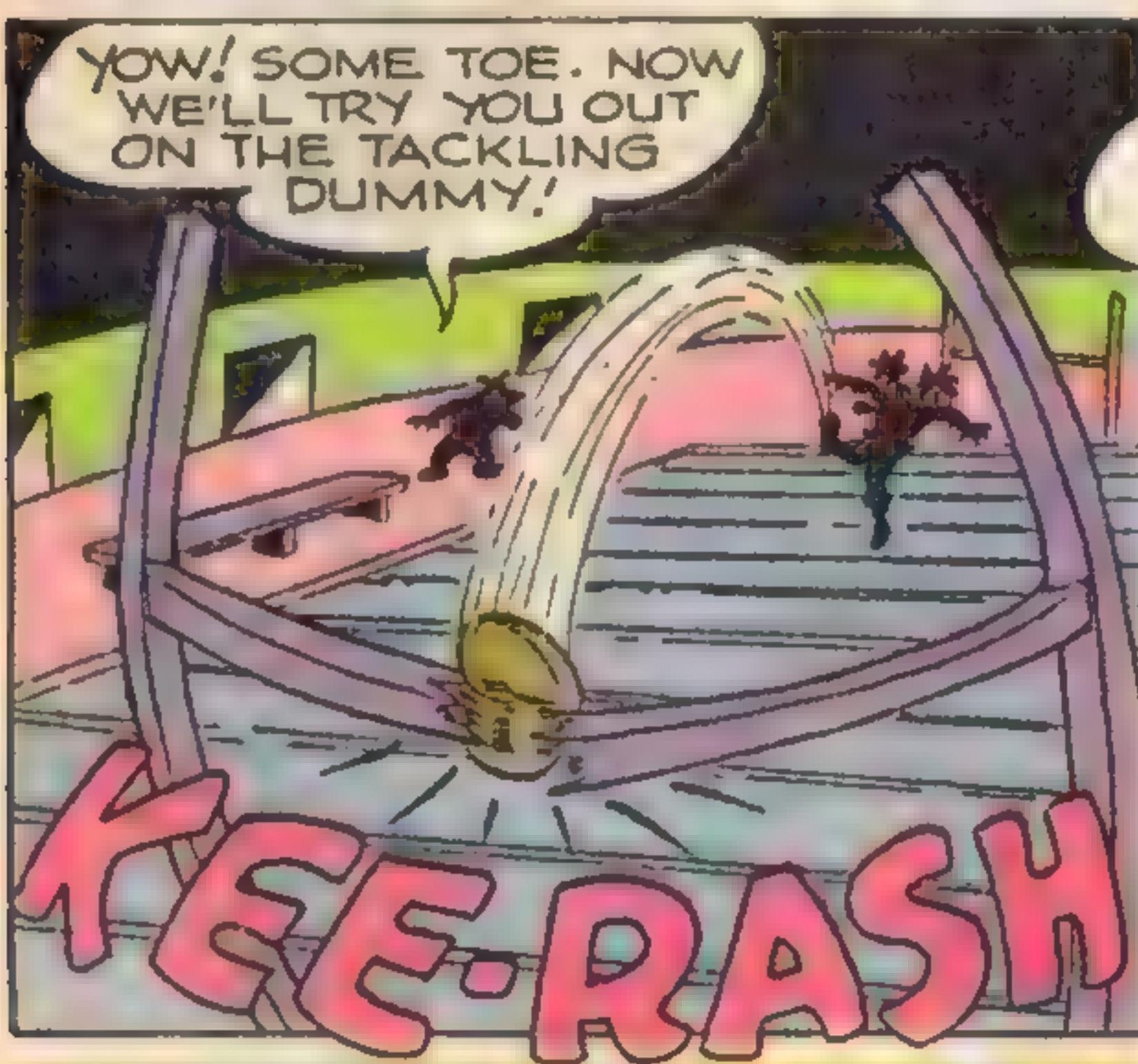


THE EXAMINATION...

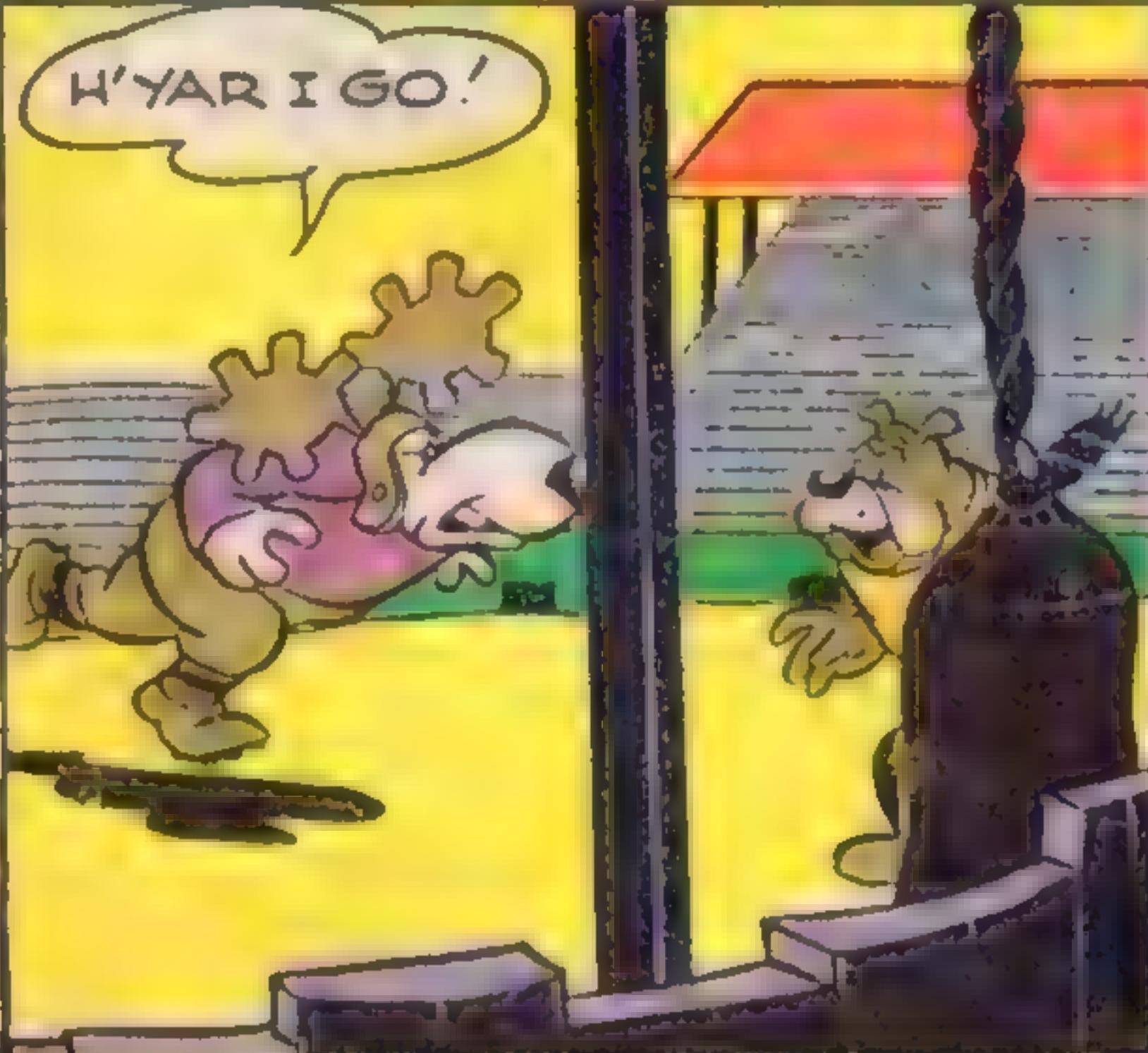
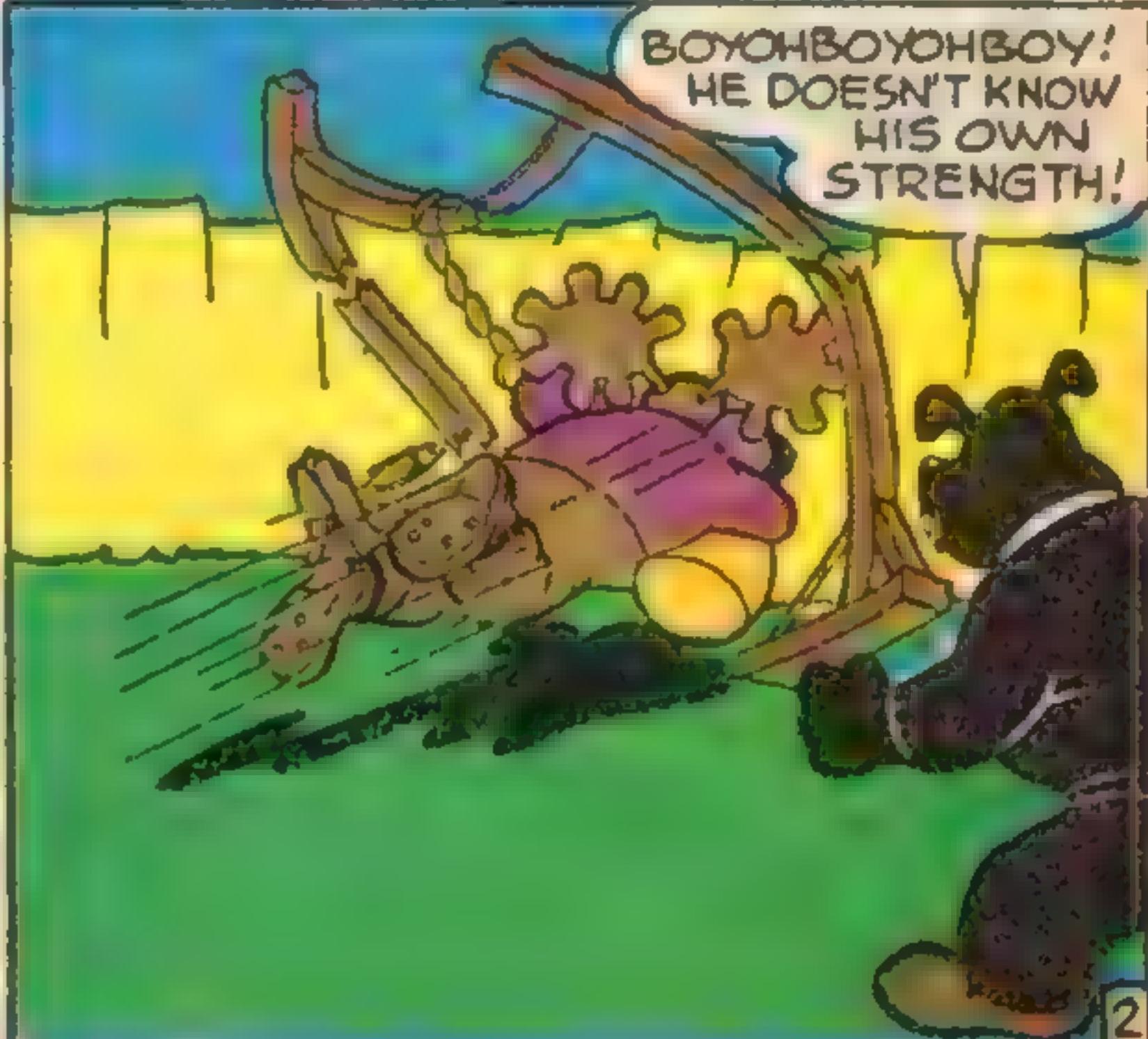
SO YOU WANT ME TO  
GIVE YOU A WORD MEANIN'  
THE OPPOSITE OF  
UNHEALTHY. WELL-ER...CORRECT!..-WHEN  
YOU'RE NOT  
UNHEALTHY,  
YOU'RE "WELL!"  
TAKE HIM, COACH-  
HE'S PASSED!CAN YOU  
KICK?DON'T KNOW- NEVER  
TRIED, BUT HERE  
GOES!YOW! SOME TOE. NOW  
WE'LL TRY YOU OUT  
ON THE TACKLING  
DUMMY!

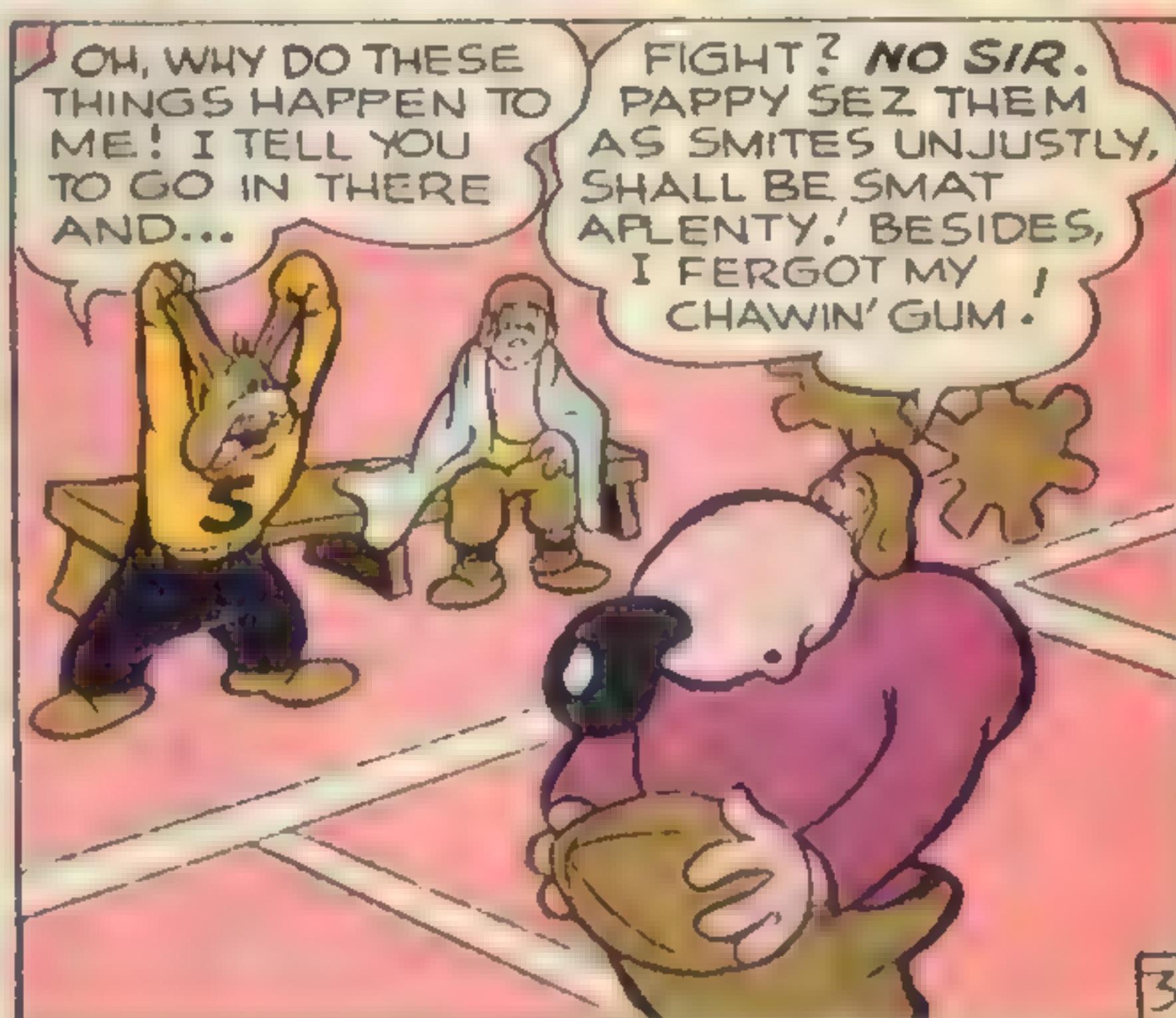
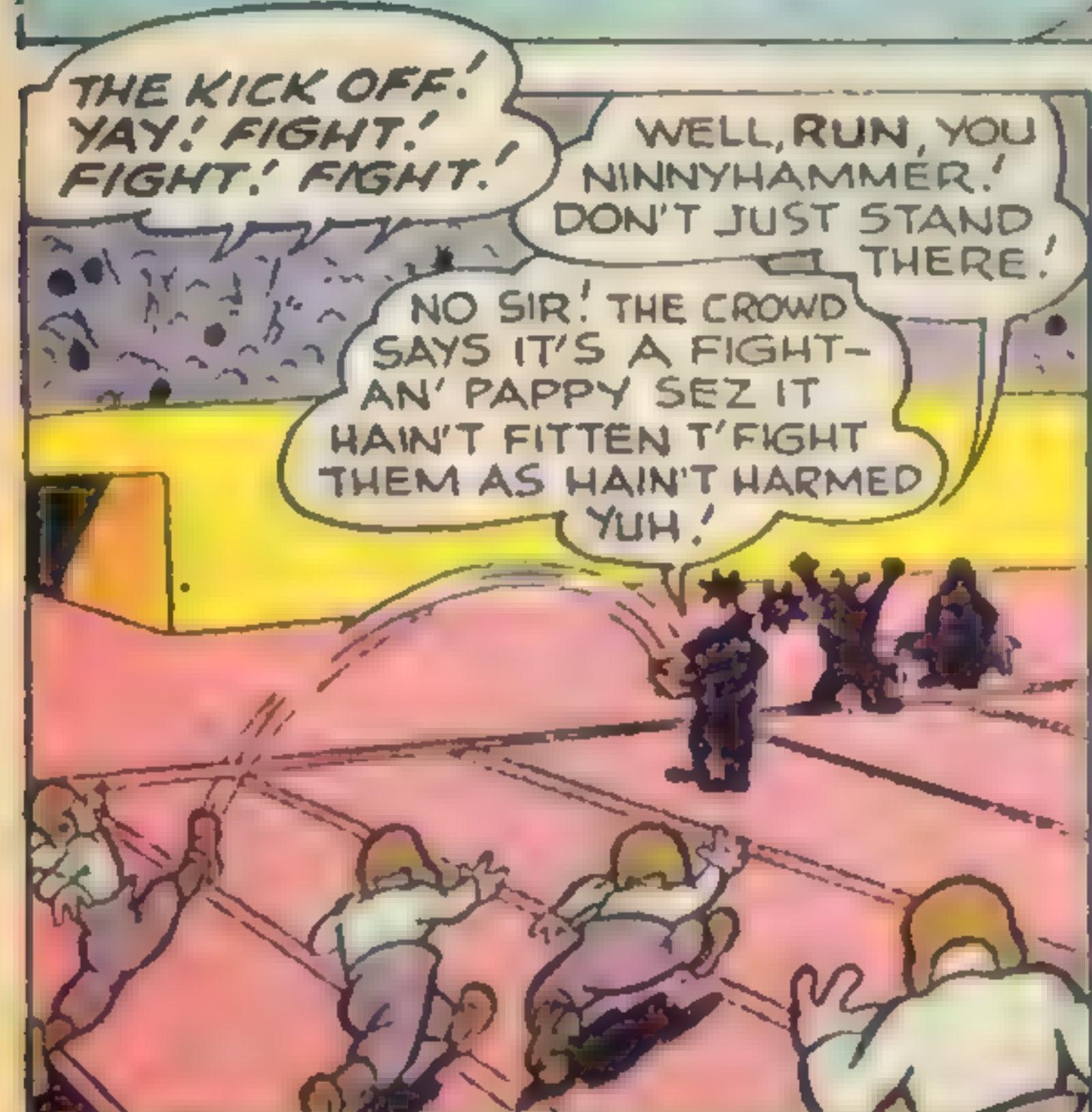
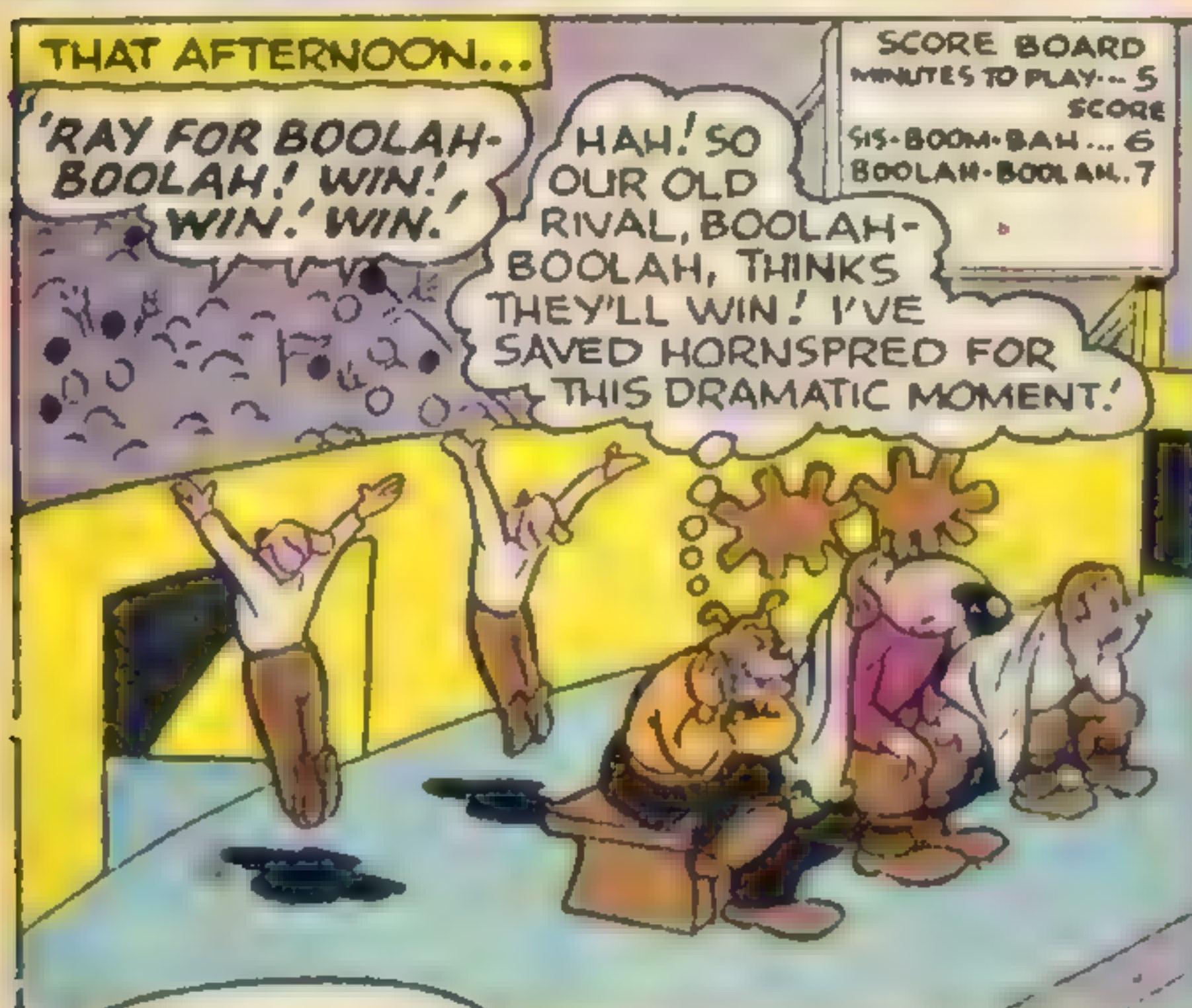
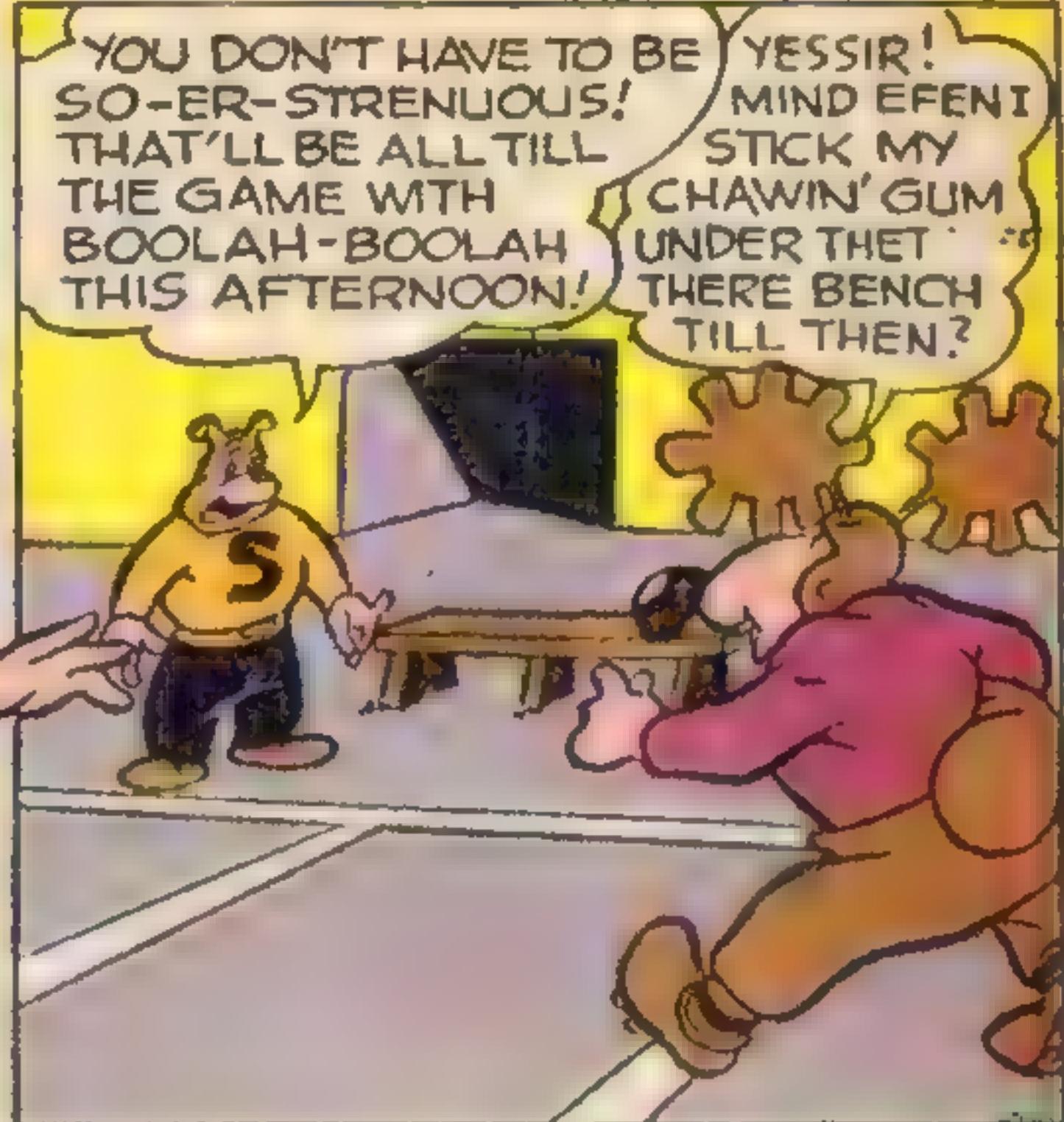
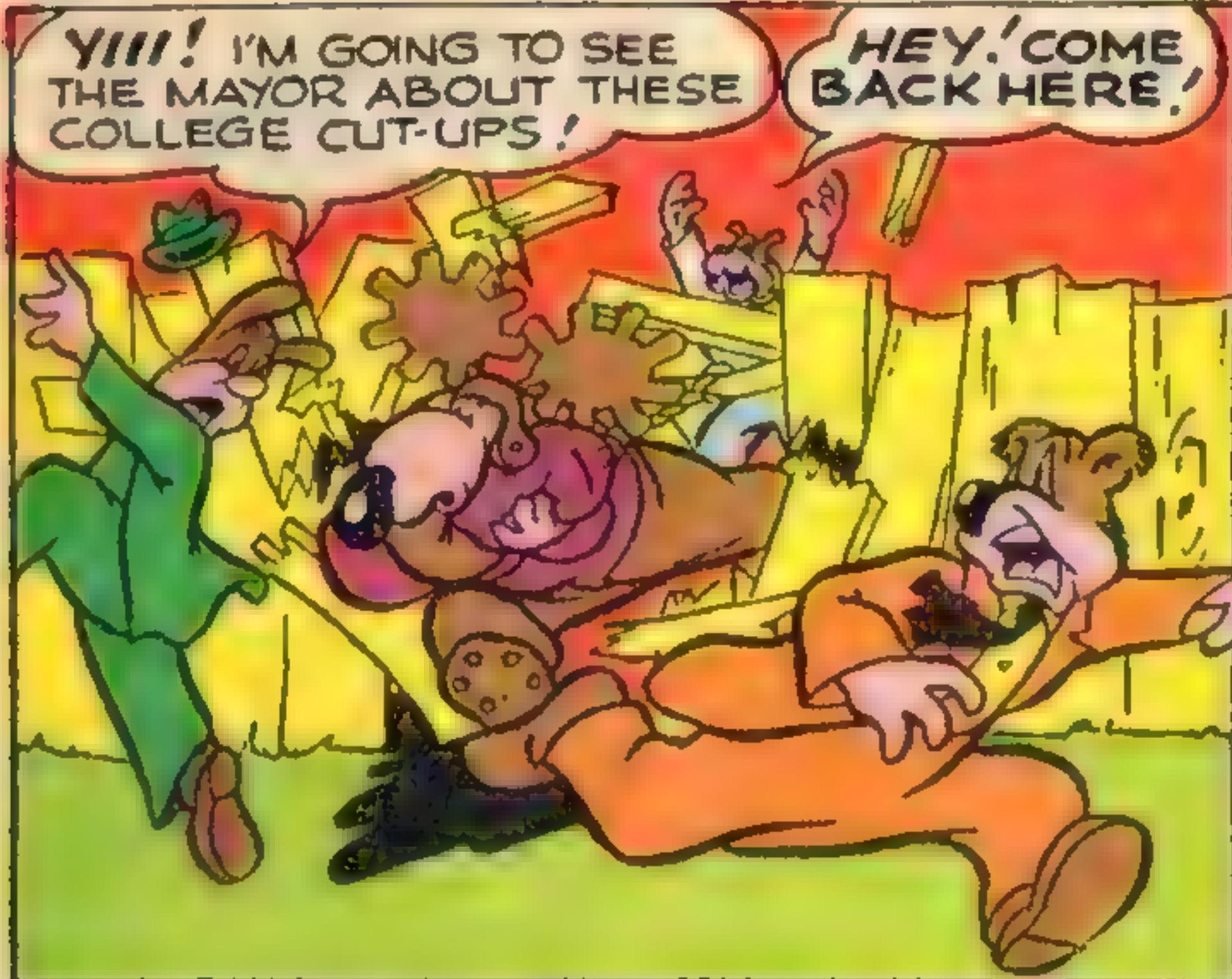
THERE'S THE TACKLING DUMMY. WHAT YOU DO IS TAKE A START AND GRAB IT AS HARD AS YOU CAN!

WAIT'LL I LIMBER UP THIS H'YAR CHAWIN' GUM. I SURE LIKES CHAWIN' GUM!

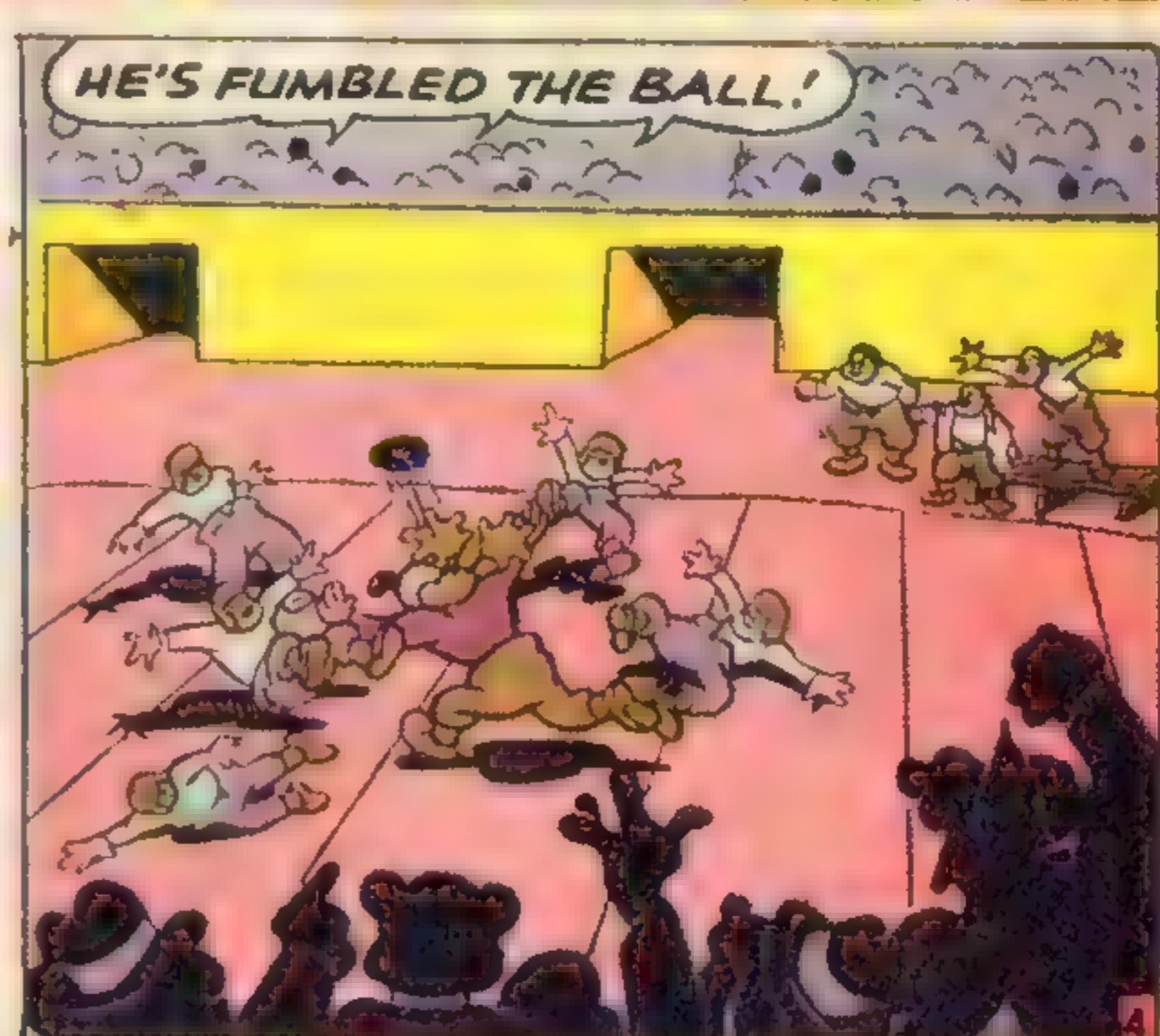
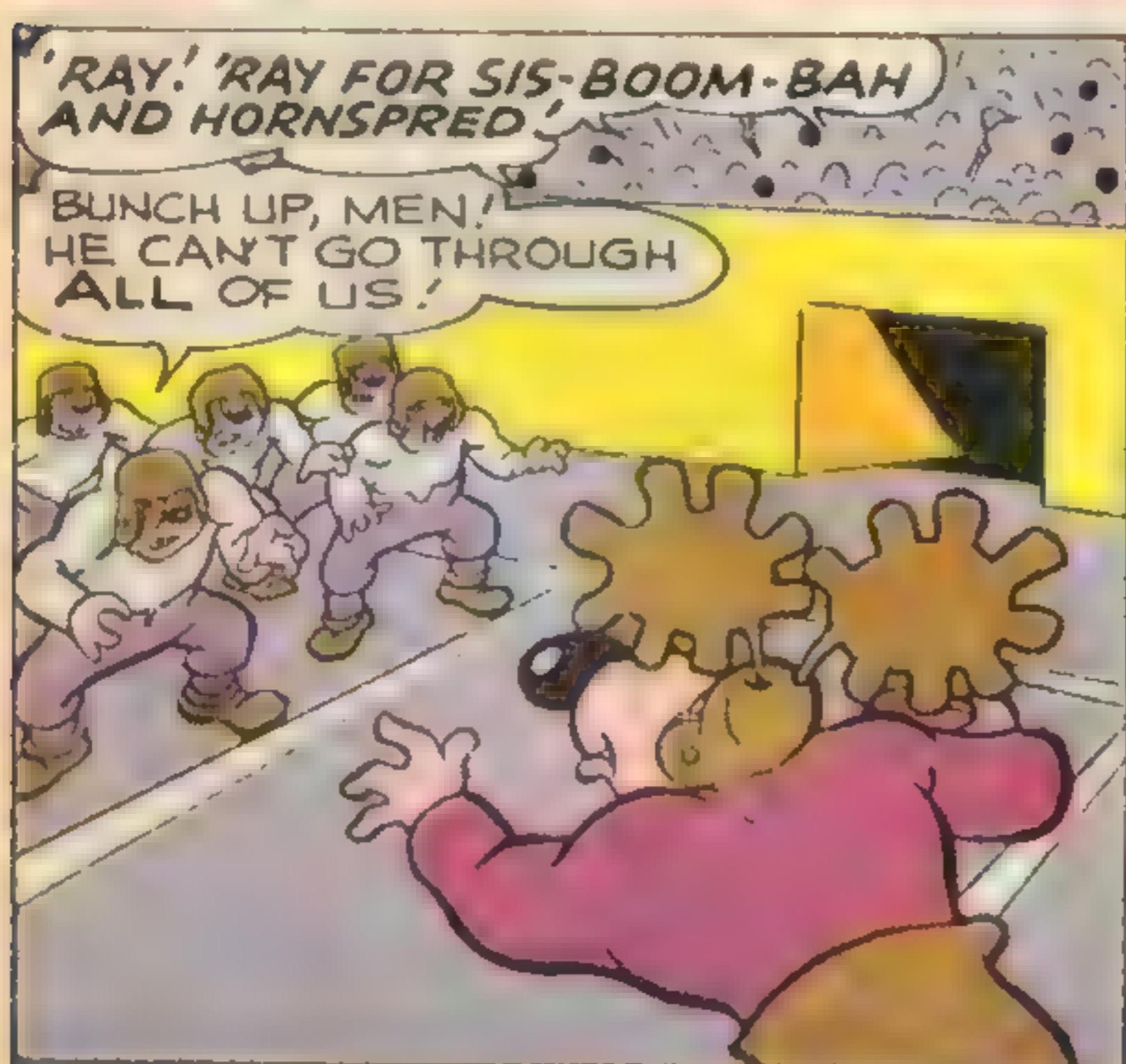
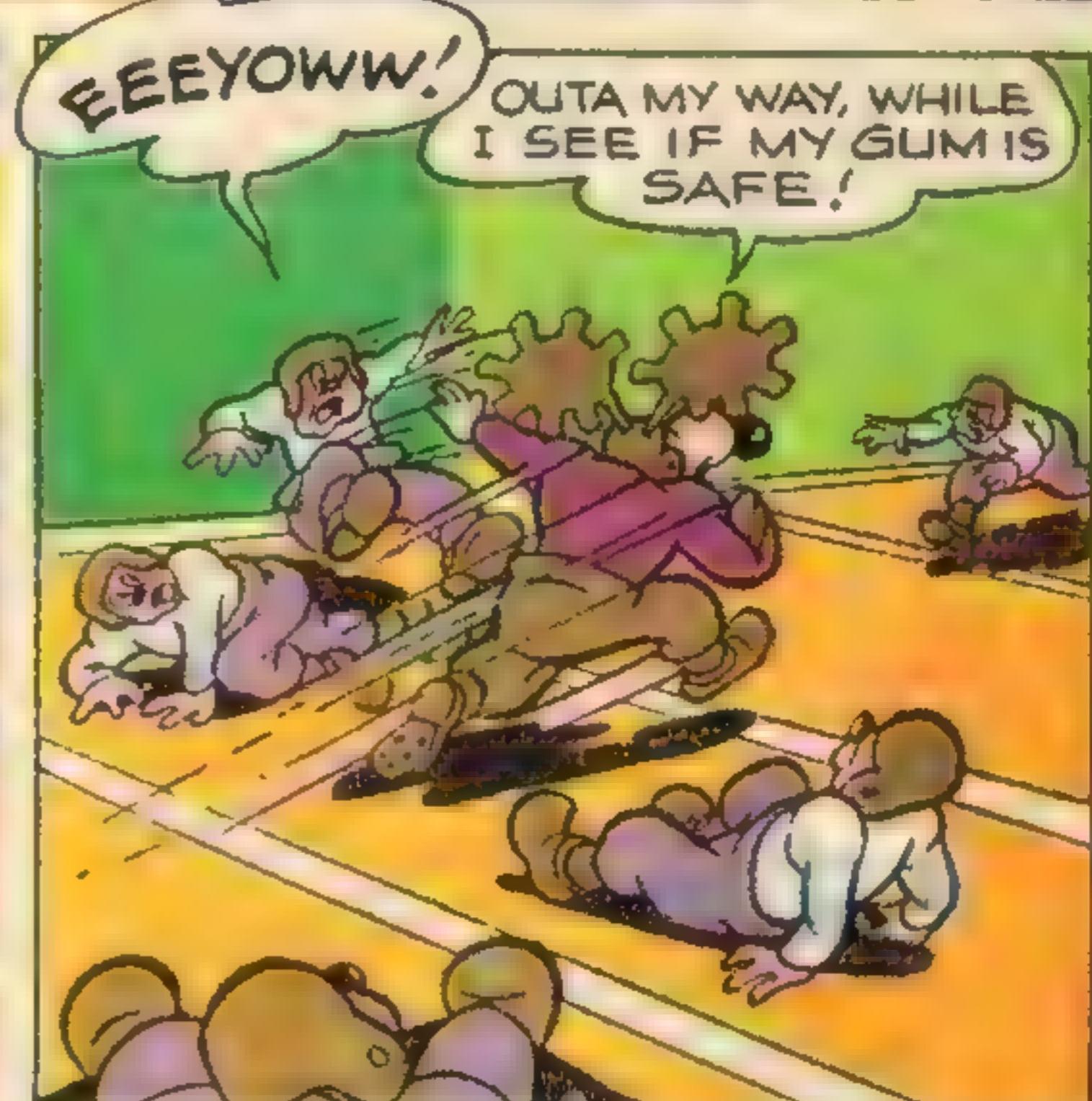
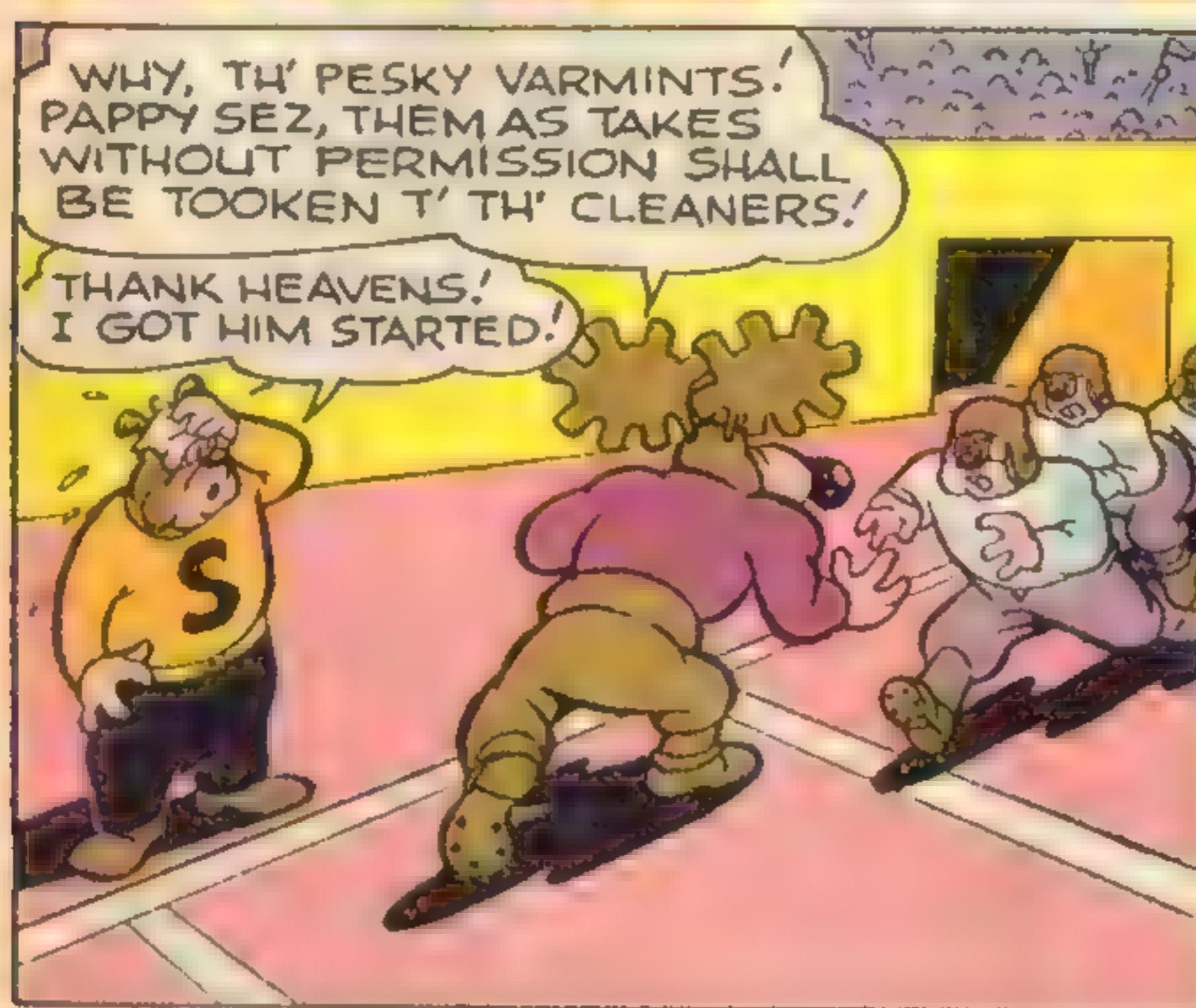
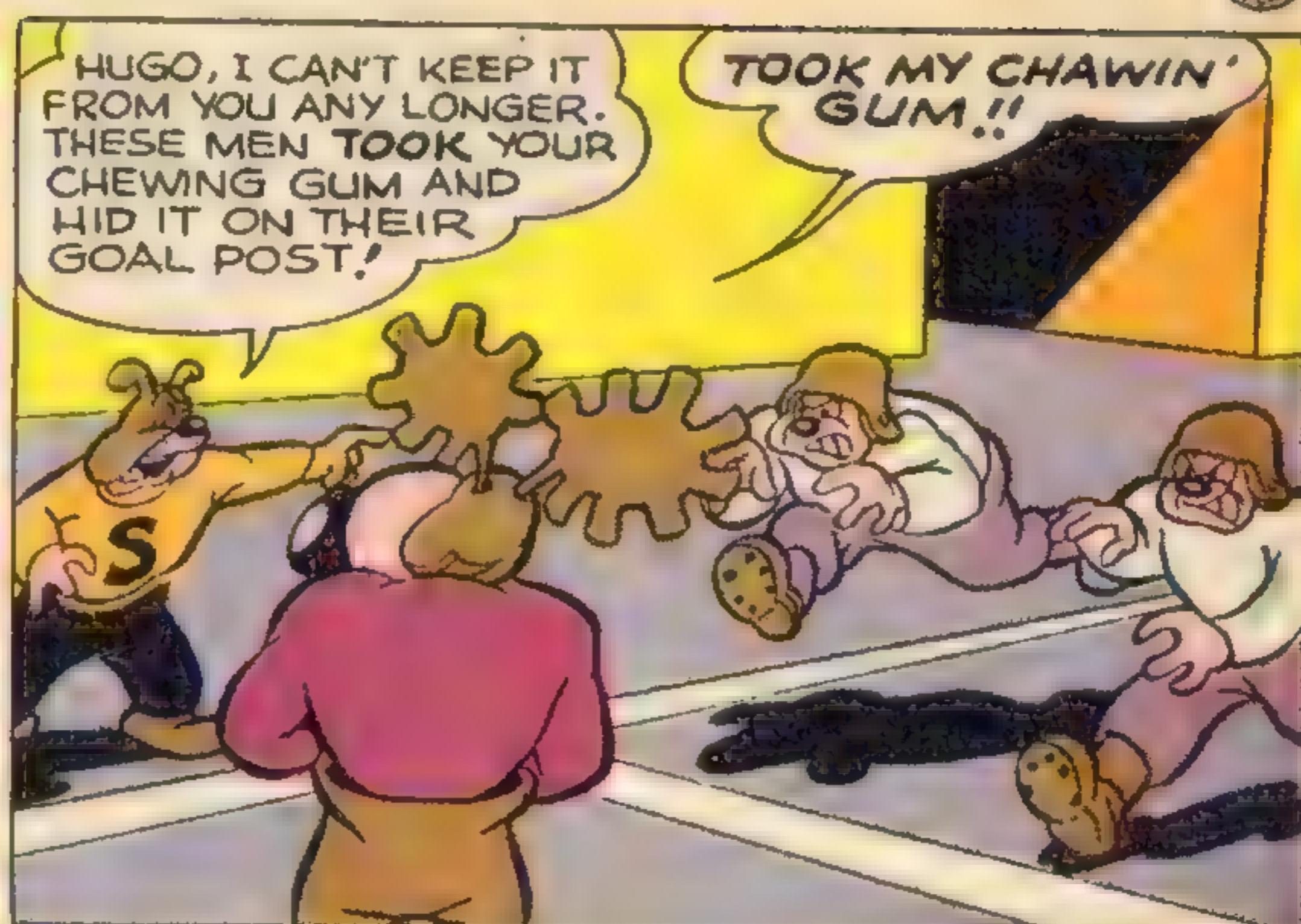


H'YAR I GO!

BOYOHBOYOHBOY!  
HE DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH!

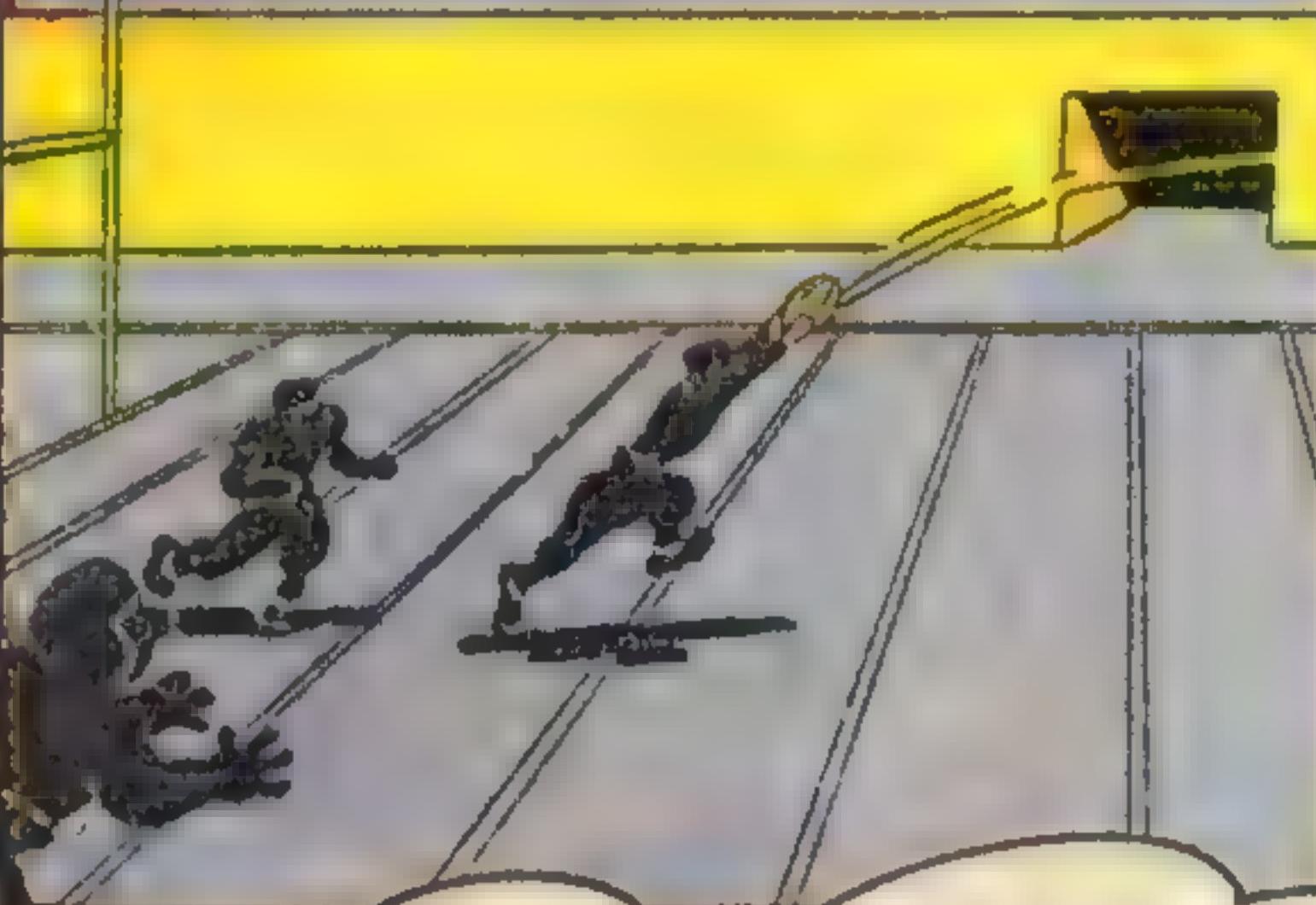


LEADING COMICS



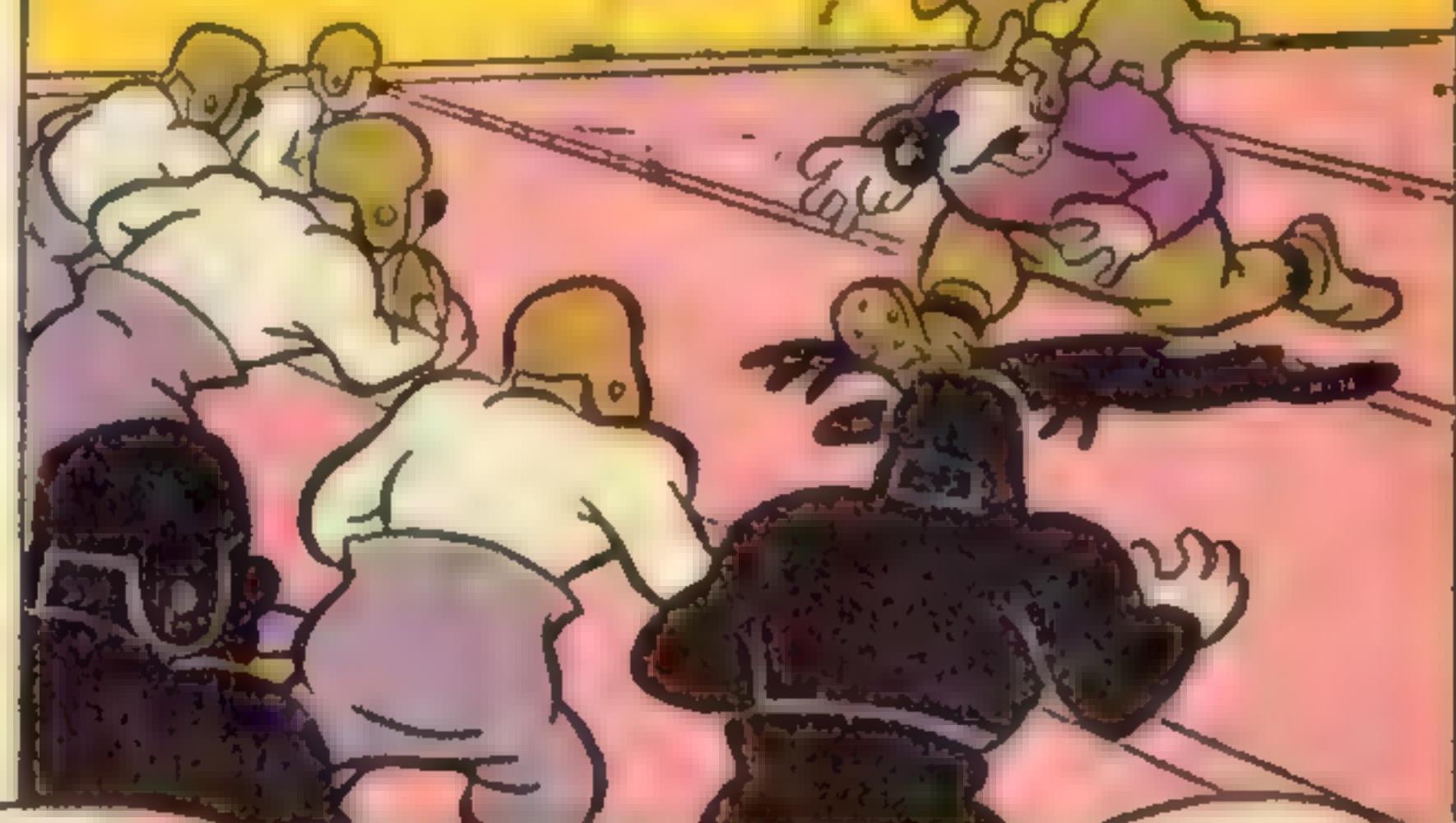
# LEADING COMICS

U-U-O-O! (GROAN) BOOLAH CAUGHT THE FUMBLE! AND ONLY TEN SECONDS TO PLAY!



COME ON, BOYS! WE CAN HOLD HIM TEN SECONDS AT LEAST!

GIT OUTA MY WAY! I WANT TO GIT TO THEM GOAL POSTS AN' MY CHAWIN' GLUM!



YEEEEE!

YAAAAYY! A SAFETY! TWO POINTS! SIS-BOOM-BAH WINS!! 'RAY FOR HORNSPRED!



AND LATER...

A SLIGHT MISTAKE OCCURRED, HORNSPRED. YOUR GUM WAS HERE ALL THE TIME! SORRY ALL THIS HAPPENED!

GOSH ALL CRINKUS!- NOW I'LL HAFTA' POLO-GIZE T'ALL THEM BOOLAH-BOOLAH FELLERS!

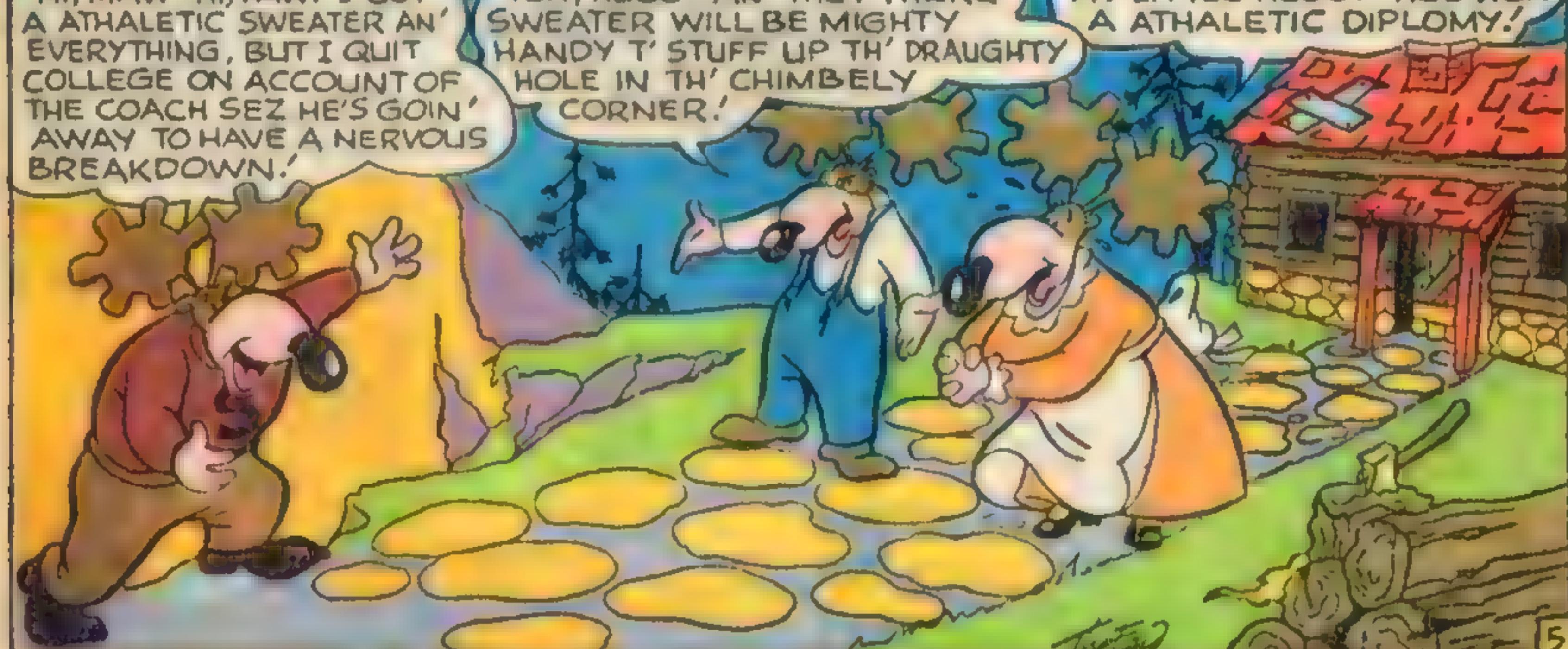
LIKE FUN I AM!



HI, MAW-HI, PAW! I GOT A ATHALETIC SWEATER AN' EVERYTHING, BUT I QUIT COLLEGE ON ACCOUNT OF THE COACH SEZ HE'S GOIN' AWAY TO HAVE A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!

WE'RE RIGHT PROUD OF YUH, HUGO-AN' THET THERE SWEATER WILL BE MIGHTY HANDY T' STUFF UP TH' DRAUGHTY HOLE IN TH' CHIMBELY CORNER!

MY LITTLE HUGO!- HE'S WON A ATHALETIC DIPLOMY!



# WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION?

*Bernie Bierman* SHOWS  
YOU HOW—IN WHEATIES  
NEW LIBRARY OF SPORTS

 Sure! You want to MAKE THE TEAM in high school—college. Go to it! START NOW to play football the right way. Get your fundamentals from the man who holds the Rockne Memorial Trophy for the outstanding 10-year coaching record. GET Wheaties exciting new book, "WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION," by Bernie Bierman, great coach of the famous Minnesota Golden Gophers. Coach Bierman, a football star himself AND A DEVELOPER OF ALL-AMERICANS, shows you just how to kick, pass, tackle, block, and run—gives you many of the same tips he gives his national championship teams.

Yea! There's real made dope on playing your game the champion way in Wheaties new Library of Sports books. Here's the all star line-up:  
 1 Want to be a Football Champion 2 Want to be a Basketball Champion (for Boys) 3 Want to be a Baseball Champion 4 Want to be a Swimming Champion 5 Want to be a Golf Champion (for Boys) 6 Want to be a Tennis Champion (for Girls) 7 Want to be a Softball Champion 8 Want to be a Bowling Champion 9 Want to be a Basketball Champion (for Girls) 10 Want to be a Tennis Champion (for Boys) 11 Want to be a Track and Field Champion 12 Want to be a Track and Field Champion (Track Event) 13 Want to be a Golf Champion (for Girls) 14 Want to be a Home and Neighborhood Games Champion START YOUR COLLECTION with any two books. Circle title numbers in coupon below—and mail today!

## "TRAINING IMPORTANT," SAYS BIERMAN

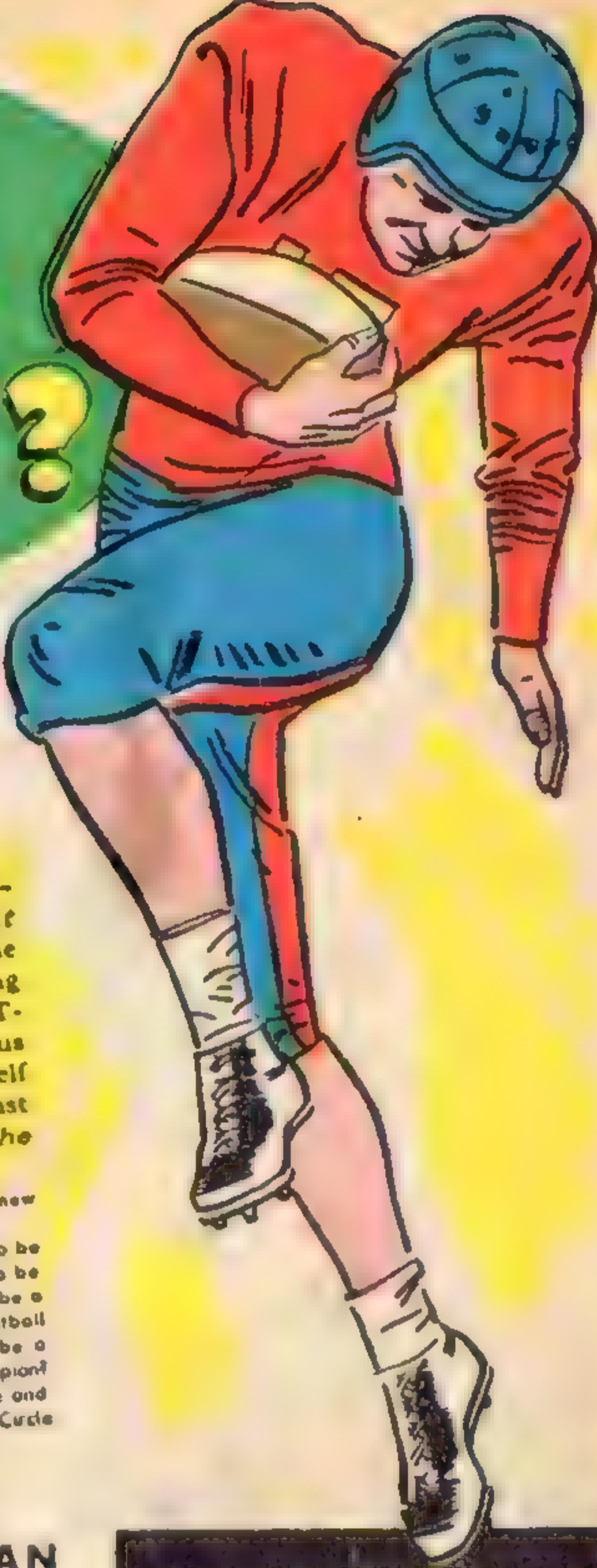
"TRAINING HELPS BUILD CHAMPIONS," says Bernie Bierman. "Now, I say that eating right is a big part of any good training program. That's why I'm in favor of a big breakfast for my boys—one that includes lots of food-energy and other important nourishment, like you get in that well-known 'Breakfast of Champions.' Those toasted whole wheat flakes called Wheaties, with plenty of milk and fruit, make a mighty fine training dish. And I notice Wheaties have a keen flavor that rates ace high with hungry football players."



"Breakfast  
of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



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Or mail your order to: Wheaties  
Library of Sports, Dept. 102, Minneapolis 15, Minn. Order books in pairs  
only. But order as many pairs as you want. Send ONE Wheaties box top  
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# KING OSCAR'S COURT

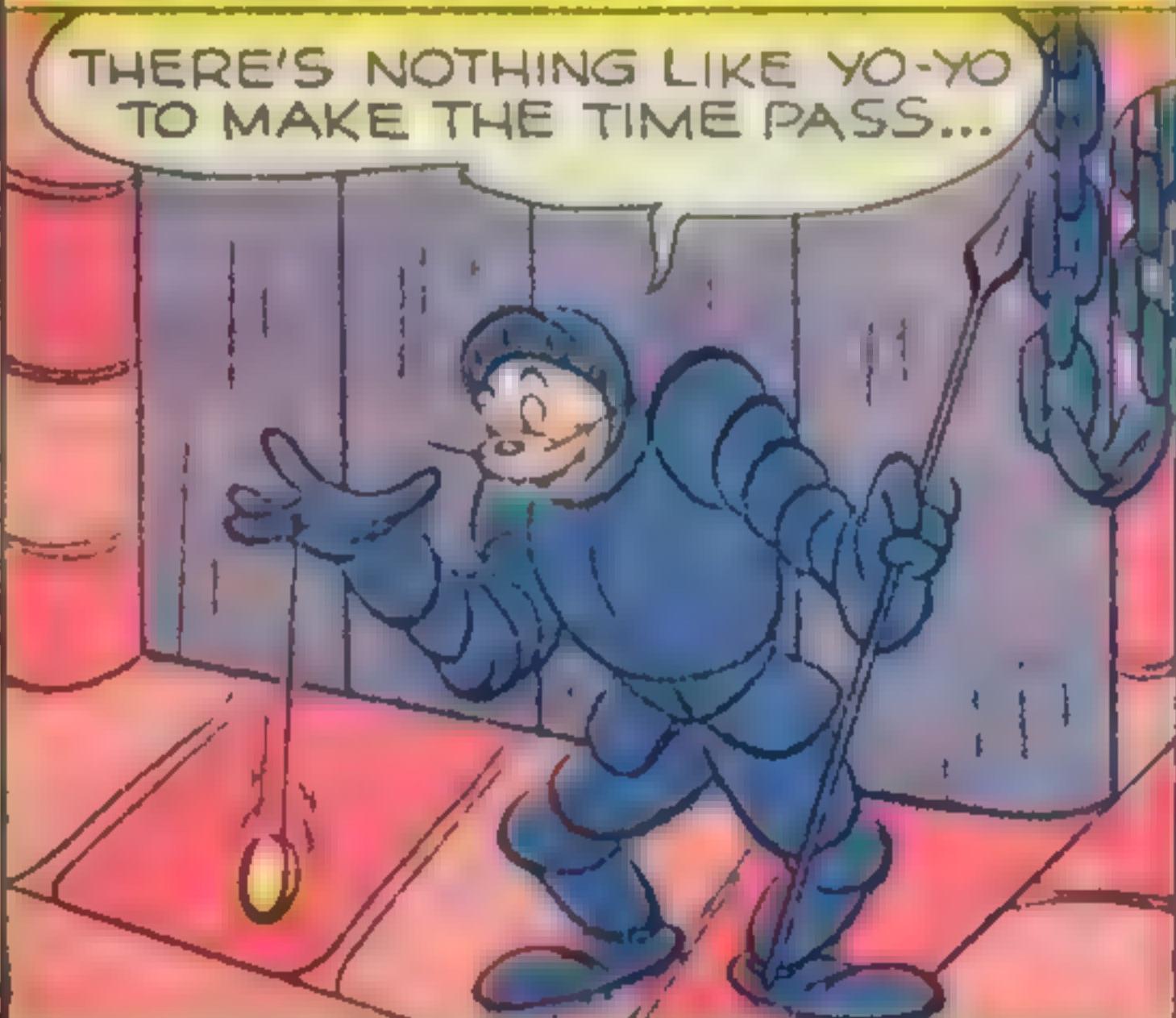
IN DAYS OF OLDE WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLDE, YOUR CHANCES OF PEACE AND QUIET WEREN'T WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL. AND EVEN THE GREAT SIR SCRAMSELOT, MEMBER OF KING OSCAR'S ROUND TABLE, NEARLY ENDS UP BEHIND YE OLDE EIGHTE BALLE — WHEN IN GOING TO THE RESCUE OF A PRINCESS BEAUTIFUL IN DISTRESS, HE IS CHIEF PARTICIPANT IN A TERRIFIC TALE OF...

"SKENNANIGANS AND CHIVALRY!"



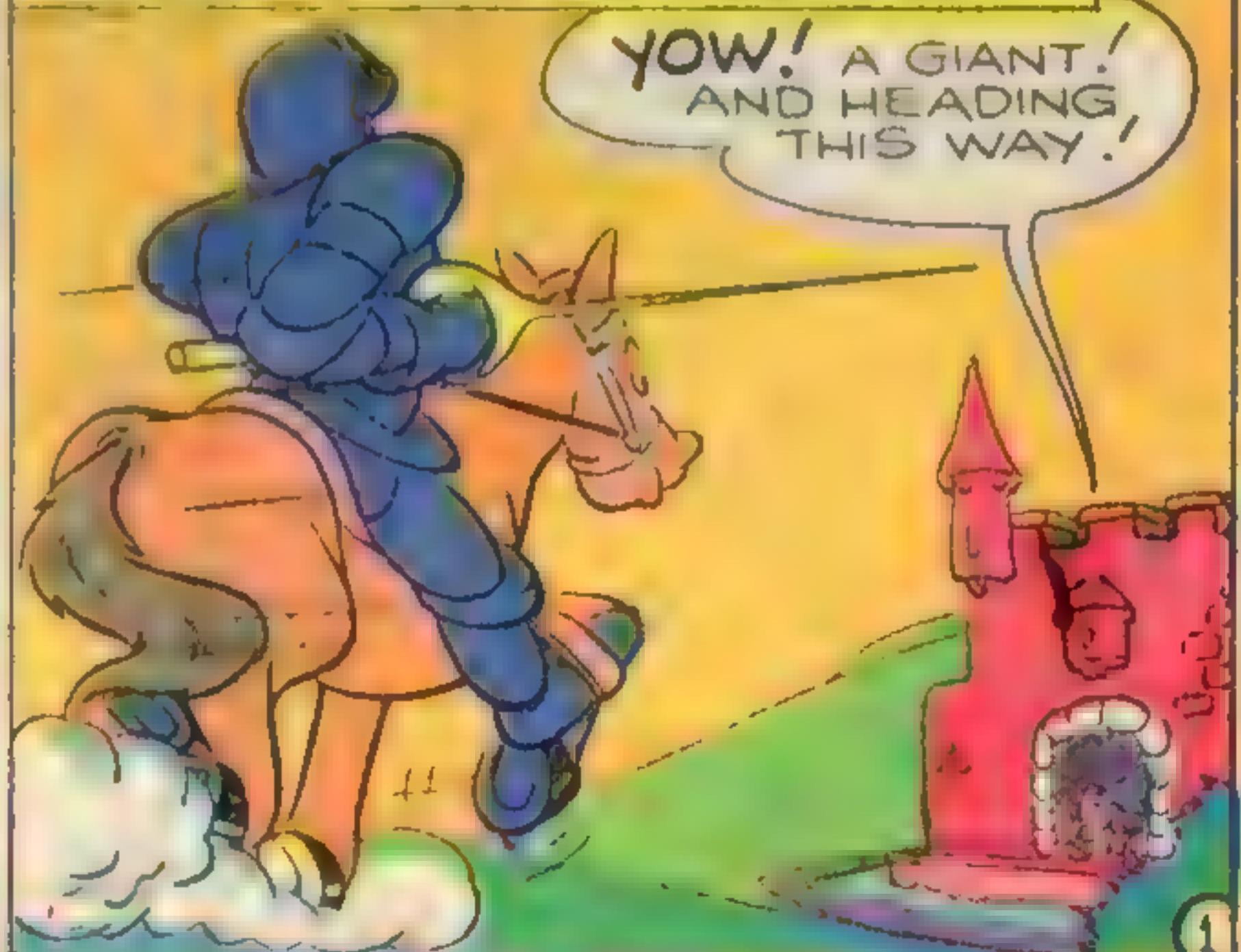
IT'S SIR SCRAMSELOT'S TURN TO STAND SENTRY DUTY ON THE DRAWBRIDGE TO KING OSCAR'S COURT...

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE YO-YO TO MAKE THE TIME PASS...

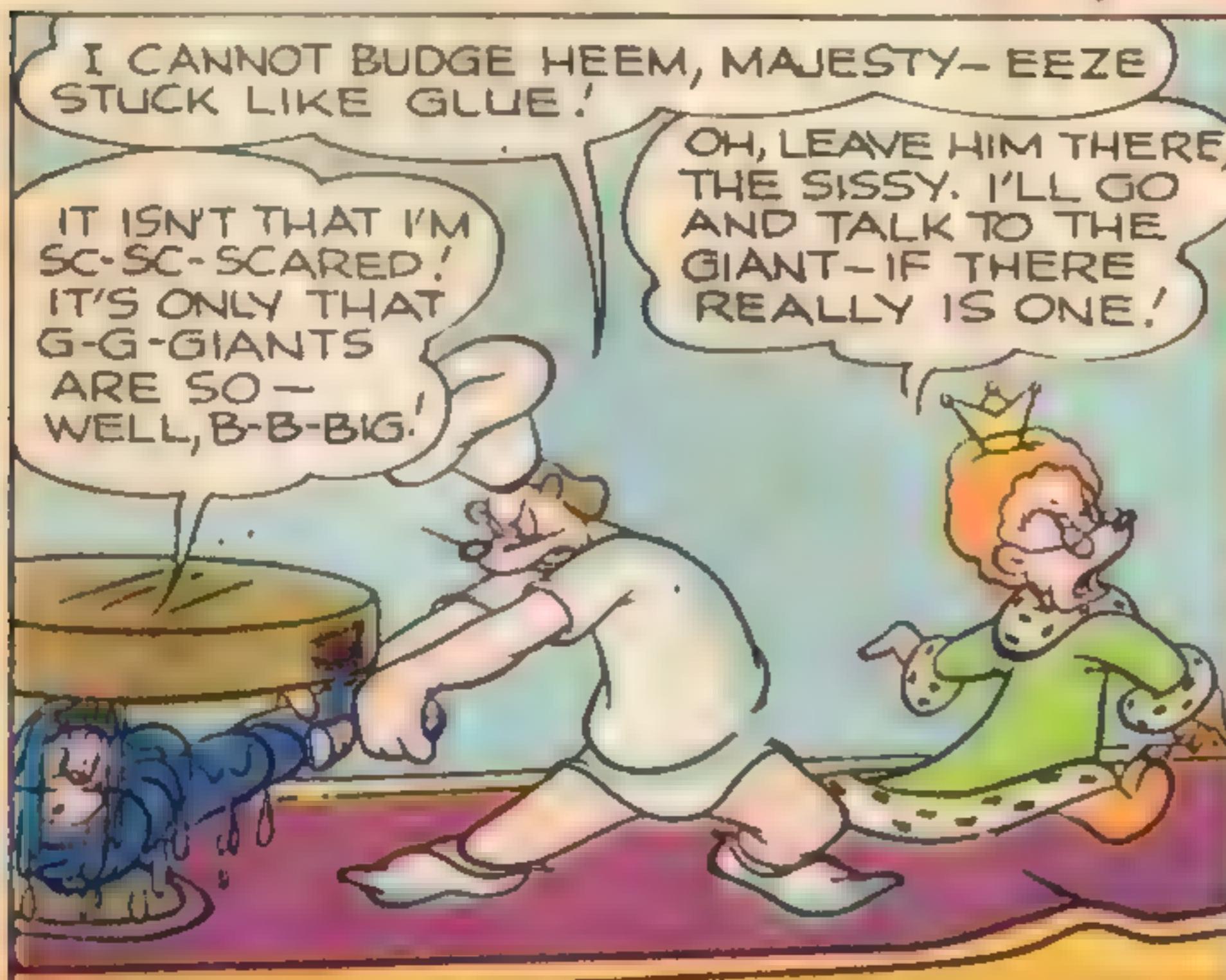
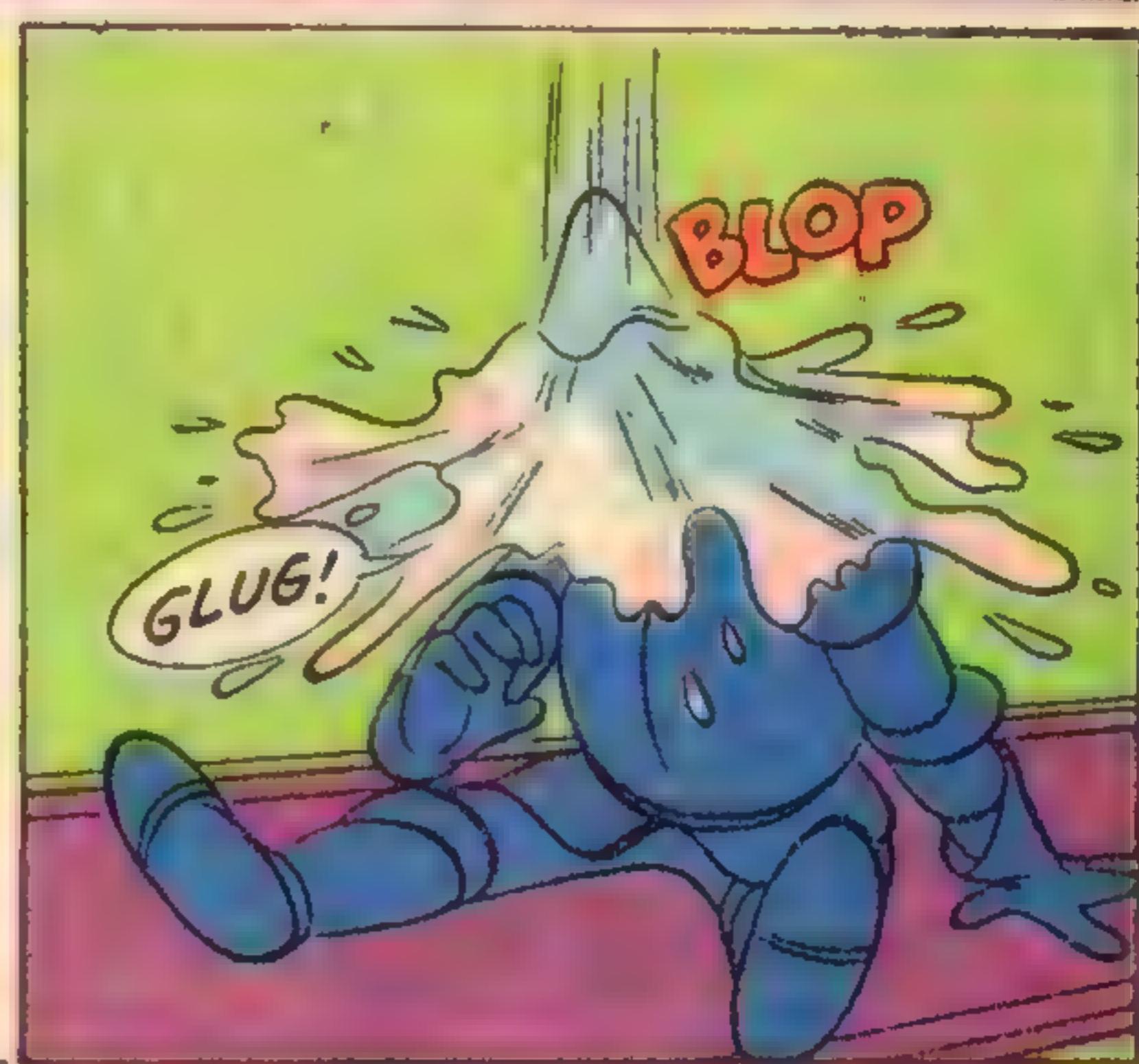
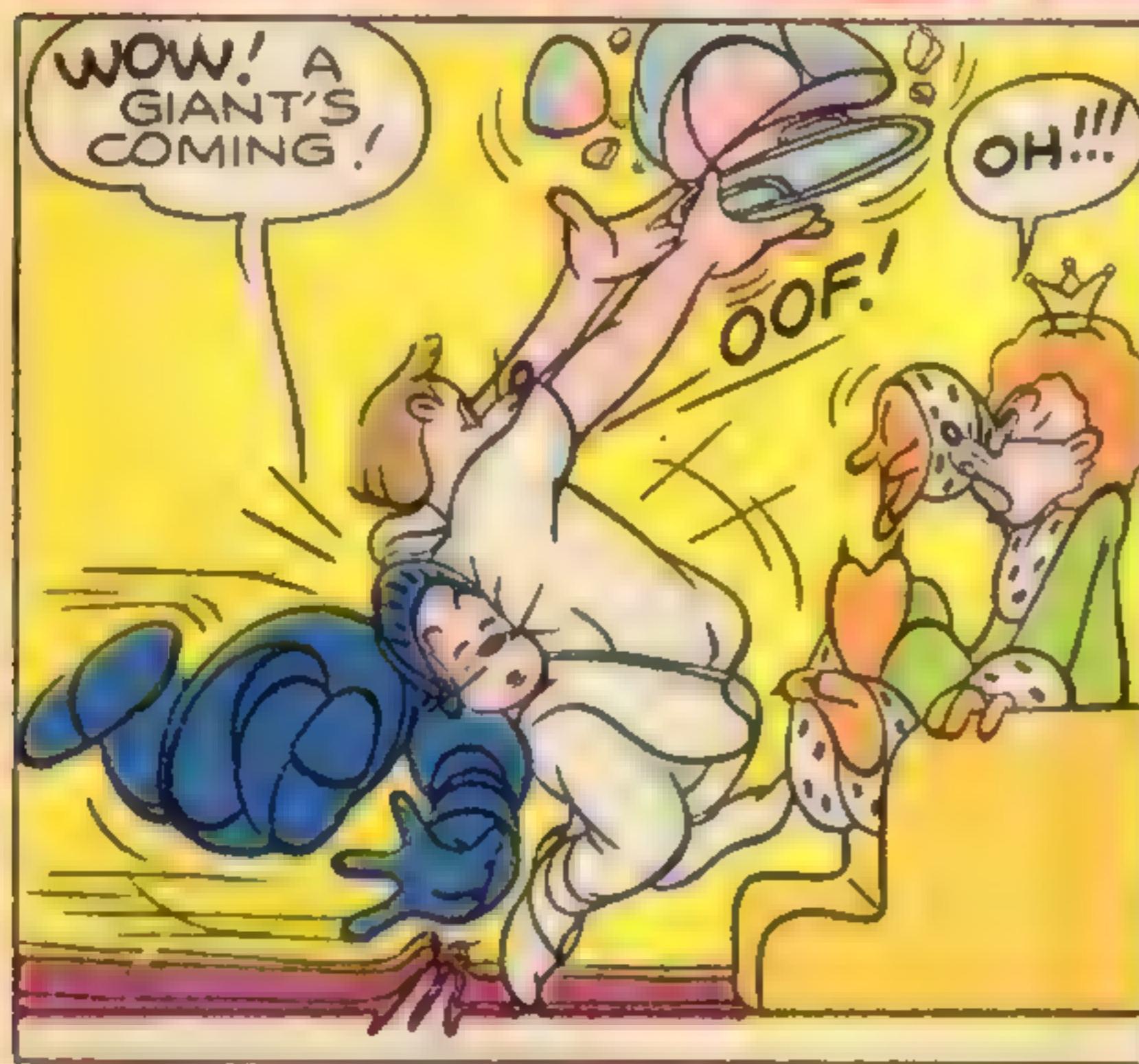
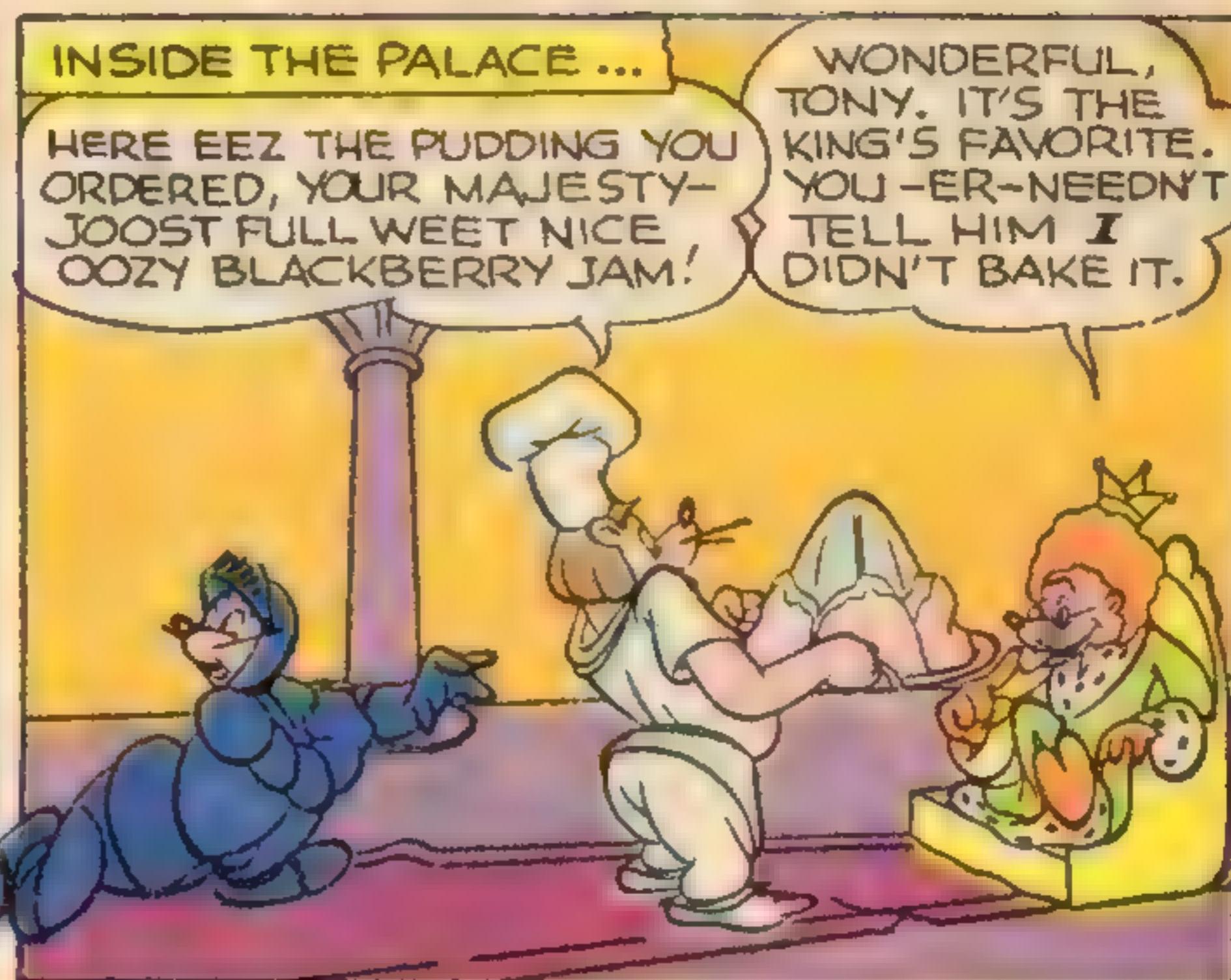
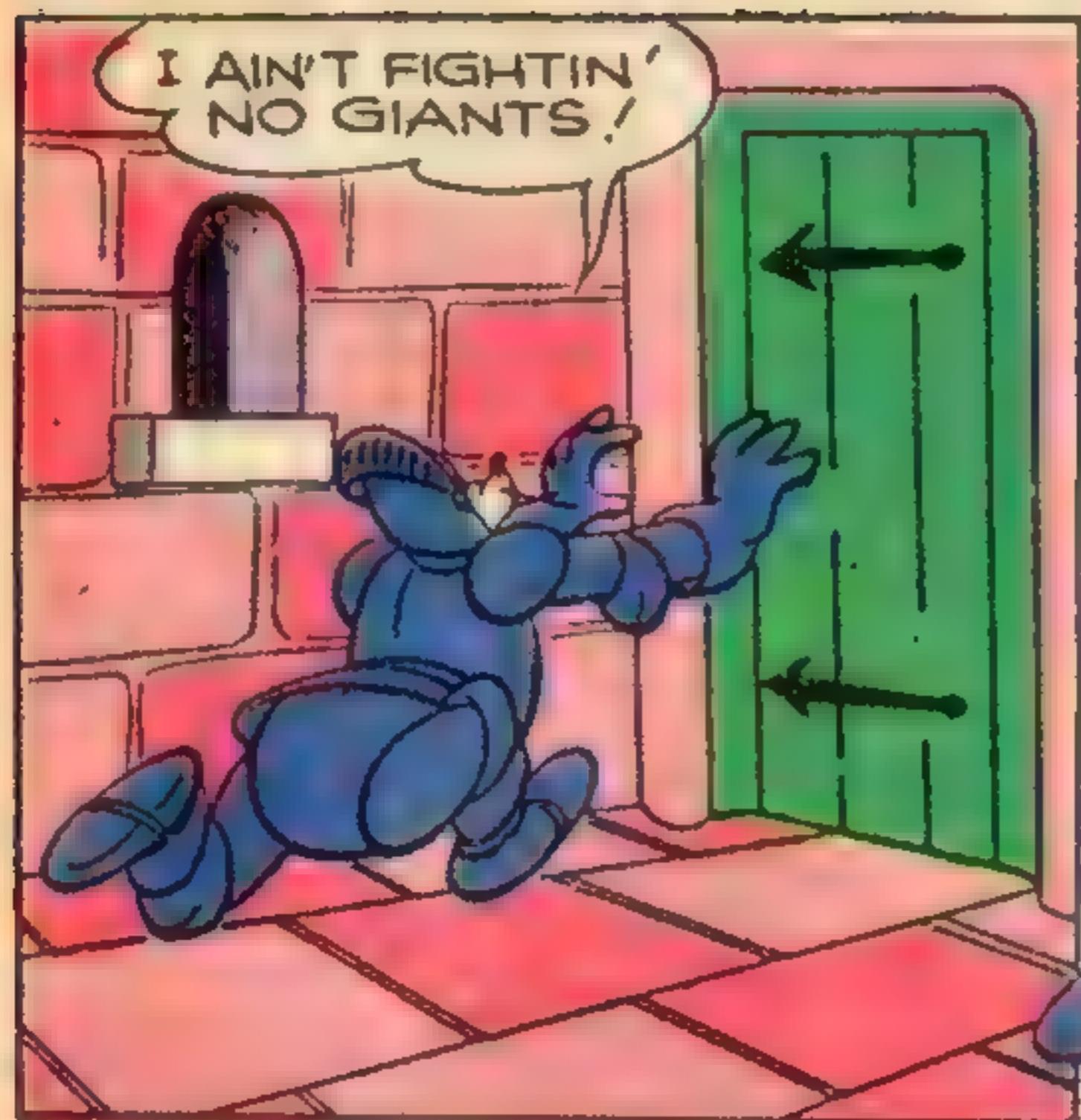


SUDDENLY, FROM THE WESTWARD...

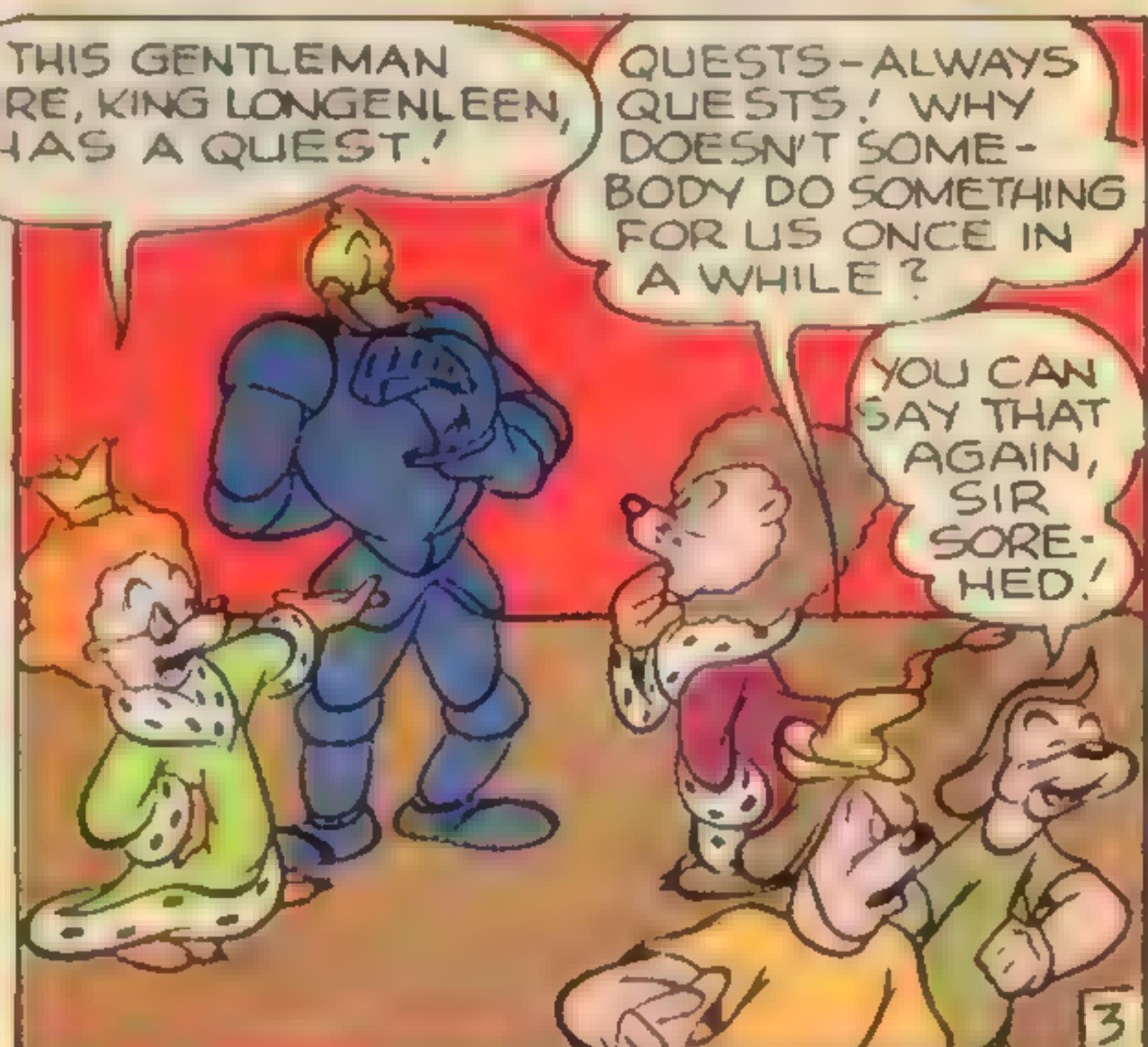
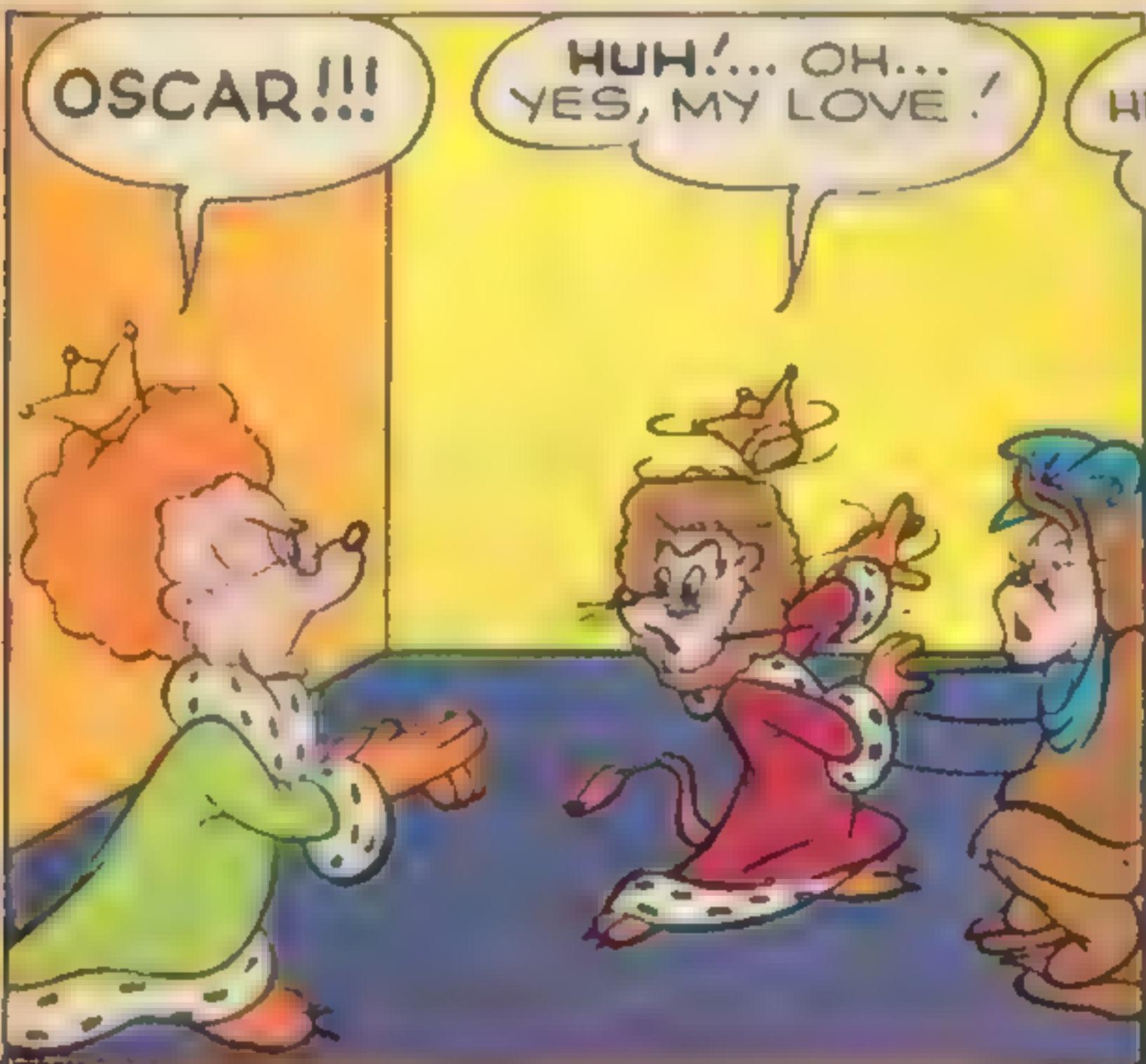
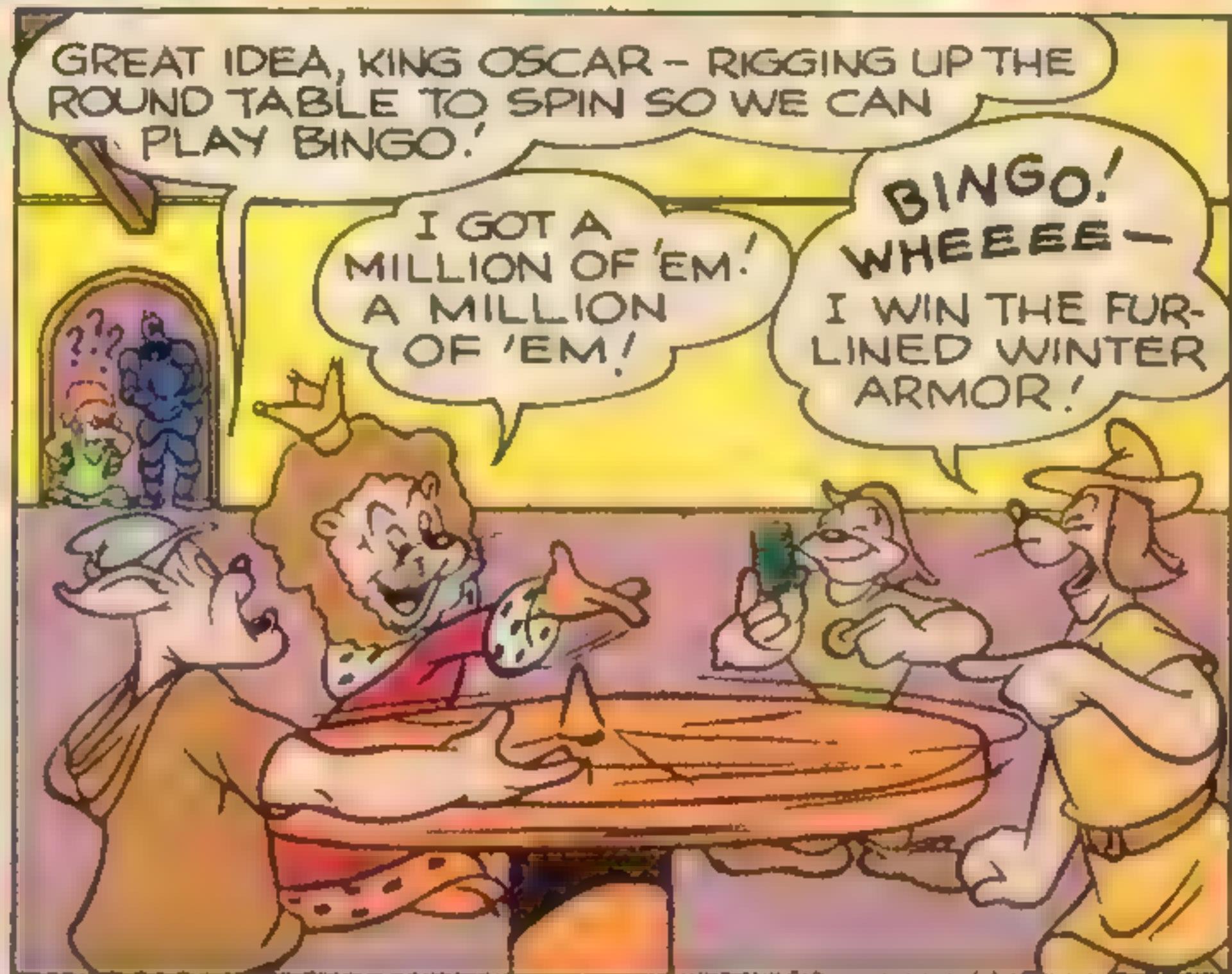
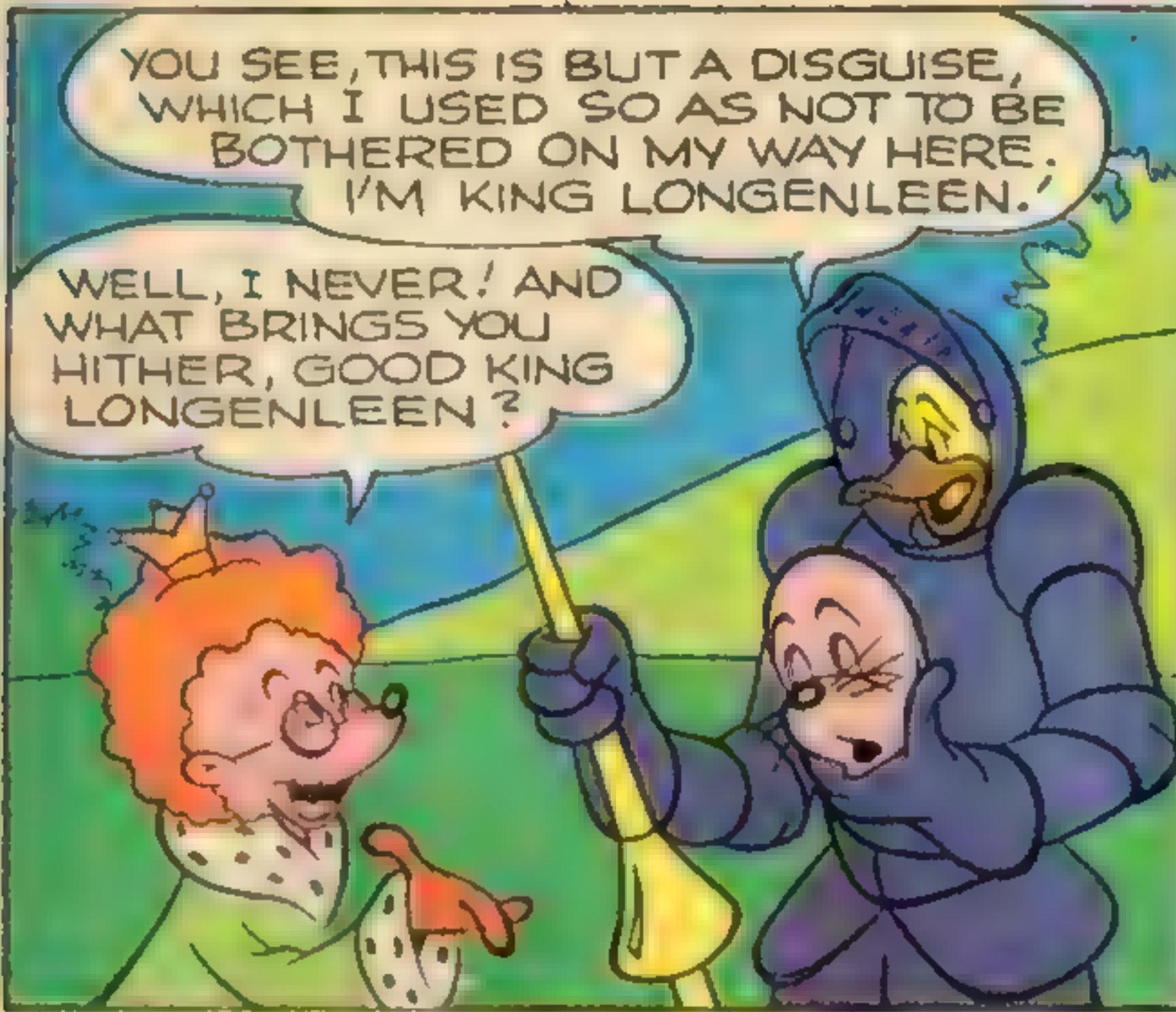
YOW! A GIANT! AND HEADING THIS WAY!



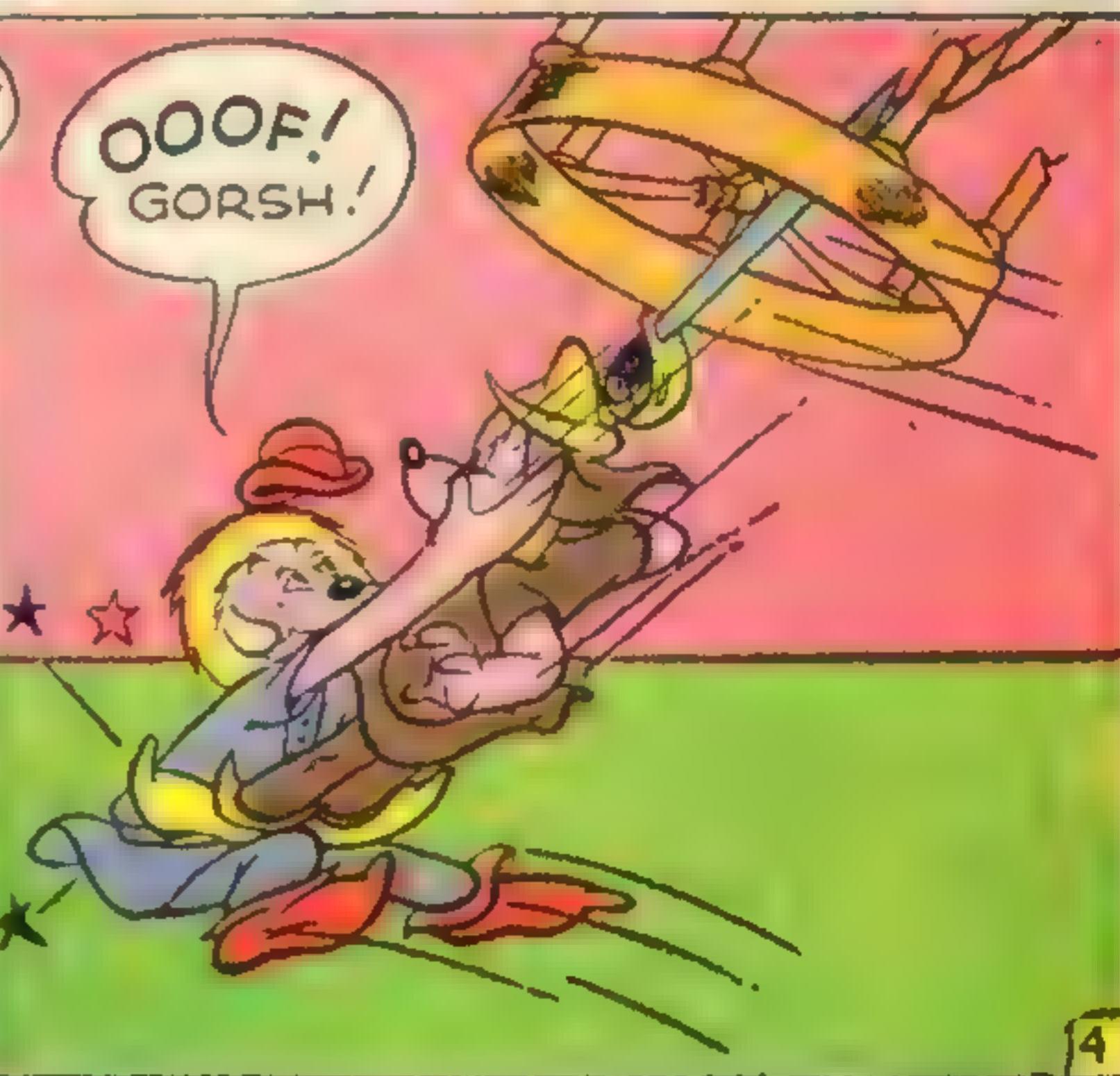
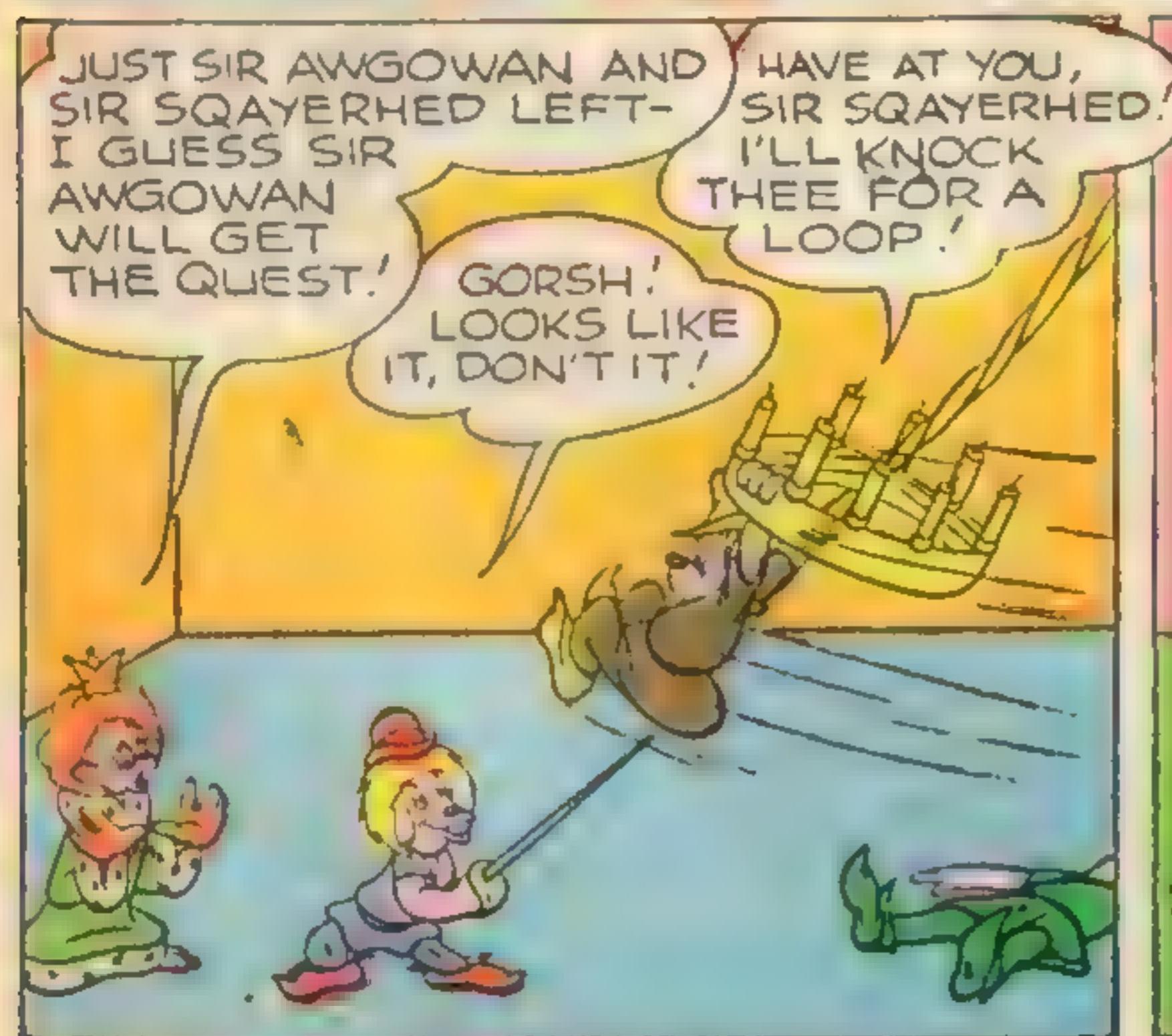
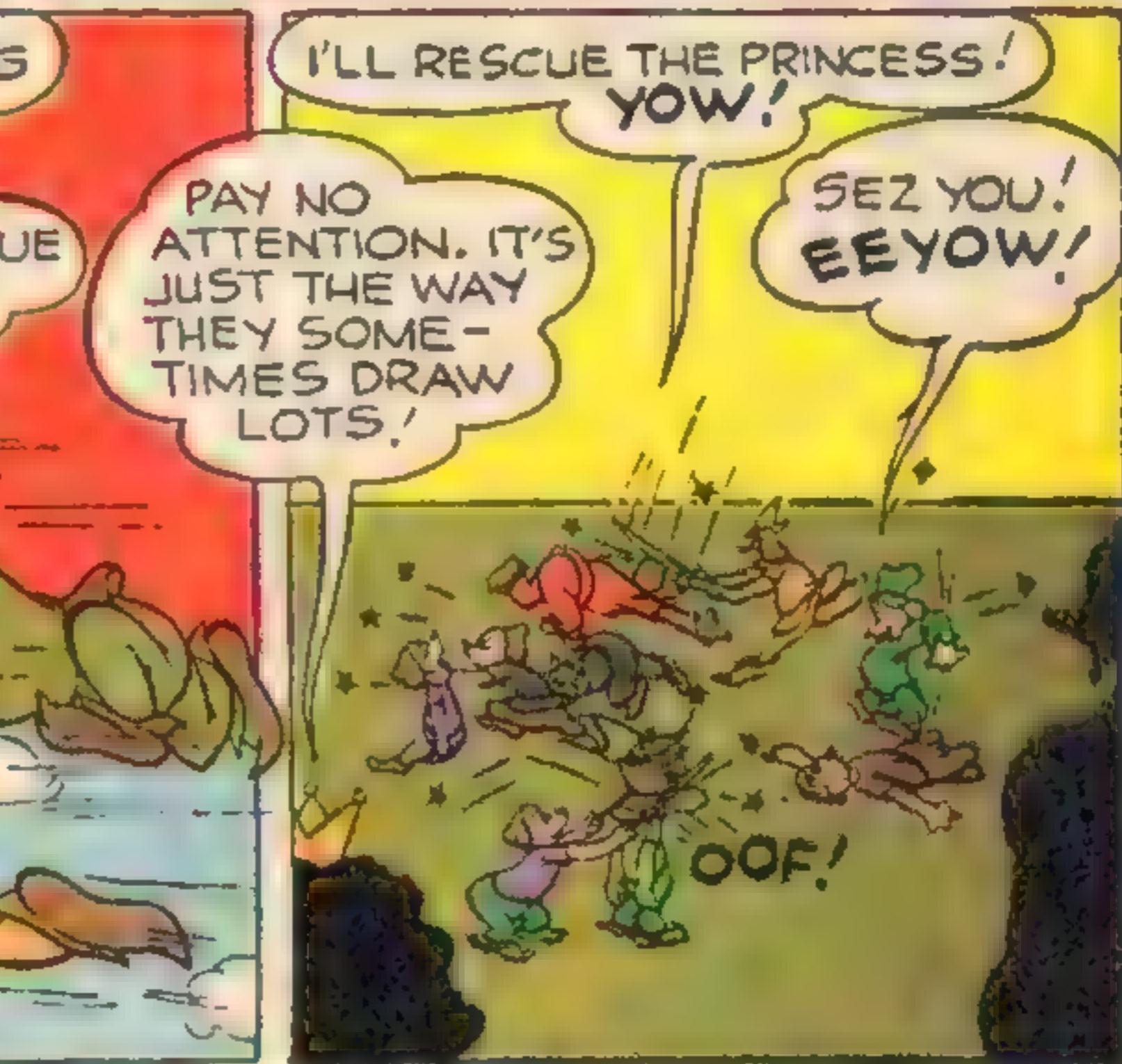
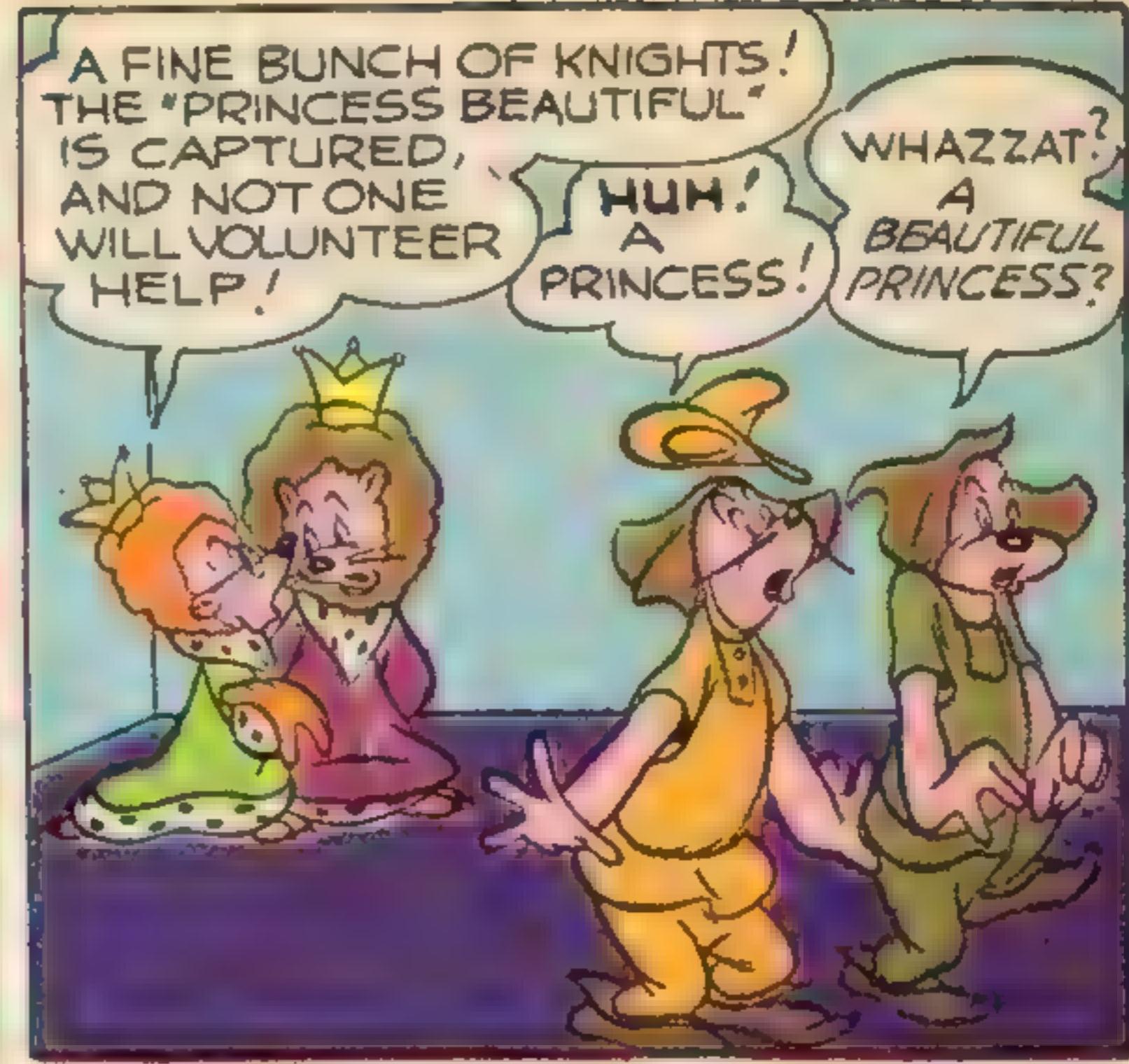
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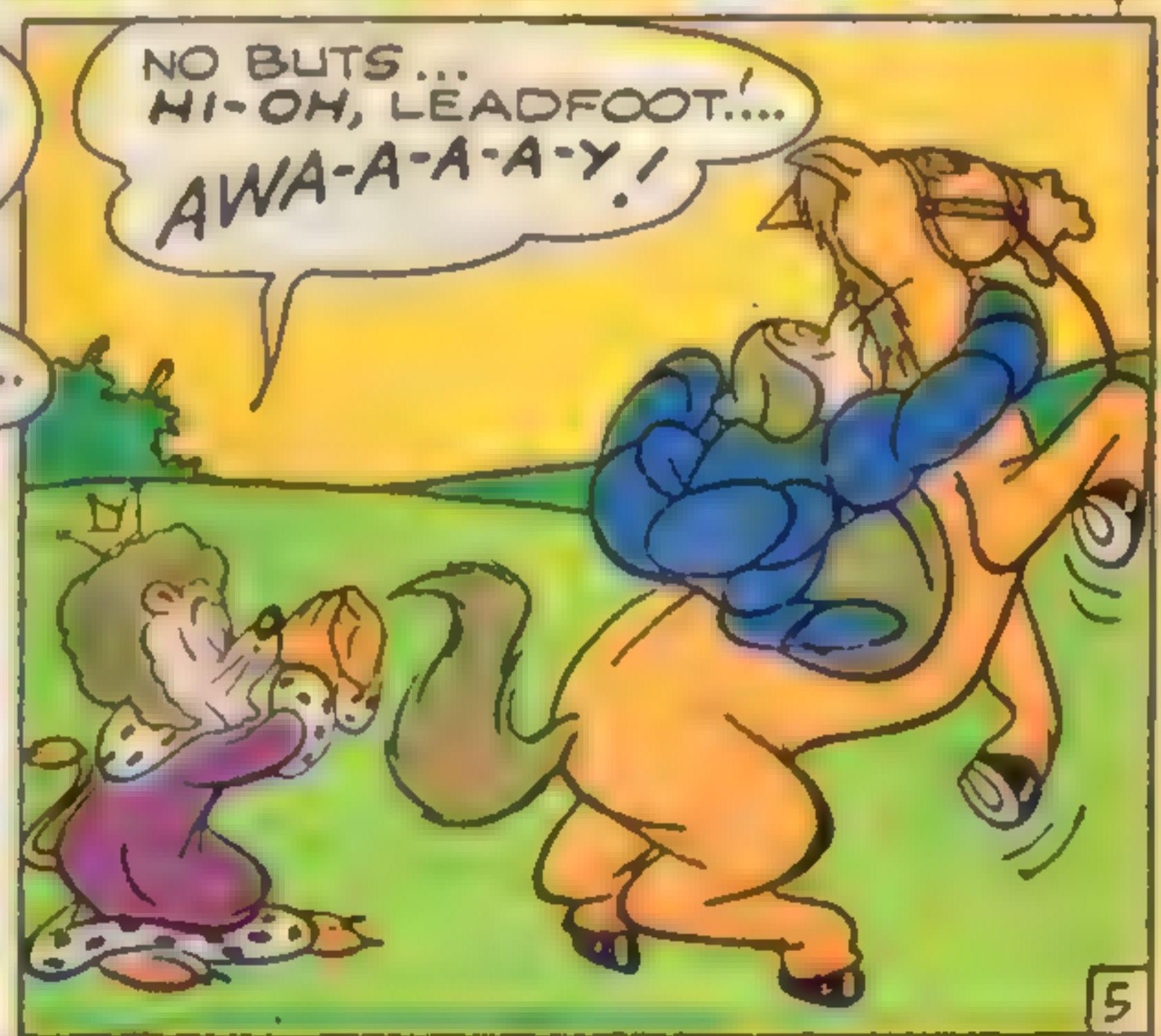
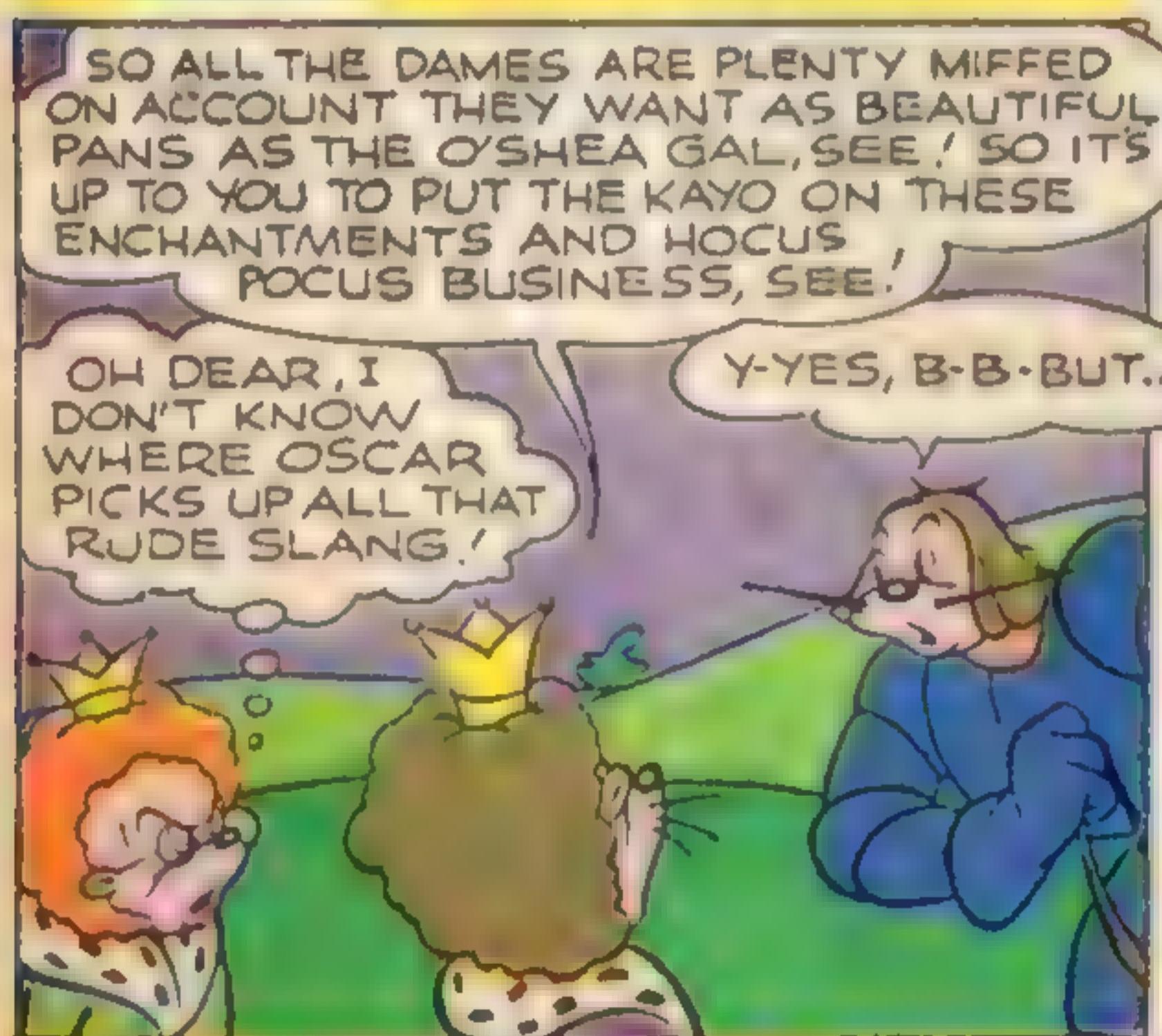
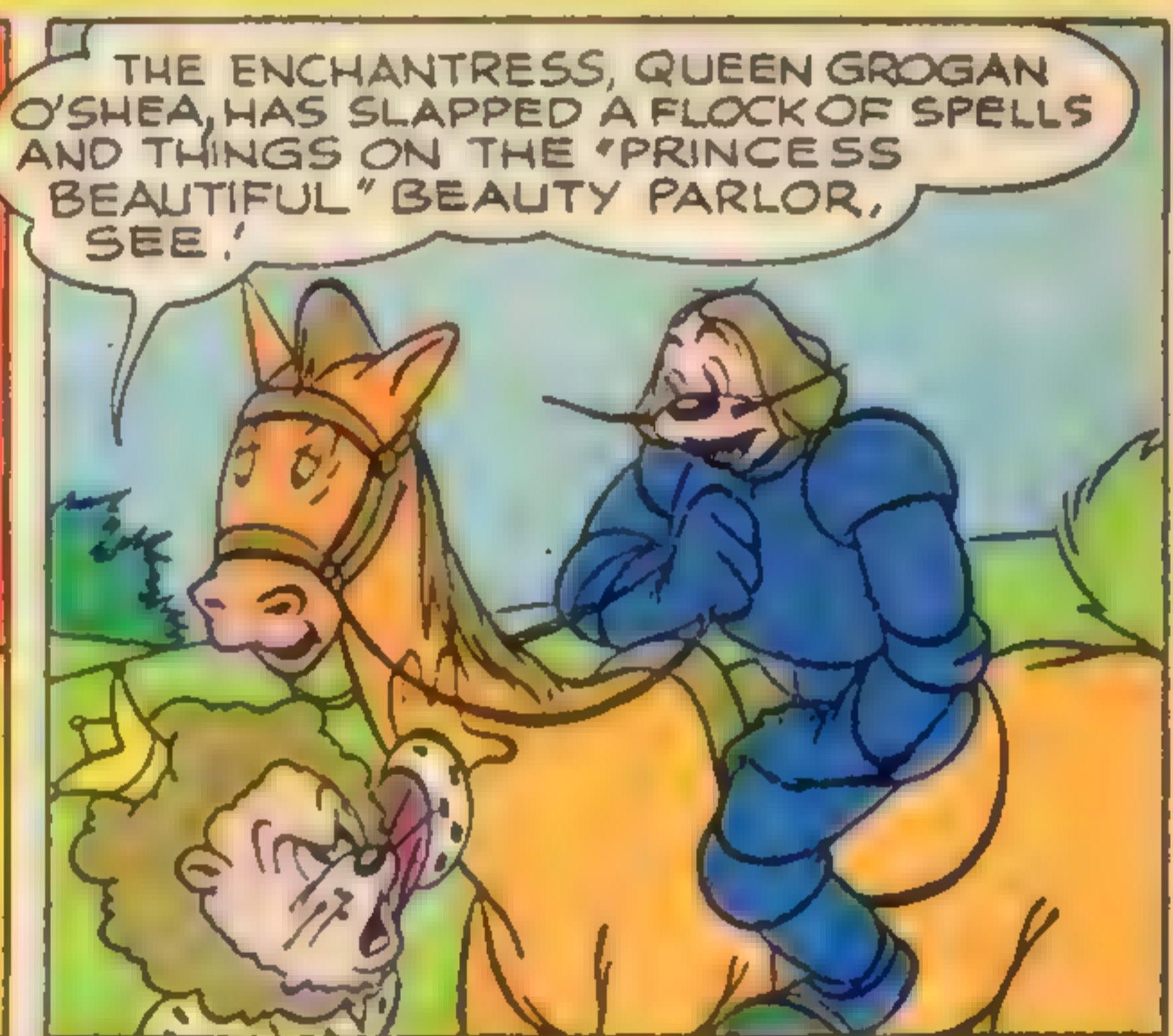
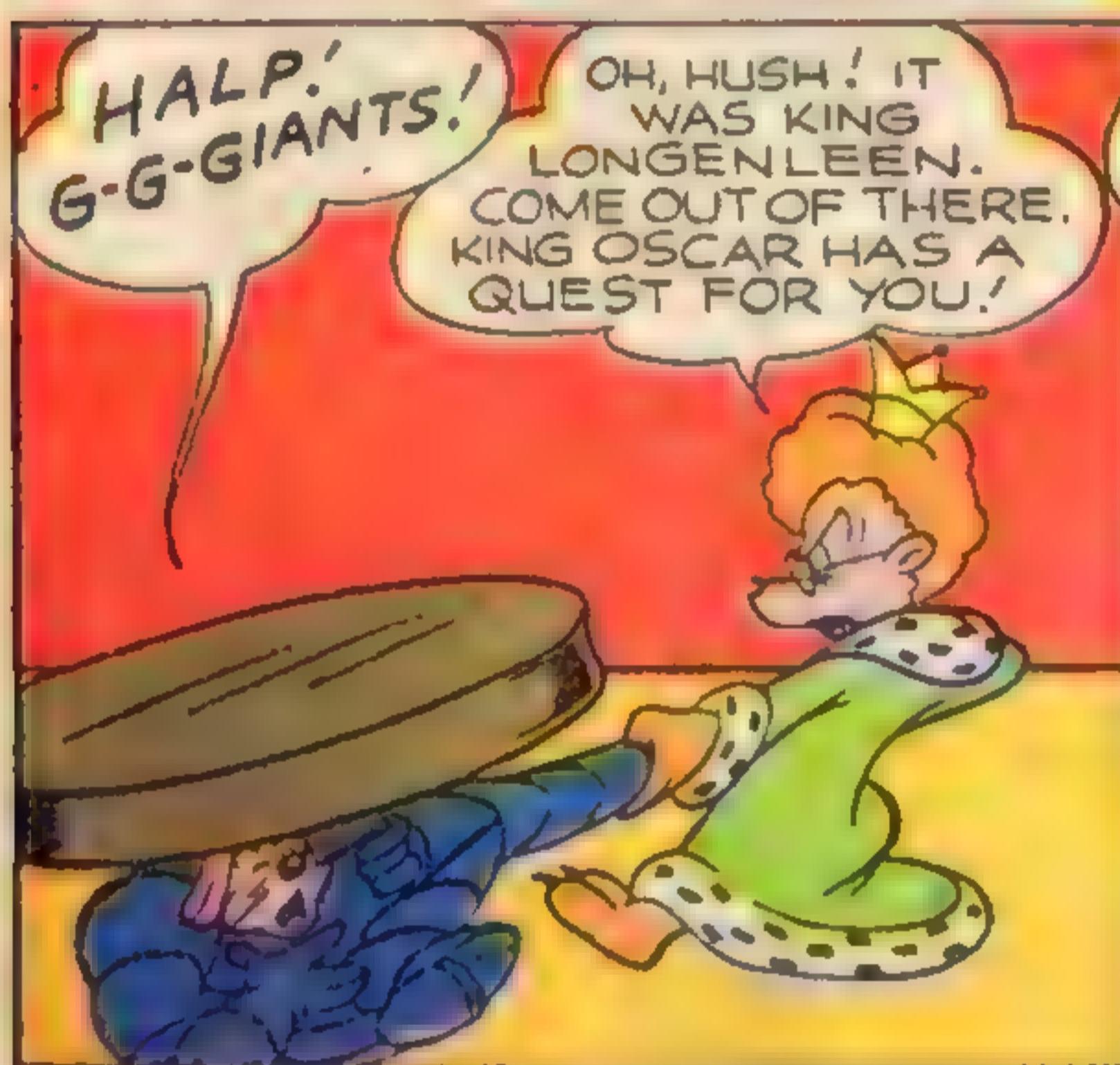
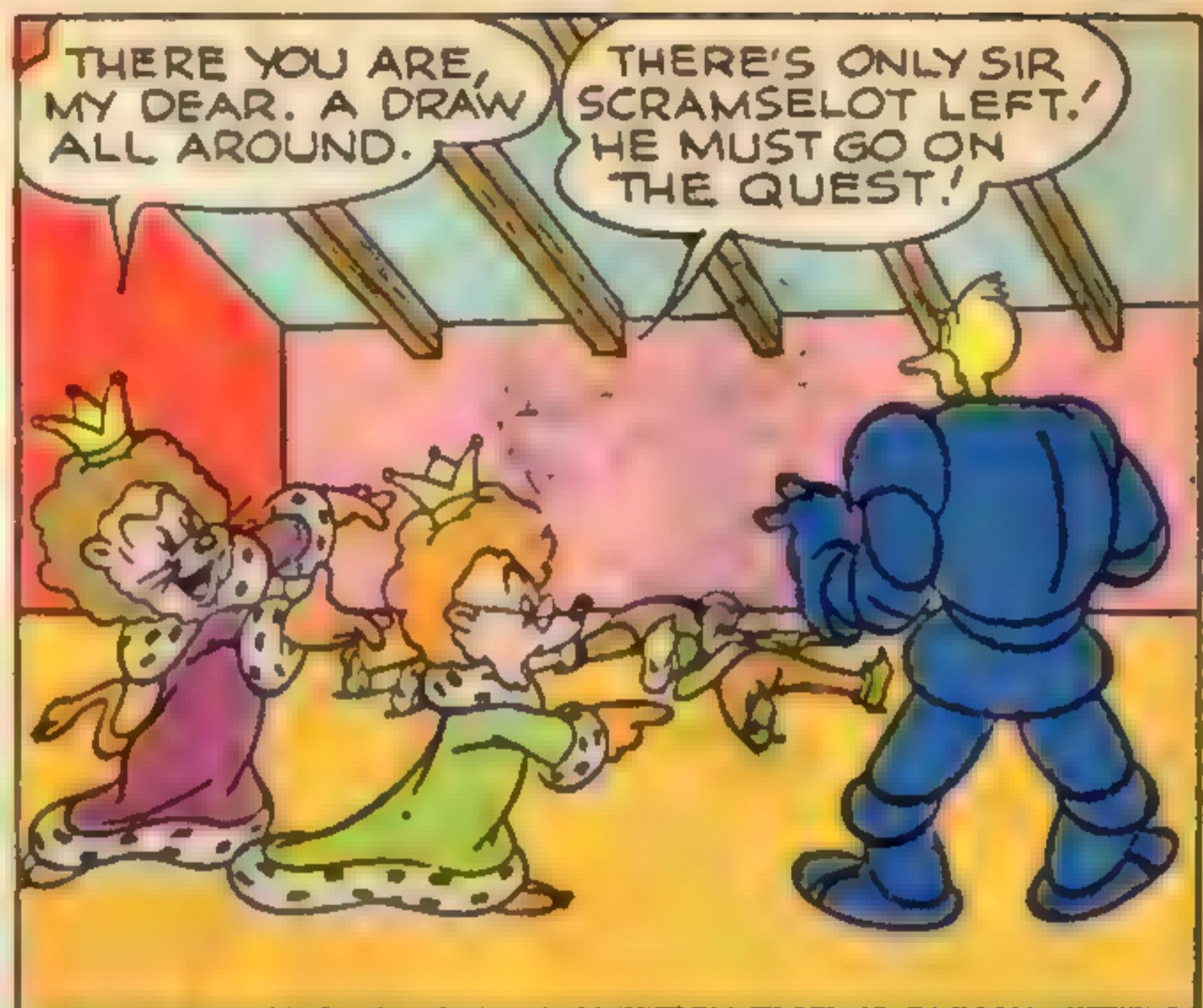
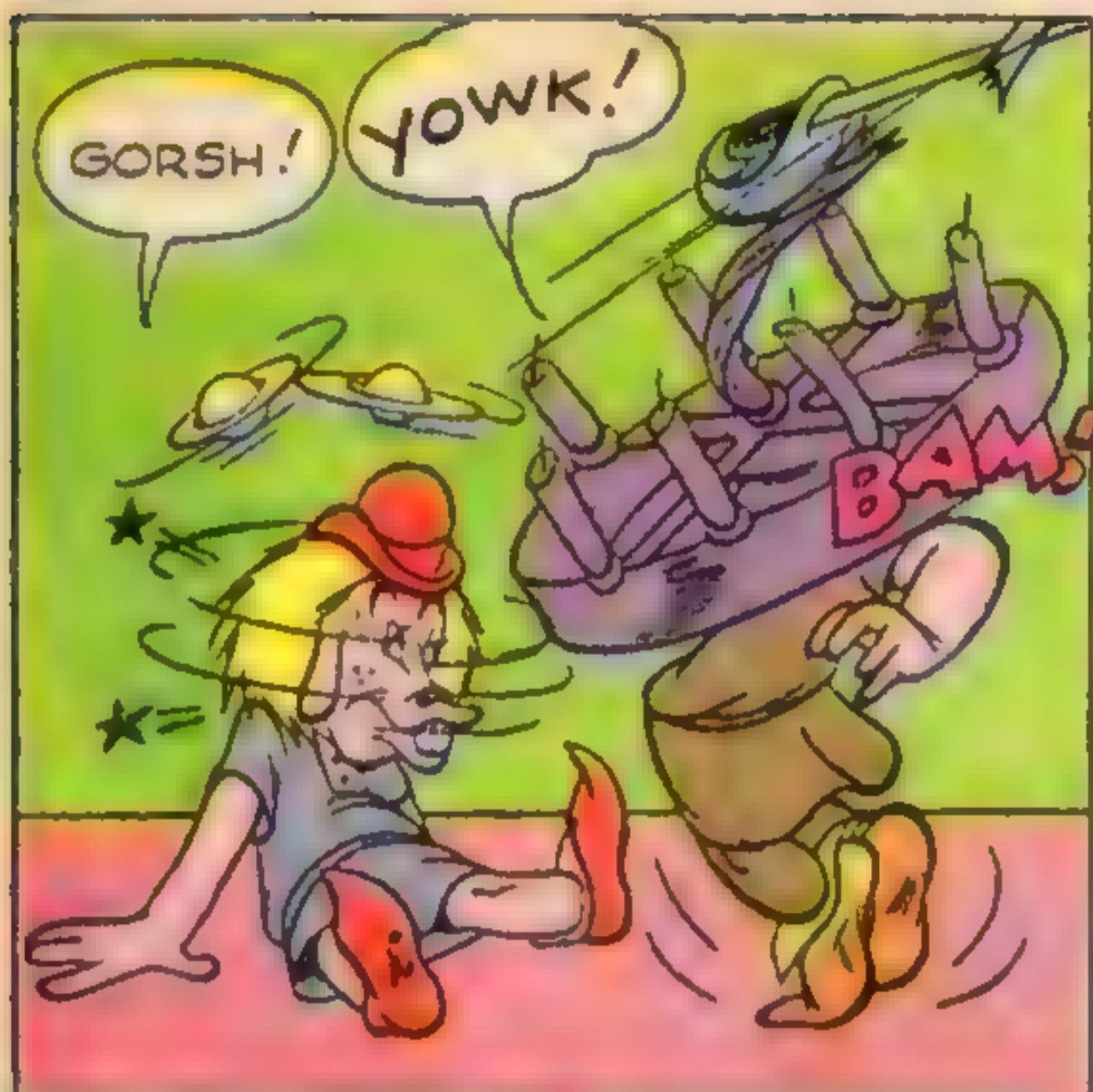


# LEADING COMICS



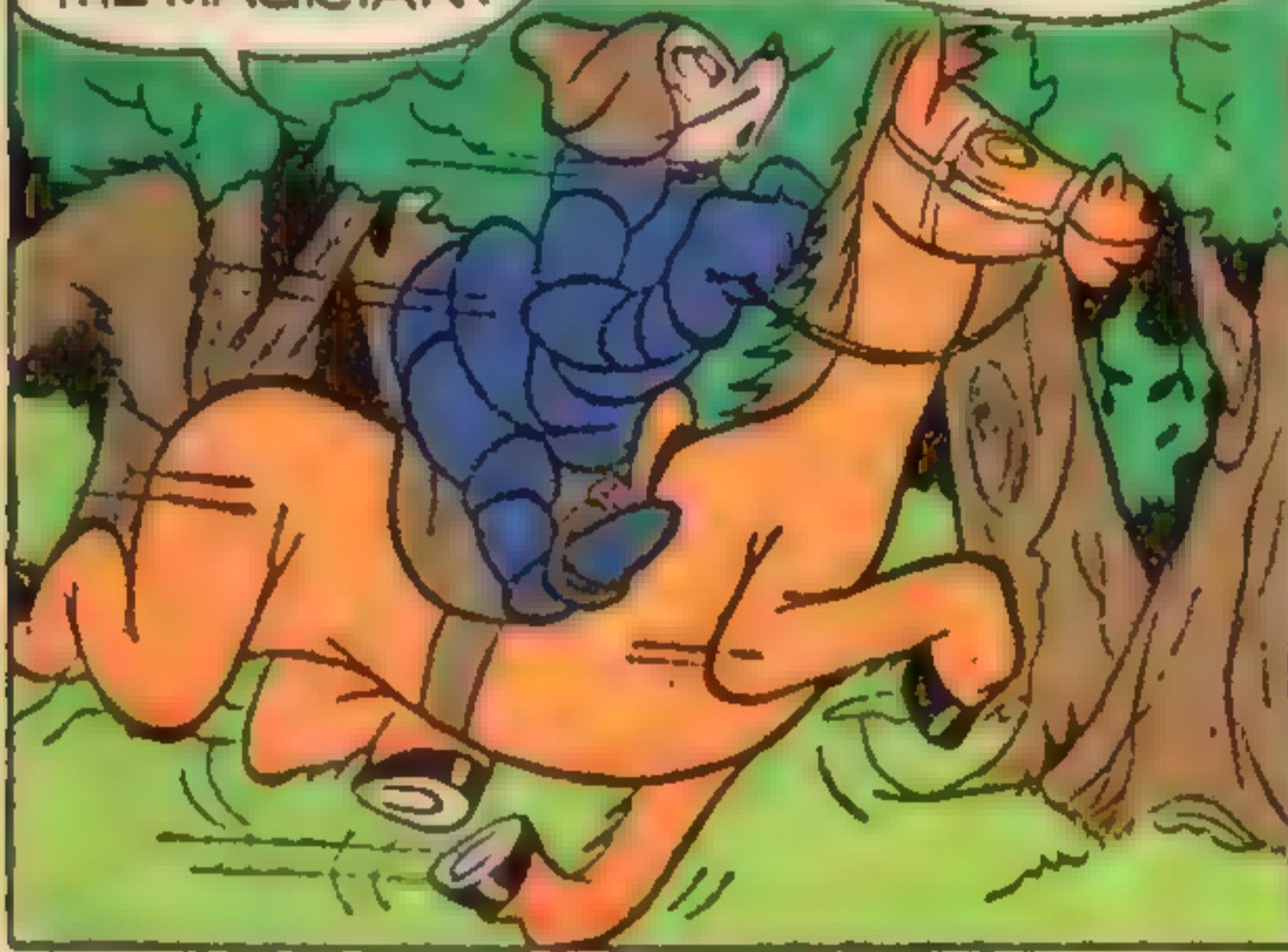
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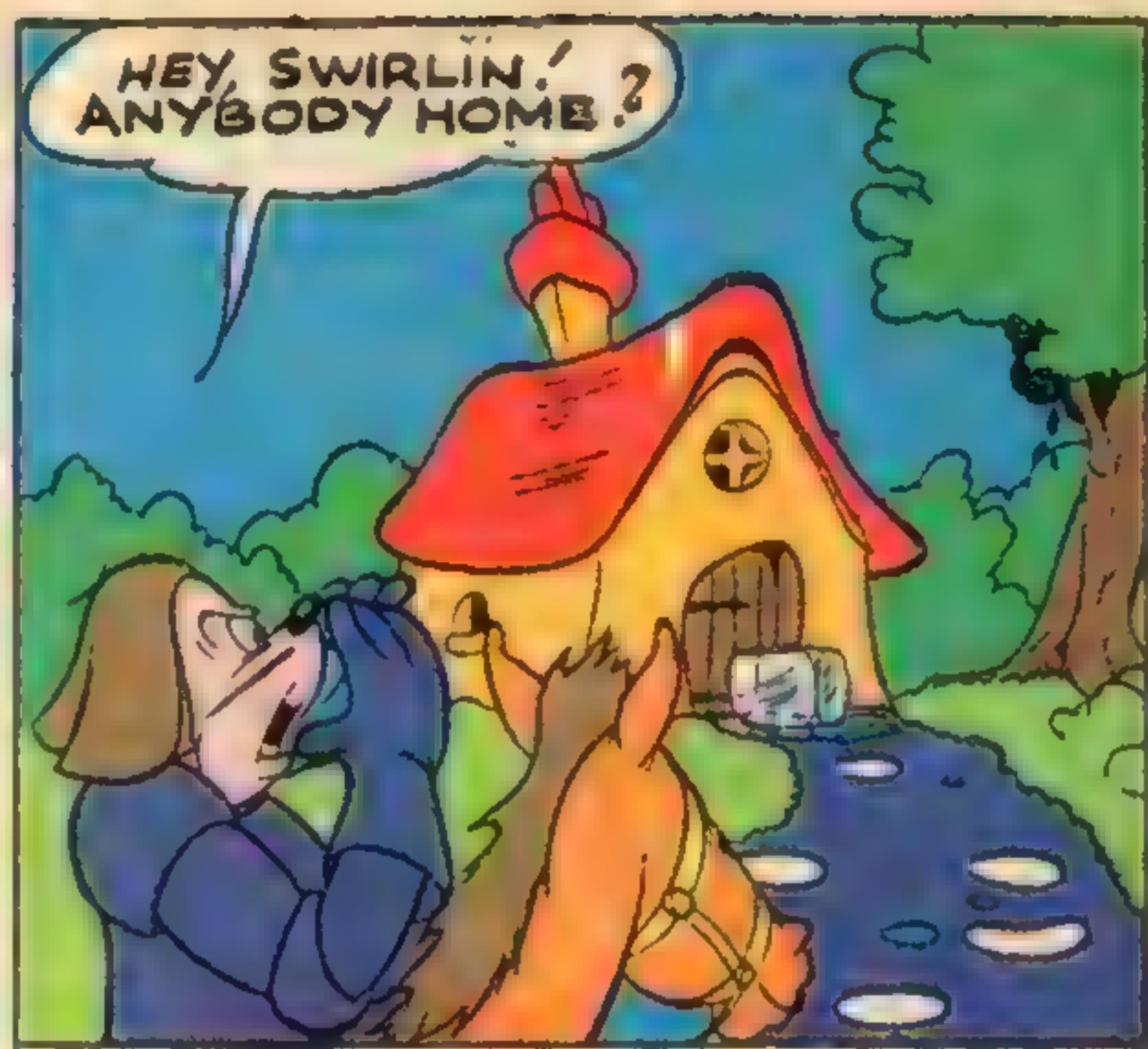


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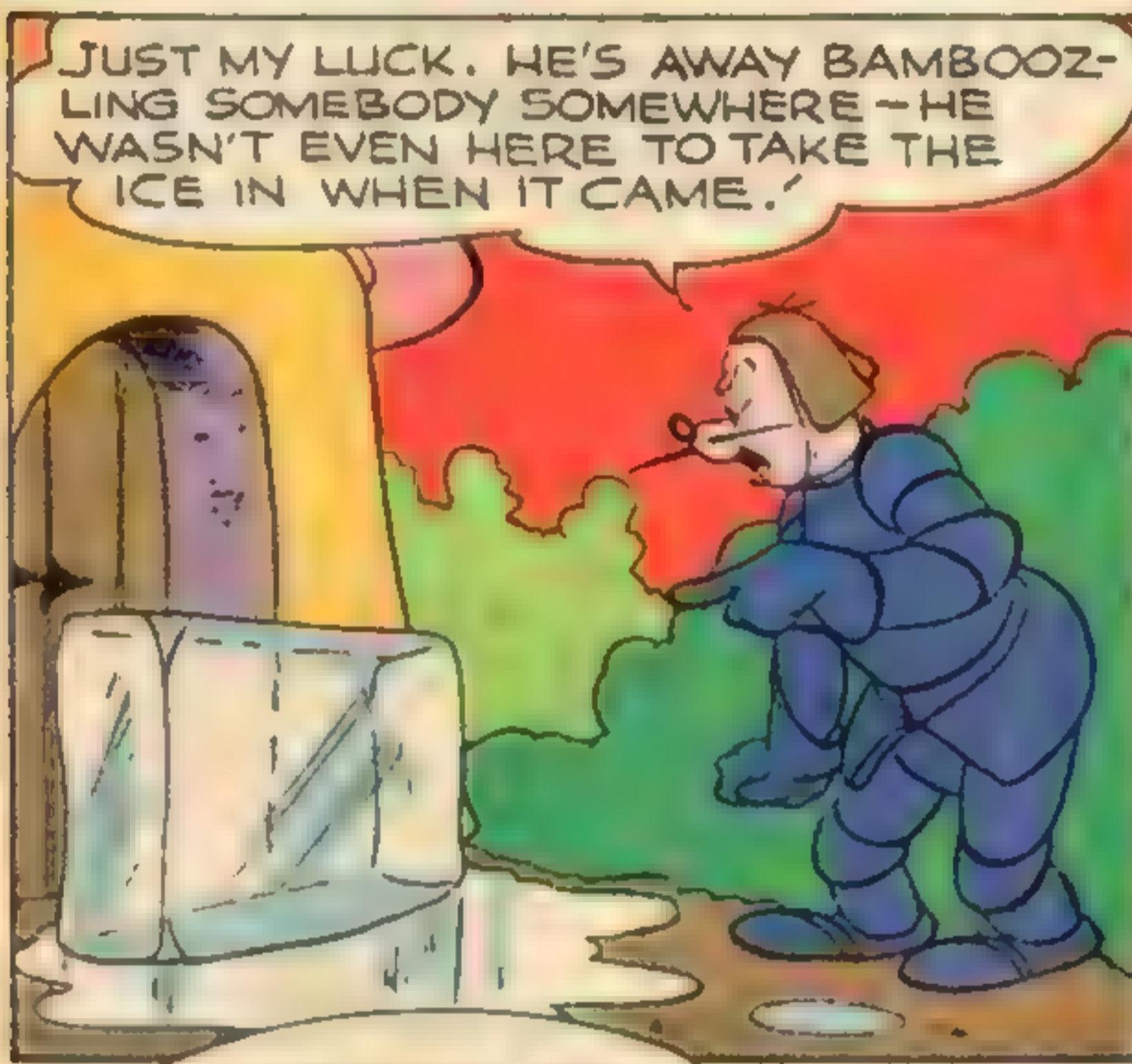
HOW CAN A FELLOW GO ABOUT BUSTING UP THE SPELLS AROUND AN ENCHANTED BEAUTY SHOPPE? I'LL GO ASK SWIRLIN THE MAGICIAN!



HEY SWIRLIN! ANYBODY HOME?

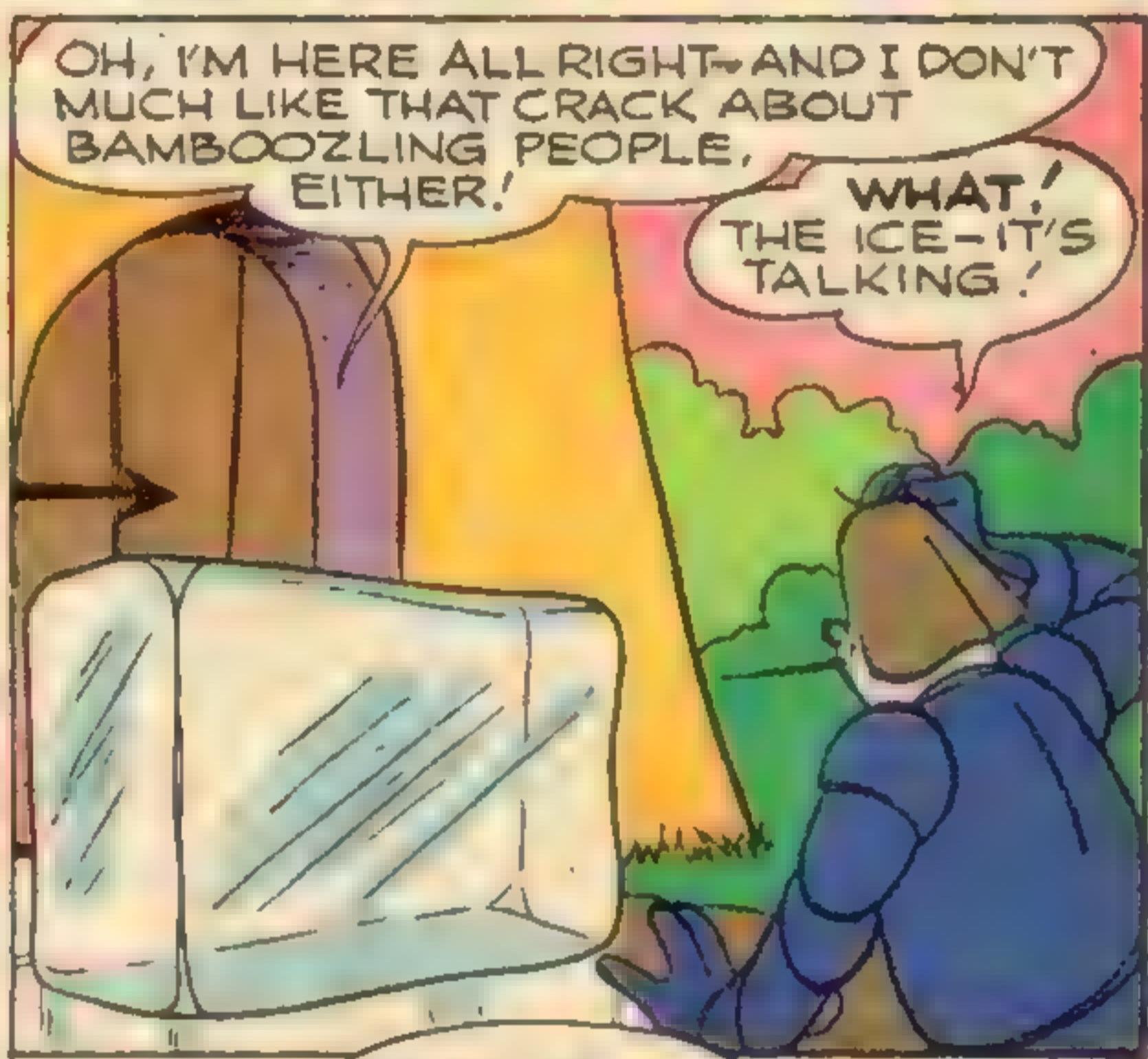


JUST MY LUCK. HE'S AWAY BAMBOOZLING SOMEBODY SOMEWHERE - HE WASN'T EVEN HERE TO TAKE THE ICE IN WHEN IT CAME!



OH, I'M HERE ALL RIGHT - AND I DON'T MUCH LIKE THAT CRACK ABOUT BAMBOOZLING PEOPLE, EITHER!

WHAT! THE ICE - IT'S TALKING!



IT - IT'S SWIRLING - WHY IT'S SWIRLIN HIMSELF!

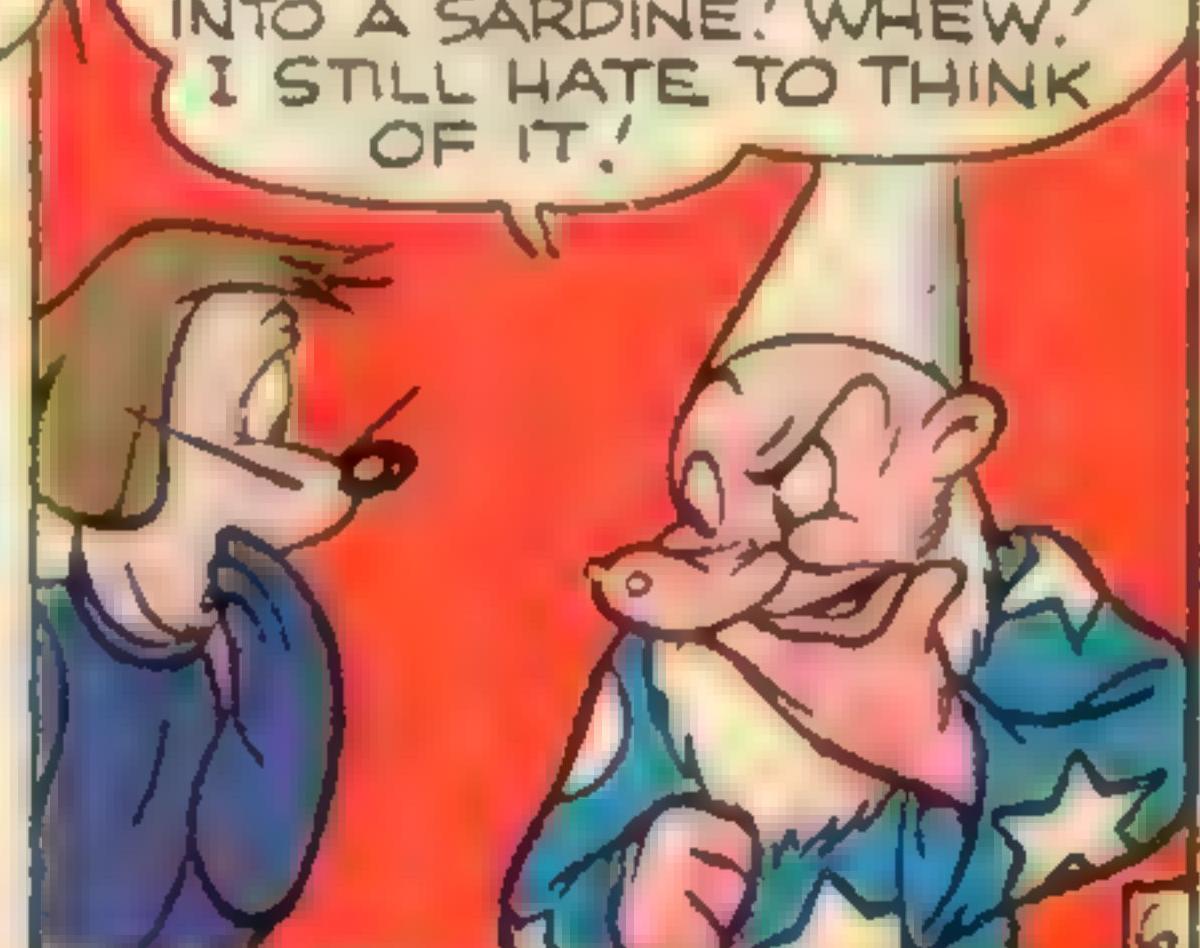
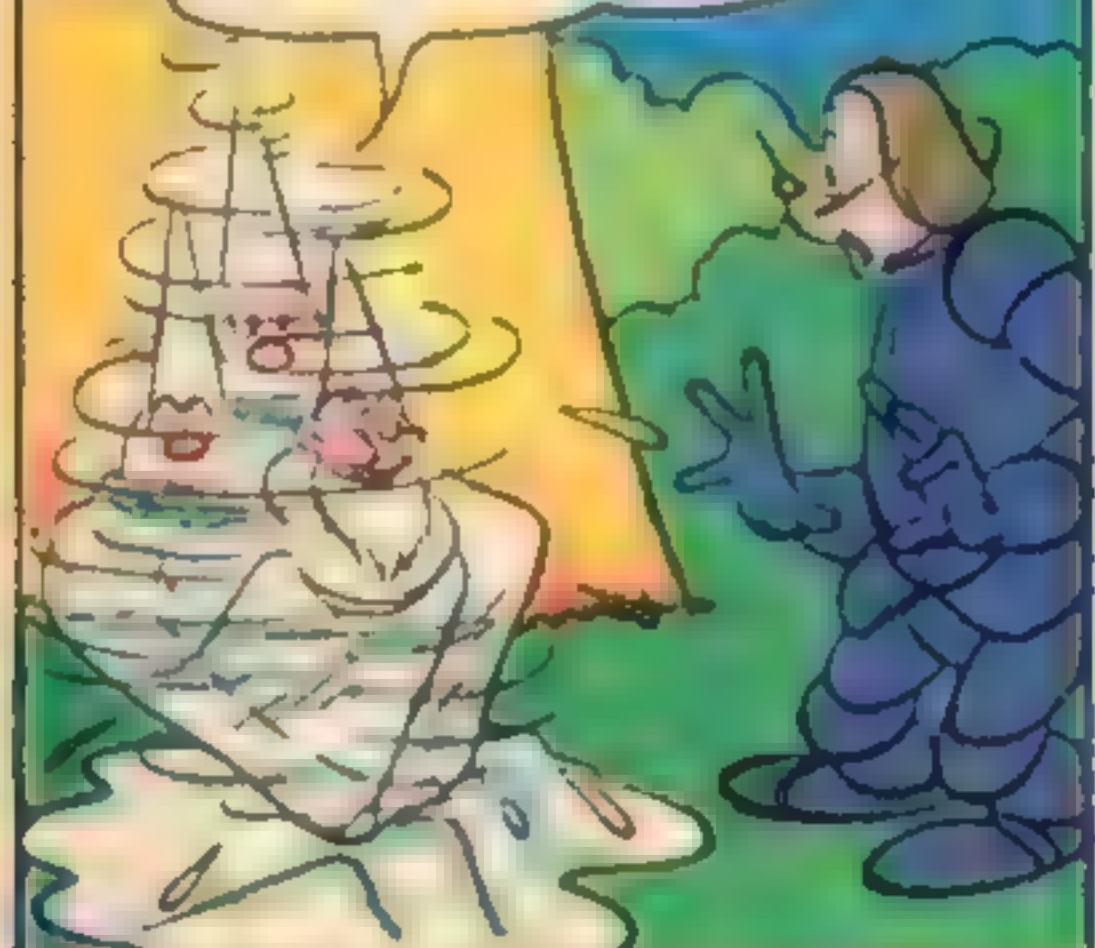
ALL RIGHT. HERE I AM. NOW WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED?

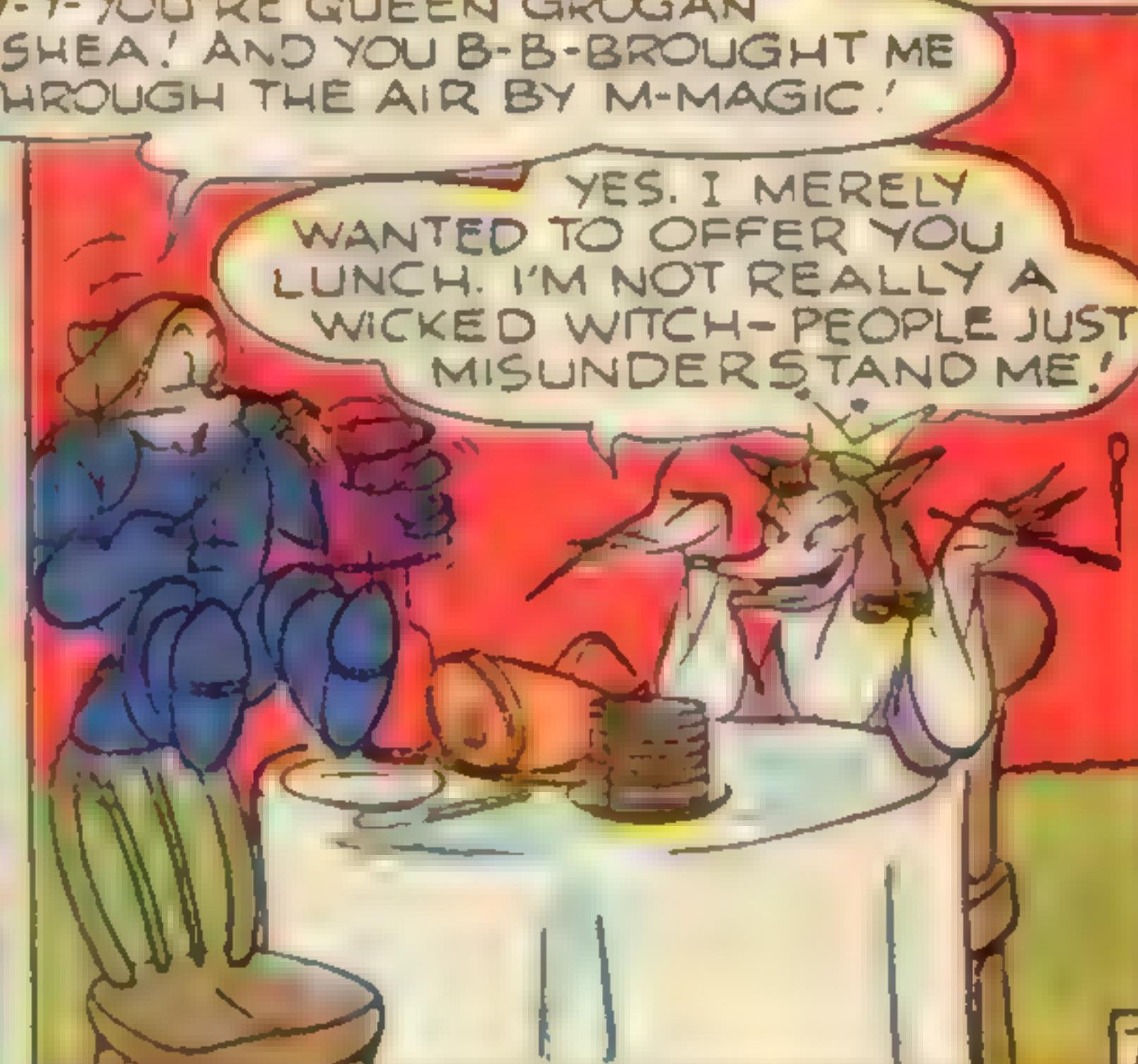
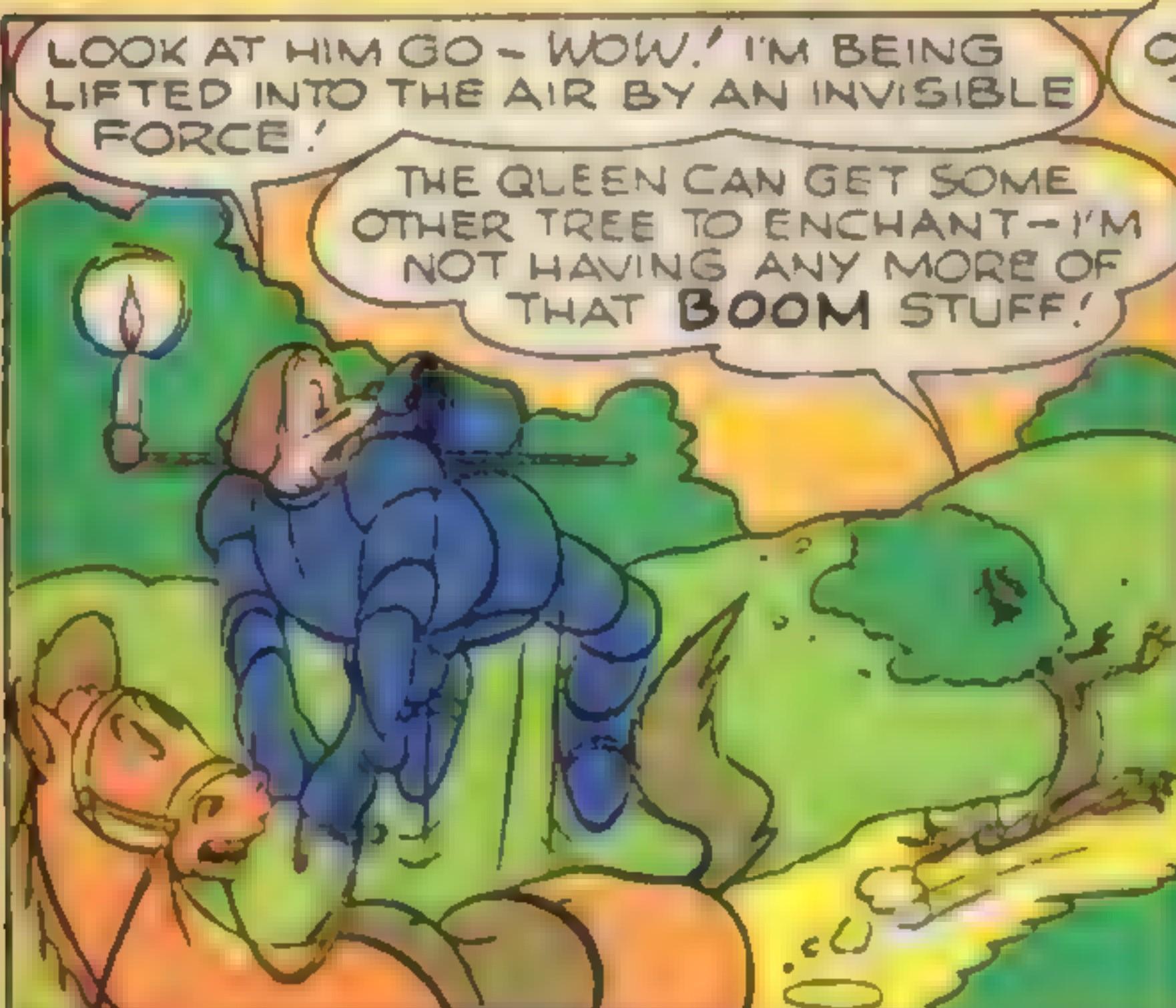
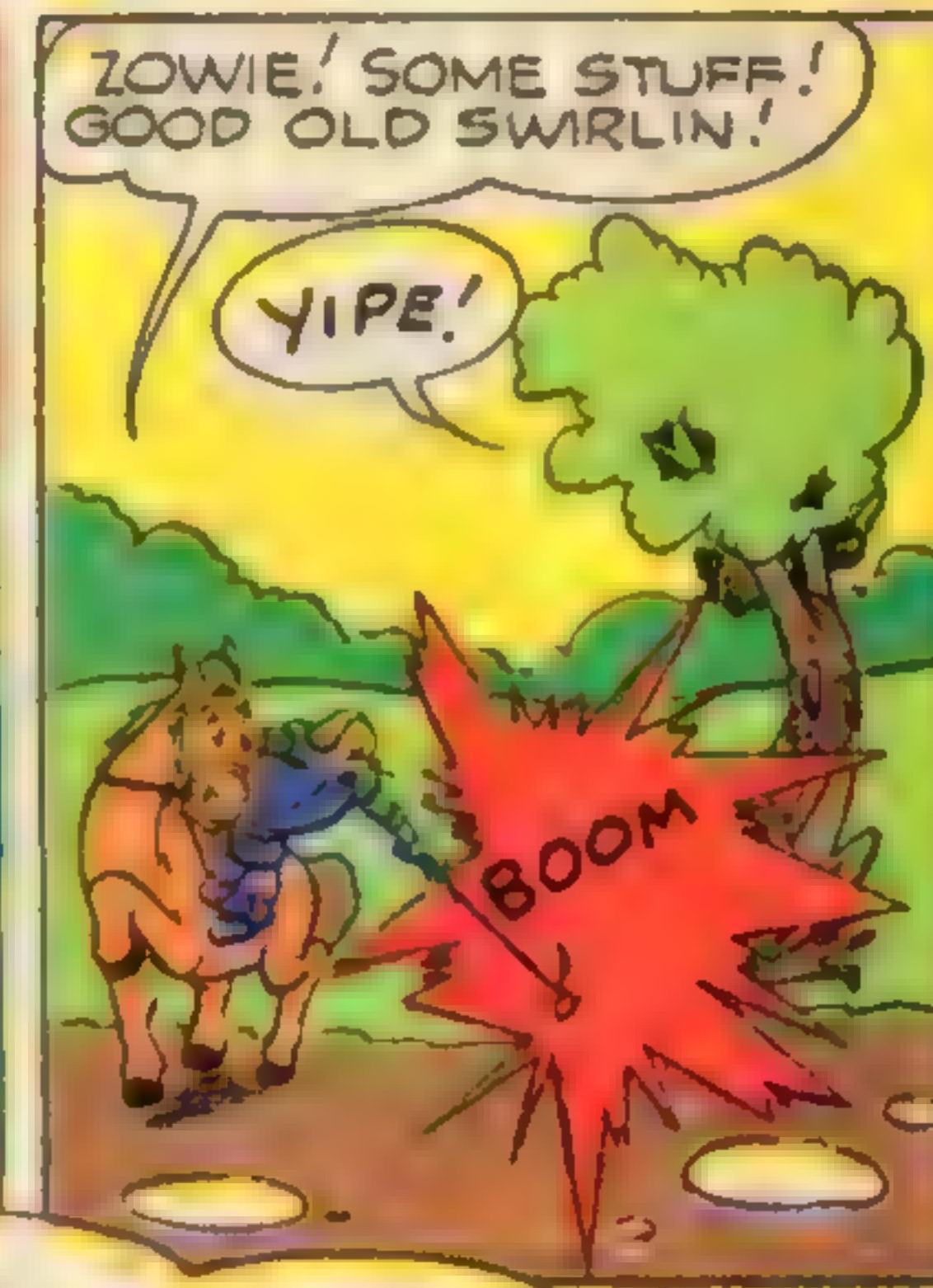
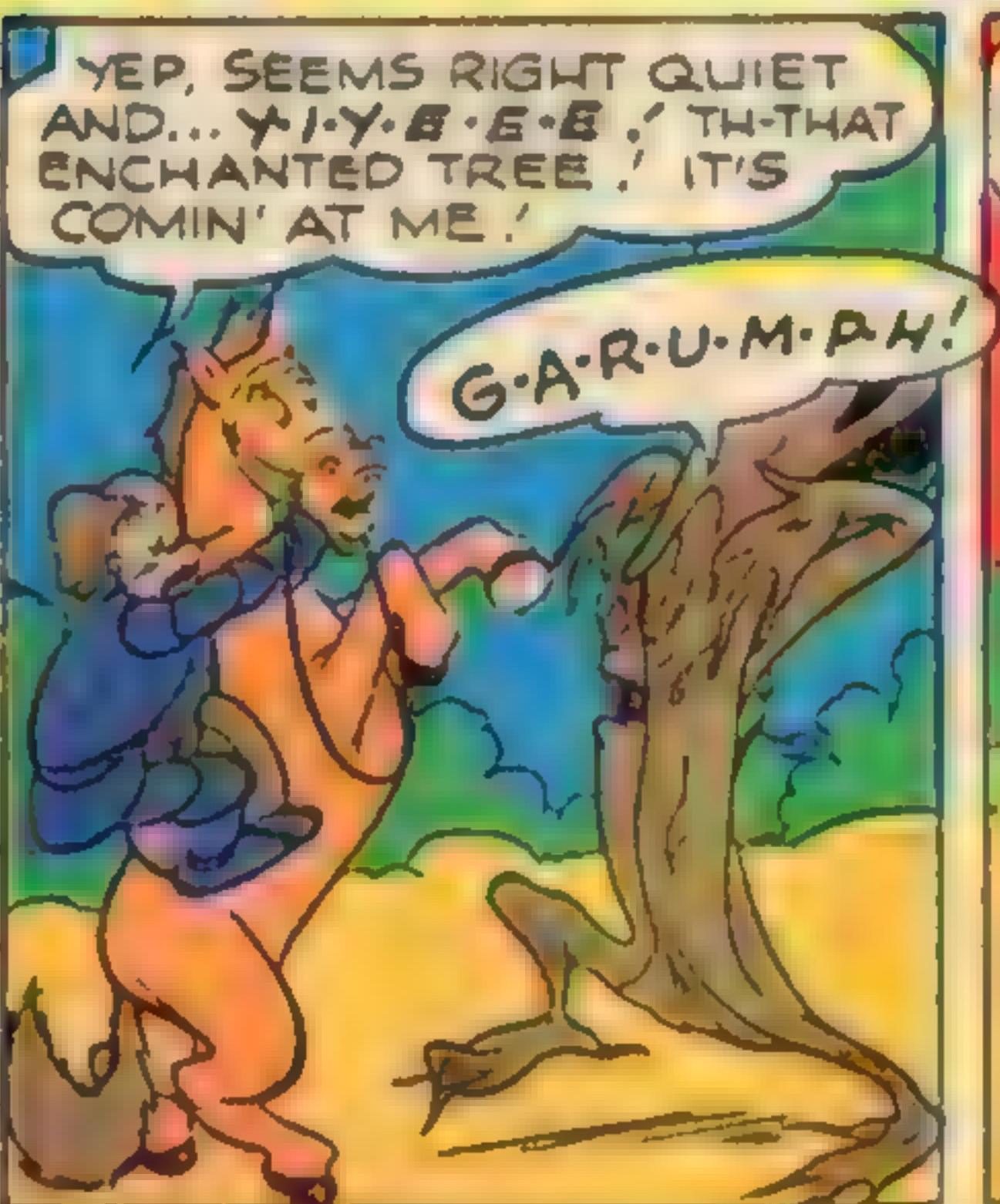
SO THAT'S MY QUEST. WHAT CAN I DO, OH GREAT SWIRLIN?

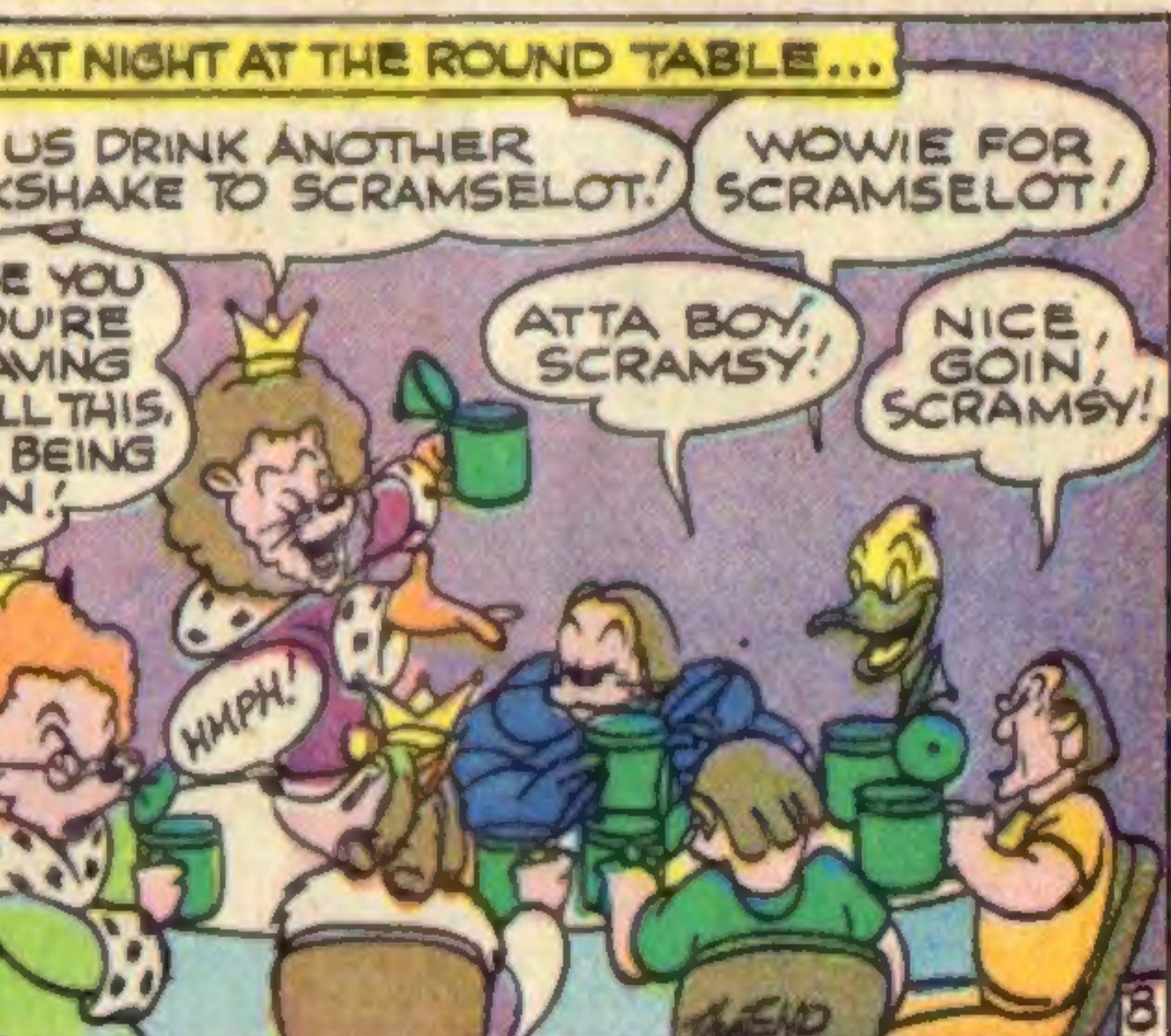
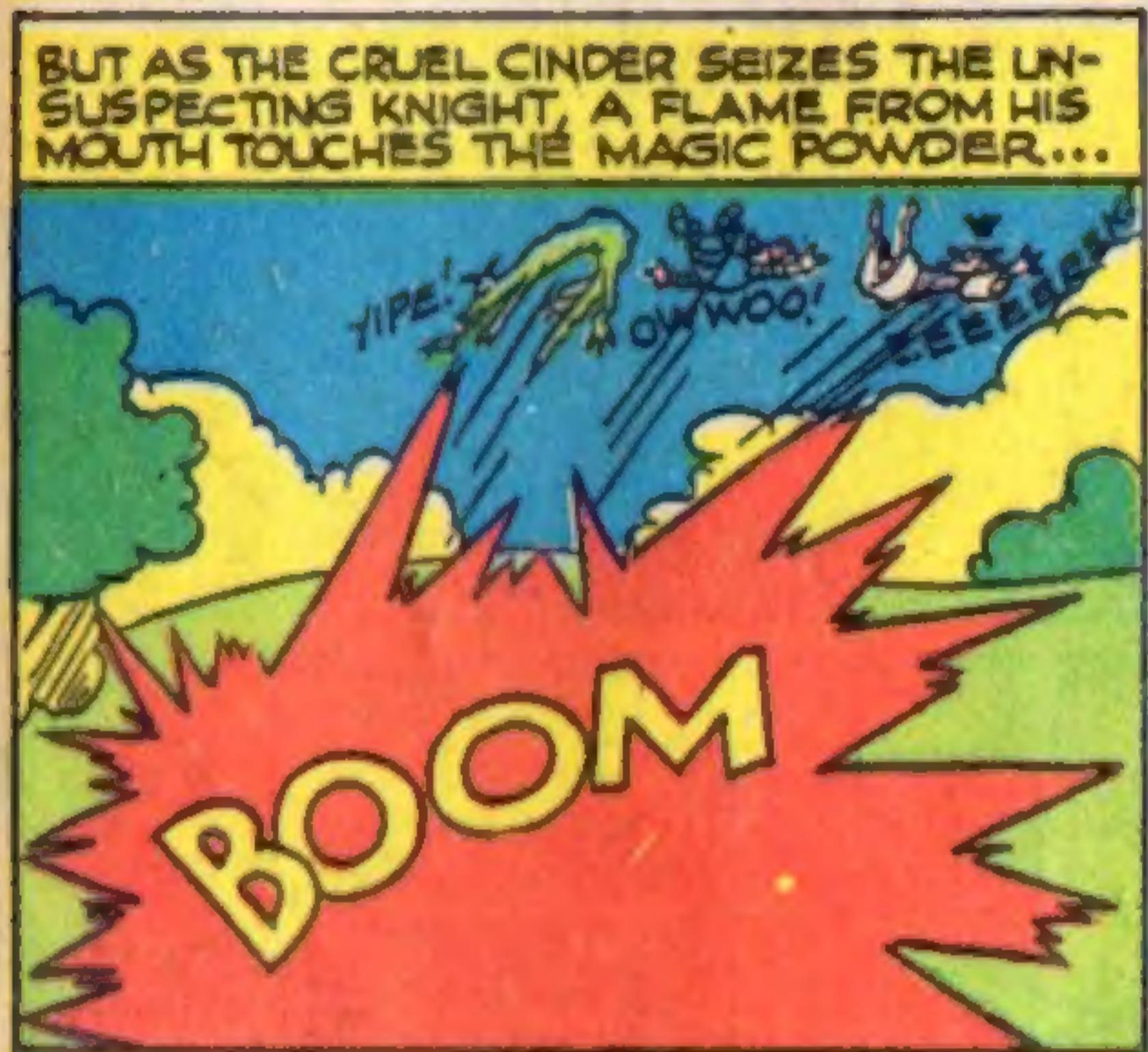
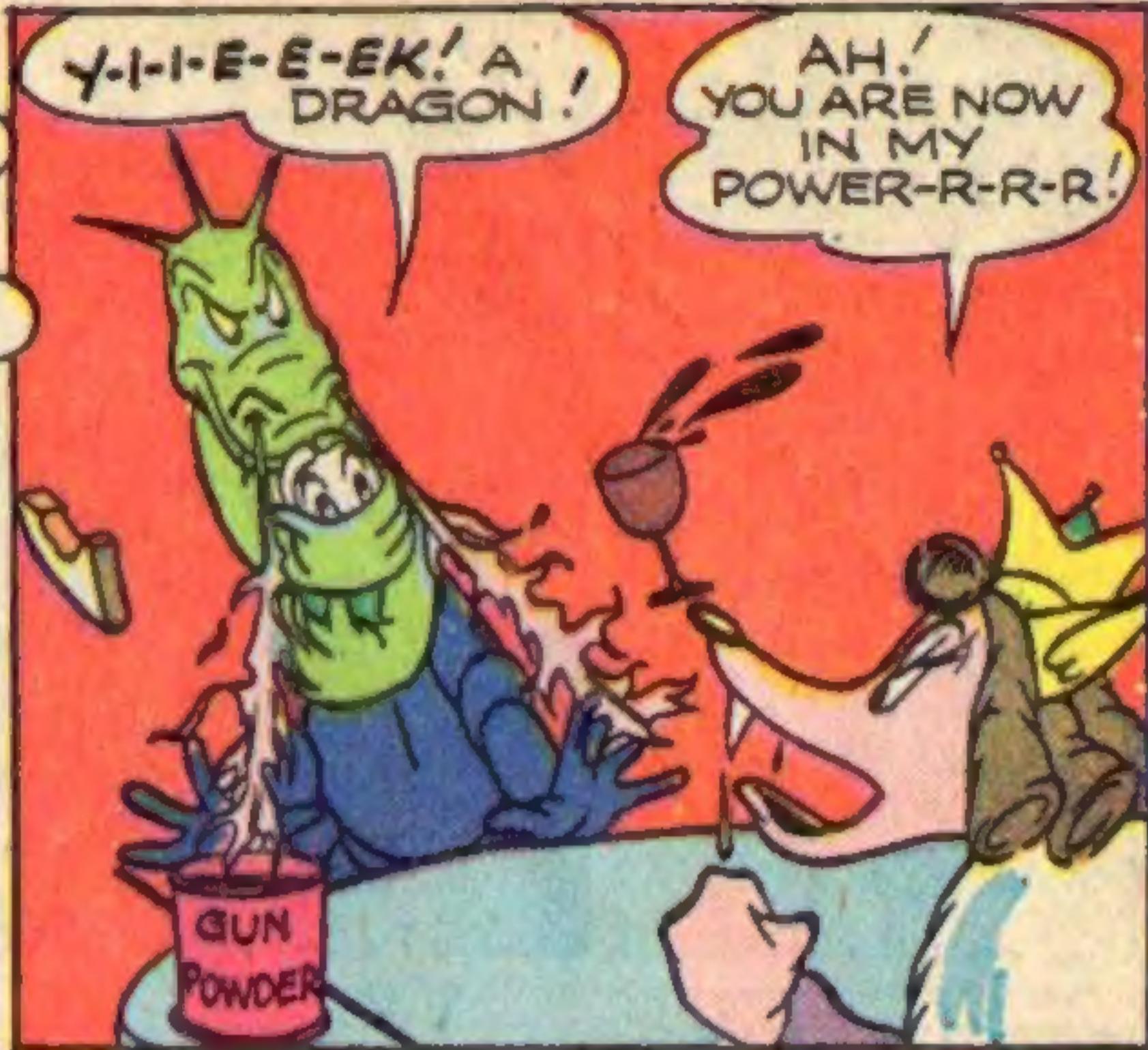
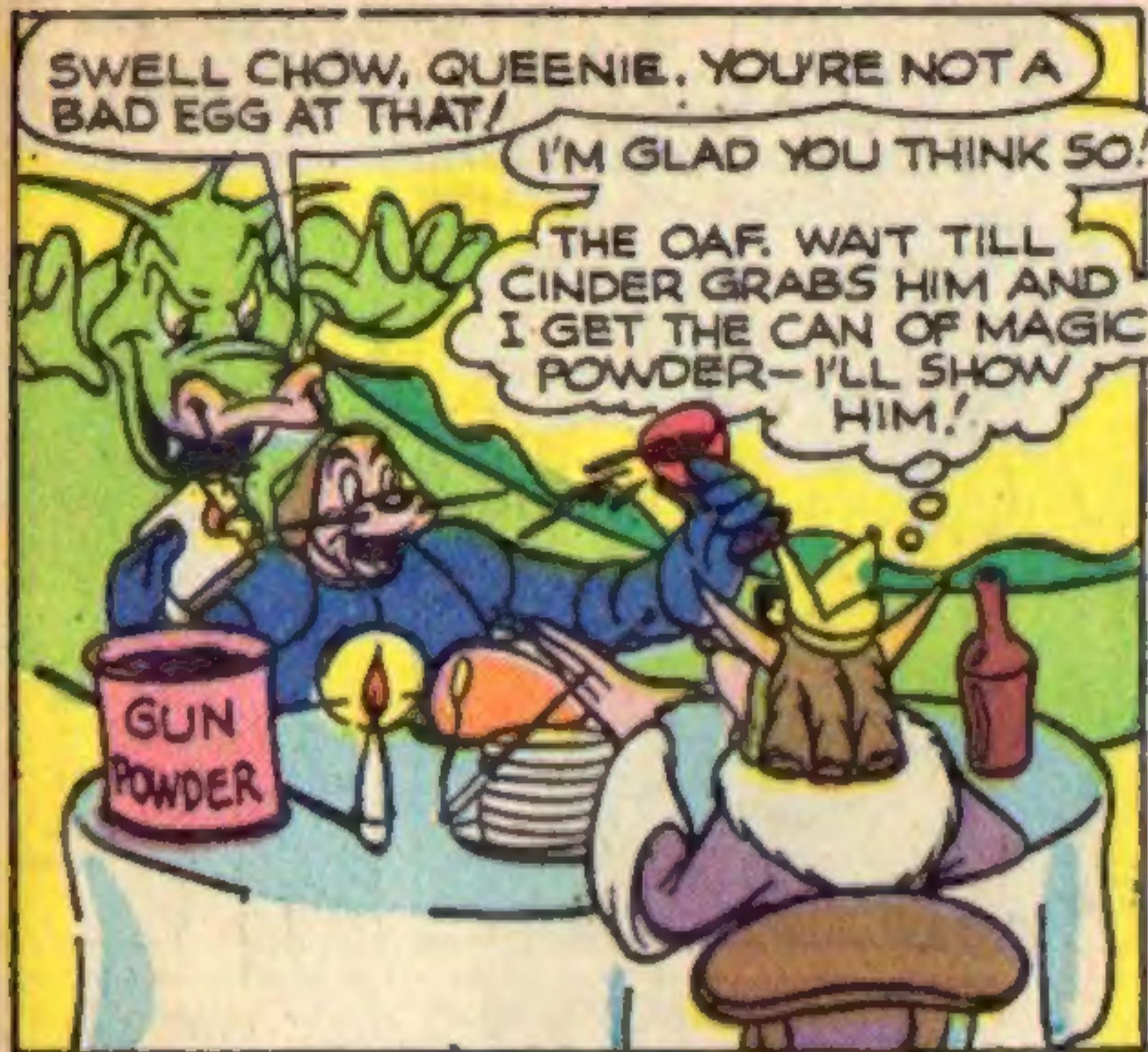
OF COURSE. I ALWAYS TAKE THE FORM OF A CAKE OF ICE DURING THE HOT PART OF THE DAY.'

IT'S ABOUT THE "PRINCESS BEAUTIFUL" BEAUTY SHOPPE AND THE ENCHANTRESS QUEEN GROGAN O'SHEA. YOU SEE... ETC... ETC... ETC...

HMM... I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH QUEEN GROGAN O'SHEA. I ENCHANTED HER INTO A CAT ONCE, AND A SECOND LATER SHE ENCHANTED ME INTO A SARDINE! WHEW! I STILL HATE TO THINK OF IT!







# How THOM MCAN WITH HIS MAGIC MADE TOKYO TREMBLE

"BAZOOKA-SHOES"

A SECRET EARTHQUAKE MACHINE TO DESTROY TOKYO HAS JUST BEEN INVENTED BY SCIENTIST "DOC" DAVIS—A FRIEND OF YOUNG THOM MCAN. NOW "DOC" IS SHOWING A TOP U.S. ARMY GENERAL HOW EVEN A TINY PART OF ITS POWER SHAKES THE EARTH!

AND ONLY ONE-MILLIONTH OF ITS POWER IS TURNED ON NOW! HEAVEN HELP OUR CITIES IF THE JAPS GET IT!

SO SORRY—JAP ROCKET SUBMARINE CREW STEALS HONORABLE MACHINE TONIGHT!

THAT SAME NIGHT.

THE HUGE JAP ROCKET-SUBMARINE WHIZZES THE MACHINE ACROSS THE PACIFIC OVERNIGHT—TO BE COPIED BY THE JAP SCIENTISTS!

NEXT MORNING.

IT'S GONE! STOLEN! IT'S PROBABLY IN TOKYO BY NOW! AND THE ARMY EVEN SUSPECTS ME!

QUICK "H"—MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"! DOC'S ON THE SPOT—AND IF THE JAPS LEARN THE SECRET OF HIS MACHINE THEY'LL WRECK AMERICA!

THOM ZOOMS OFF FOR TOKYO. HIS "BAZOOKA-SHOES" ROCKET HIM THROUGH SPACE AT FANTASTIC SPEED! BUT WILL HE BE TOO LATE?

BANZAI!!!  
SOON JAPS KNOW SECRET. WIPE OUT NEW YORK, WASHINGTON—ALL AMERICA!

JUST IN TIME!  
NOW TO IGNITE THE CONTROL SWITCH—WITH THE FLAME FROM MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!

BAZ-O-O-O-KA!  
BETCHA EVEN HIROHITO'S QUAKING IN HIS SHOES NOW!

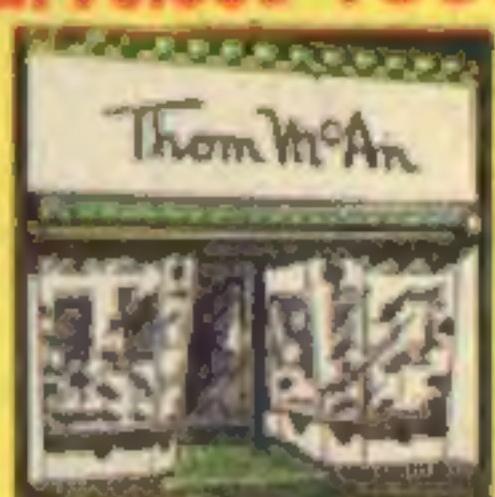


**Yes—THOM MCAN SHOES Are Pretty "Marvelous" TOO!**

BOYS—Your feet really "feel at home" in sturdy, comfortable THOM MCAN SHOES. So snappily styled they're a big favorite with high school and college crowds. Tough. Husky. Their low price is another marvel! Keen styles in men's sizes too. So—when you buy your next pair of Thom McAns—take Dad with you!



THE THOM MCAN X22  
Sizes 7 to 12. Similar Shoe  
for Men—Style 3680—Sizes  
6 to 11.



**Thom McAn**

OVER 500 STORES—IN OVER 300 CITIES

Heres the Greatest BILLFOLD BARGAIN in all America!

# 3 BIG VALUES in ONE

All for only  
\$2.98

★ SMART ZIPPER LEATHER BILLFOLD AND PASS CASE

★ BUILT-IN CHANGE PURSE

★ Identification Key Tag

With Your Name, Address

City and State

Hand Engraved!

It "Zips" All the Way Around



Clear-View  
CELLULOID  
WINDOWS

CLOSED  
VIEW

Hand Engraved Identification Key Tag  
Included With Every Zipper Billfold!



We also send you this beautiful 3-color identification key tag, hand engraved with your full name, address, city and state. It's the ideal key tag. Provides ample room for all your keys with your permanent identification for recovery in case of loss.

Exteriors Of  
These Billfolds  
Are Made Of  
Such Beautiful  
Leathers As SADDLE,  
MOROCCO and CALFSKIN!

Complete With  
PASS CASE  
COIN PURSE  
and  
CURRENCY  
COMPARTMENT

## ZIPPERS ARE BACK!!

At Last! Here's the Billfold you've been waiting for since Pearl Harbor. Here's the Billfold most wanted by men everywhere—now for the first time offered at a price that's sensationaly low for a Billfold of such unmistakable fine quality. You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-all-around" DeLuxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-in Change Purse and roomy Currency Compartment. When closed it's as neat and safe a Billfold as you've ever seen. Shake it all you want and nothing can fall out. Slips easily into your back pocket or coat and will not bulge out of shape. Yet when you want to get at it, the Billfold "Zips open all the way"—so that everything you carry is in full plain view, ready for instant use. No guess-work. No fumbling into tight corners to get at valuables.

Here without a doubt is the last word in a real man's Billfold. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him—his currency, his change, his credit and membership cards, his personal identification. Along with the all around Zipper Billfold and Change Purse, we also include a hand engraved Identification Key Tag as shown. You get the 3 Big Values in one as described all for only \$2.98. But hurry. SEND NO MONEY. Just rush your order on the handy coupon below today. On arrival, pay postman only \$2.98 plus 20% tax and postage with understanding that if this isn't the greatest Billfold Bargain you've ever seen, you can return in 10 days for full refund.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

ILLINOIS MERCHANTISE MART, Dept. 4357  
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Please rush me the "All-around" Zipper Pass Case Billfold with Built-in Change Purse and hand engraved Identification Key Tag. On arrival I will pay postman only \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. Charges. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME \_\_\_\_\_

(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Excise Tax (total \$3.58).

Please ship my Zipper Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

Tootsie  
Roll

Captain

# Tootsie

AND THE  
**HAND  
GRENADE**

BY CC BECK AND PETER COSTANZA

I'M SO UPSET, CAPT. Tootsie! Jimmy found a hand grenade and took it with him when he went out to play with Rollo over by the brook!

THANKS FOR LETTING ME KNOW, MRS. KELLY! THAT GRENADE MIGHT STILL BE DANGEROUS! I'LL RUSH RIGHT OVER!

OVER BY THE BROOK, ROLLO AND FOUR OF HIS PALS ARE PLAYING WAR.

DIG THAT FOXHOLE DEEP, FATSO! THE ENEMY IS GONNA TRY TO CROSS THE BROOK AND CAPTURE US!

TELL 'EM TO WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S A BIG ROCK IN THE WAY HERE!

WHY DIDU HAVE TO LET JIMMY BE A GENERAL, ROLLO? I'M SCARED! I THOUGHT HIS MOTHER TOOK THAT GRENADE AWAY FROM HIM WHEN HE SHOWED IT TO HER!

I GUESS HE SNITCHED IT BACK WHEN SHE WASN'T LOOKING, FATSO. LOOK! HERE THEY COME!

TOSS YOUR GRENADE AT 'EM, JIMMY! THE INVASHUN'S ON!

WON'T IT EXPLODE... MEBBE... HUH, JIMMY?

NAW, THIS GRENADE ISN'T ANY GOOD ANY MORE! WATCH MY AIM!

OH! OH! JIMMY'S THROWING HIS GRENADE RIGHT AT US!

HOOTIN' ZOOTS, FATSO! YOU'RE RIGHT!

SUDDENLY A POWERFUL FIGURE CHARGES IN FRONT OF ROLLO AND FATSO AND CATCHES THE GRENADE IN MID-AIR...



CAPT. TOOTSIE IS AWARDED AN 'OAK LEAF CLUSTER' FOR GALLANTRY.

NOW, ROLLO, PASS THE TOOTSIE ROLLS! QUICK ACTION USES UP LOTS OF ENERGY!

TOOTSIE ROLLS ARE OUR FIGHTING RATIONS ALL RIGHT. THEY'RE CHOCK FULL OF ENERGY, AND GOOD, TOO!

TOOTSIE ROLLS are not only delicious, but a fine food as well! They're made with milk and loads of other body-building ingredients which give you the energy you need to win. And TOOTSIE ROLLS give you energy fast! You can fairly feel the energy rush to your muscles after you pop a TOOTSIE ROLL into your mouth! Try a TOOTSIE!

**HERE'S A TIP!**  
CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND I GET LOTS OF EXTRA ENERGY FROM **TOOTSIE ROLLS**.  
SO CAN YOU!

